

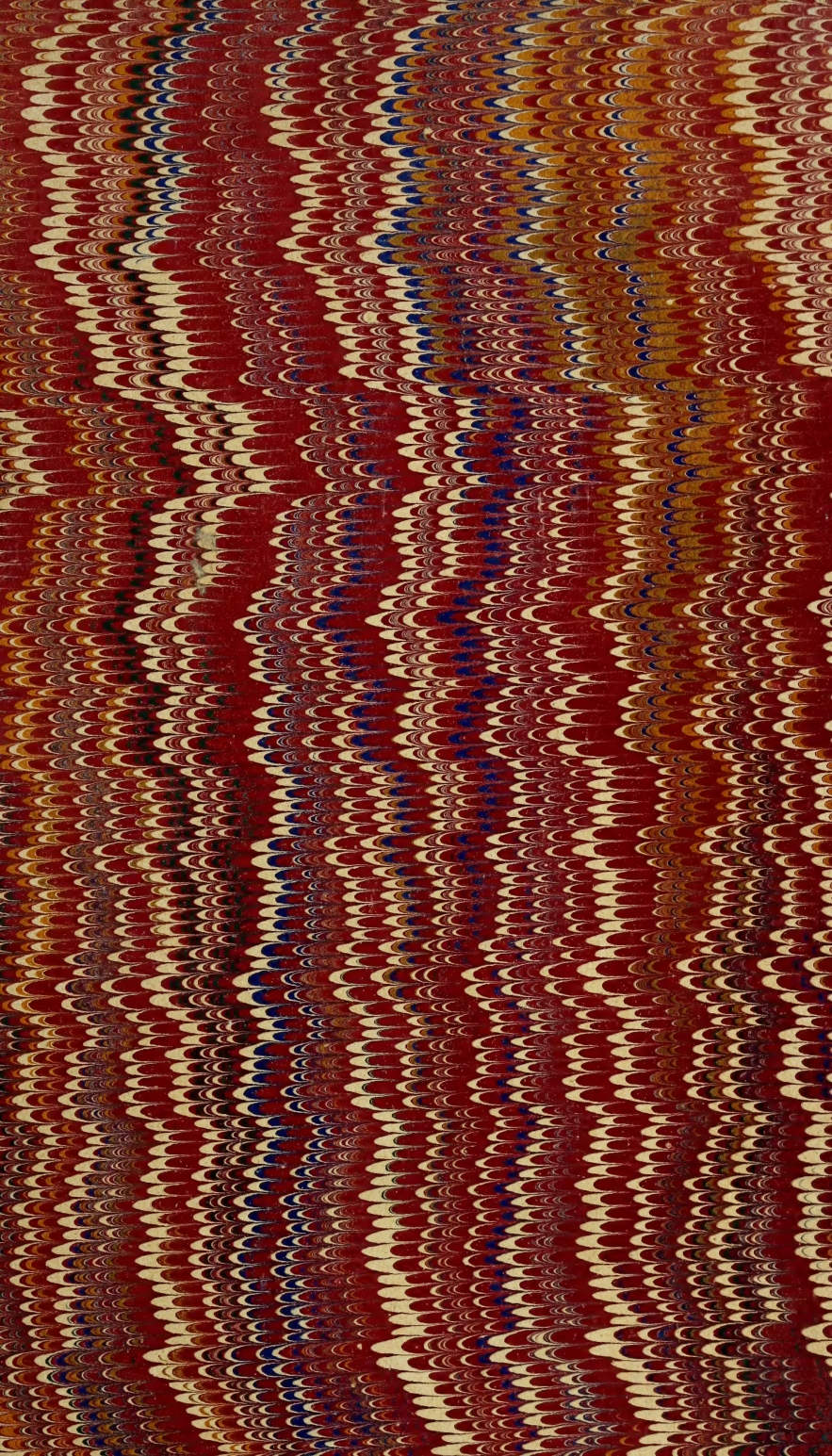




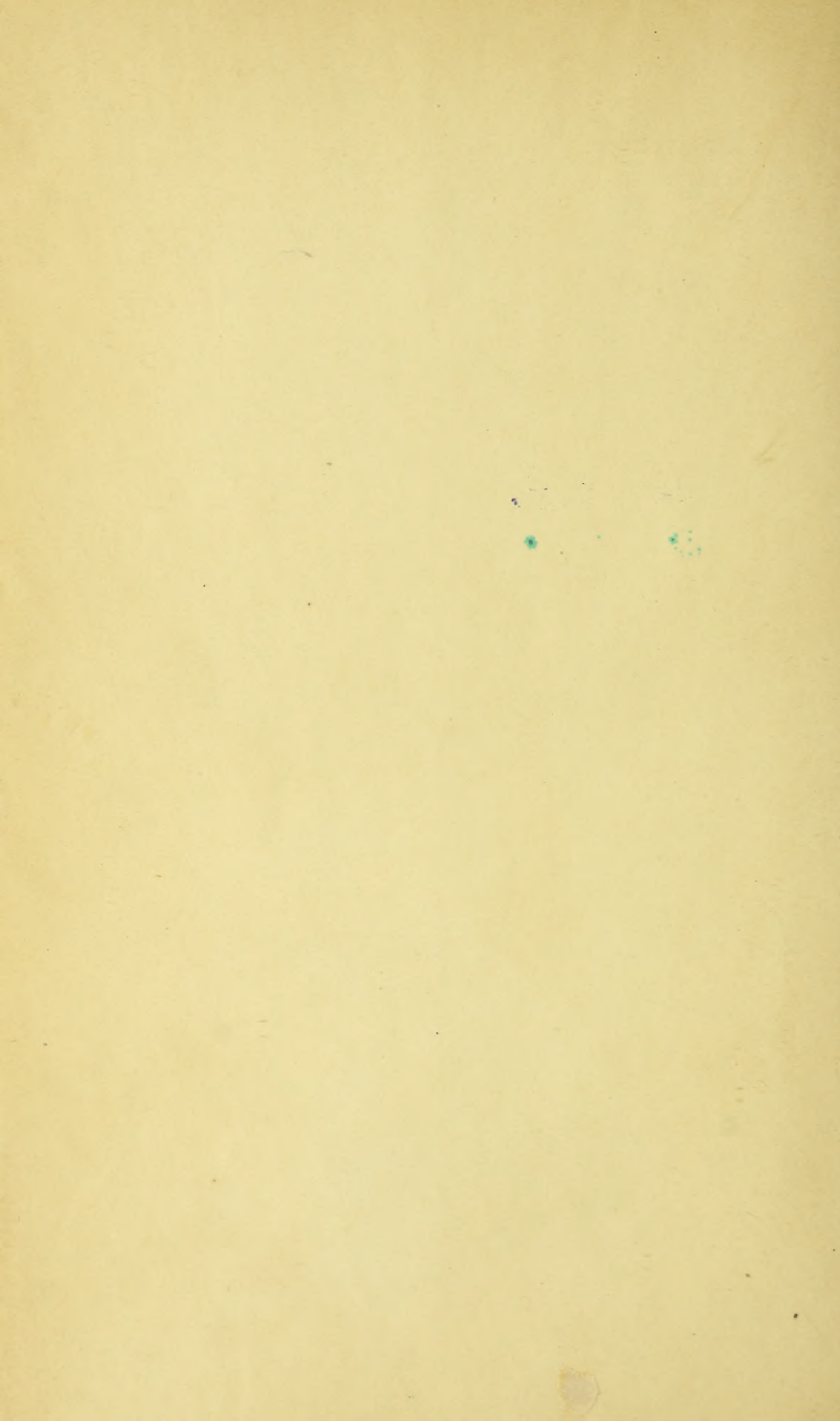
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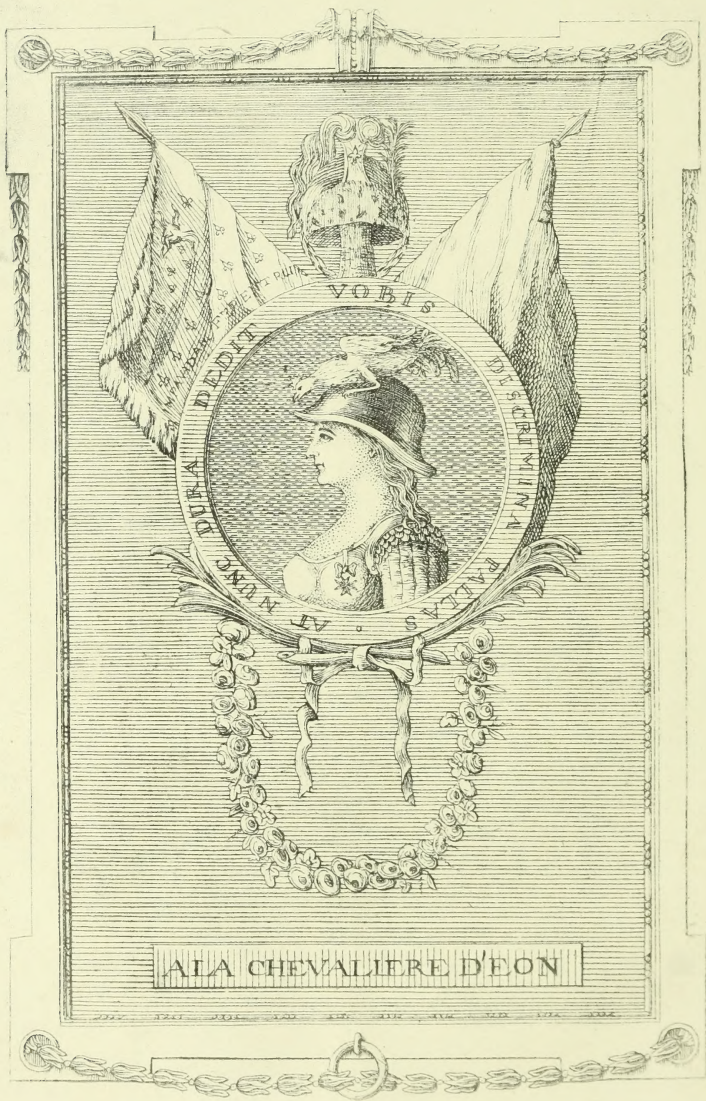




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THE  
ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE

AND  
United Empire Review.

VOL. IX.  
NEW SERIES.

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APRIL, 1872, TO SEPTEMBER, 1872.

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LONDON :  
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW, & SEARLE,  
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET, E.C.

EDINBURGH—MENZIES & CO.      DUBLIN—McGLASHAN & GILL.

<i>Melbourne</i> . . .	Robert Mackay.	<i>Sydney</i> . . .	{ C. T. Sandon.
<i>Adelaide</i> . . .	E. S. Wigg & Son.	<i>Montreal</i> . . .	{ Jas. Reading & Co.
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1872.





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THE  
ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE.

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THE CRAVENS OF CRAVENS CROFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE."

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CHAPTER XXIX.

"WHY would you not play for Lord Ellerton, Maud?" Mr. Craven asked, after his lordship had gone, and Maud was standing in the library, with her bedroom candle in her hand.

"The piano was out of tune, and I was out of tune," she answered, coming forward to say good-night.

"Ah, my darling, you are moped to death, living here in solitude," her father said, stroking her hair with his thin hand. "But we must let the daylight in upon us soon. Peters has been talking to me about it, Maud; and we must do something. Peters is a practical woman, and a sensible woman."

"Don't think about me, papa. I'm not lonely, nor moping, and as for Peters' nonsense, don't mind one word she says, she is an old goose," Maud answered, in irreverent contempt of Peters' wisdom.

"I wonder has Peters been broaching any of her match-making schemes to papa?" Maud considered with herself, as she slowly undressed. Had she been talking to him of George Ayre, or even

daring to speculate on Lord Ellerton. Peters would dare to speculate on any man on God's earth, who had an estate at his back, or ample interest in the funds; but for the man who had neither, her soul knew no mercy. Peters scorned poor men in general, she had contemned Hugh Ellerton in particular, declaring, as if she were informed of the fact, "that he was another thriftless red-coat, who wouldn't be worth a baubee, as his uncle would be sure to marry again."

"And who is Lord Ellerton to marry, Peters? I suppose you saw it all on the cards?" Maud had asked, in contempt of Peters' favourite mode of divination. Report had it, that Peters took the cards to bed with her, and spelt them out in the privacy of her own room; but whether she carried her fortune-telling actually so far, is a matter of doubt. It is certain she did see wonderful things at more legitimate times, and took much comfort to herself from her oracle's promises "of a fine gentleman for Miss Maud," and sundry sums of money which came at divers times, as Peters expressed it, "right into the house," but which seemed in reality as far off as ever.

"If I saw any thing coming, I might trust in it," Maud had said to her that very day, when Peters had carried her some new revelations; "and as to that horrible king of diamonds, I believe he is no one else in the world but George Ayre. Yes, he is George; for there he comes up the avenue. I'll not see him, Peters. Go down and tell him I'm in bed."

"In bed, Miss Maud?" Peters repeated in amazement.

"Yes; with a headache. Why not, if I choose to say so? Or tell him I'm taking the air on the roof, and won't be disturbed. I may as well tell stories as the cards."

"Miss Maud, darling, I wonder!"

"Never wonder, Peters," Maud interrupted. "Wondering gives people big heads. You used to tell me that when I was a child, and maybe you might get a big head, my poor Peters."

"I'll burn those cards, Peters, if you persist in tracing a marriage for me with Mr. Ayre," Maud had said, when Peters returned from her ungracious mission of dismissing George. "I told you before I'd burn them." To which threat Peters gave no other answer than leaving the room in sullen silence, with her oracles safely lodged in her pocket.

And now Maud began to think she had gone to Mr. Craven, and reported her ideas of George, and Maud's perversity concerning him, to which she had probably appended some general opinions on Maud's

loneliness and non-matrimonial chances in the drear solitude of Cravenscroft. Maud shrank from the idea of being talked over and speculated upon. She hated to be discussed like a piece of land, or a house, on which men set a marketable value. Peters was practical in matrimonial affairs. She had outlived the romance of youth, if she ever had it to outlive; and what in her eyes was the physical beauty of Hugh Ellerton to the material prospects of George Ayre? A marriage might leave Ellerton for ever in the mire of poverty, but no marriage could dethrone George Ayre.

"Why is it," Maud thought, "that plain men are so often rich, and handsome men poor?" "It was the wisdom of Providence to divide gifts," Peters had told her once. Handsome men were made to entice rich heiresses, and ugly men to marry poor beauties. Peters had a droll way of putting things when she wanted to inculcate a lesson, or convey a slice of worldly wisdom, which she had been given to indulge in from Maud's childhood upwards. She had been a kind of nursing mother to the girl since Mr. Craven's death. As far back as Maud could remember she had been fond of Peters; and she was fond of her still, in spite of the unpleasant habit she had of sitting on the opposition benches, and decrying from thence Maud's pet prejudices.

Peters openly disliked Mab Ayre, and she openly attacked Hugh Ellerton. She disliked the military with her whole heart. "A lot of miserable, scheming scamps, whose life was spent in plans to borrow money, or stave off duns," was Peters' notion of captains with whiskers, or ensigns without. What would she have said then, had she known that her pride and her darling, the young mistress for whom she had planned great plans, and hoped great hopes, had given herself up, heart and soul, to a frantic passion for Hugh Ellerton; that into the loneliness of Cravenscroft there had crept a new hope, into the heart of Maud Craven, there had come a new fire?

Foolish, bewildered Maud! She went about her duties as of old, she sat with her father in the library, she wrote letters at his dictation, and played interminable games of chess with him all the time that she was thinking of this man, day and night, watching for his coming, longing for the sight of his face, for the clasp of his hand. What chance had Peters' favourite, George Ayre, against the fascinations of Ellerton? What chance had Ayre's honest bluntness before the softer guile of the young dragoon, tender,



gentle, and low-voiced in his presence, but oh! so cruel in his absence. Was it the bewitchment of the German spa or the wiles of Jane Ellerton which kept him away from her? She grew sicker of heart from day to day. She watched Lord Ellerton's face more wistfully for tidings, and when they came they carried no comfort with them. "I had a letter from Jane," he said, on his second visit to Cravens-croft; "they are enjoying themselves much at Baden; Hugh, she says, most of all." God forgive her for that blow; it was written falsely, and of malice, that it might chance to meet Maud Craven's eye.

There is no nature so lovely as woman's nature, yet there is no nature so covertly vindictive. They know how to strike on tender places, how to turn a cutting phrase. Jealousy is as fierce as the storm, and stronger than the tempest. In the shadow of its madness Jane Ellerton had penned her letter to her father. She hated this girl who had come between her, and the one passion of her life. She cared little for what she made her suffer, rather she rejoiced. She had suffered and writhed, she had felt the serpent's tooth, and why should not this woman likewise? This woman, so fair and so cruel.

Poor little Maud! She shivered and cowered under those false lines. She crept away upstairs and hid herself in the shelter of her bedroom, from the prying eyes of Peters and the anxious messages of her father. "She was ill and tired," she said to Peters, through the closed door, "she had walked to Ayrefield and back, and would like to lie down to take some rest."

"It's like them Ayres, to let her take a four-mile walk when they might have sent her home in a carriage," Peters grumbled down-stairs to Graham. "An upsetting pack; but it's the way of the world,—beggars ride upon horseback, when gentlefolk go in the mud."

## CHAPTER XXX.

"BE sure the gaming-table is your best card, my love," Lady Mary Kynaston said affectionately, as her niece finished the account of their adventure at the Kursaal.

The two ladies were comfortably ensconced before the fire in Lady Mary's dressing-room. The elder woman, in a flannel dressing-gown and slippers, leant back in the depths of a great arm-chair; the younger was seated close to her on a low stool, dressed just as

she had come from the Conversationshaus, save that her bonnet lay on her knee, the strings of which she drew idly through her fingers while they talked.

Lady Mary was deep in her niece's confidence regarding Ellerton, and Lady Jane had told her all those crude schemes touching the German Baroness and the English tourist, who was to wean Ellerton away from his allegiance to Maud Craven.

"You are sure there was no downright love-making, no proposal, no committing of himself to words?" Lady Mary asked for the tenth time, at least, since Lady Jane came to Baden, after they had talked more fully of the proceedings at the Kursaal.

"Certainly not," Lady Jane declared decisively; "Hugh would never be such a fool as that."

"My dear, men are awful fools sometimes," Lady Mary rejoined with sententious wisdom; "I have had experience of them, my love, and there's no saying what a man will do, or will not do, in the shape of folly. But, then, you are sure of Hugh," she put in, seeing Lady Jane was pulling the poor bonnet strings impatiently; "and of course you know best when you say there was nothing beyond dancing, and idling, and all that."

"Nothing, aunt, nothing," Lady Jane reiterated.

She had torn the veil from her love for the sake of this woman's aid and counsel; and was it not hard that these dreadful fears should be dragged before her eyes continually?

"Ah ma chère, ma chère, it is silly ever to love a man, very silly. The women who succeed best with them, and for whom they will do most, are the women who play for them with cool hearts. The women who are indifferent, my dearest, you understand?"

"Yes, yes, I understand; but what's the good of it? I can't play with a cool heart, because my heart is on fire," the girl cried with half-angry vehemence.

"Well, I am sorry. I would rather you were playing for the title, which will fall to your cousin when my brother dies. It is a much grander game than playing for Hugh himself."

"What makes you so disagreeable to-night, aunt? I believe you don't like Hugh, and would rather in your heart I married some one else."

"No, my love, I would not. Hugh is the proper match for you. He is his uncle's heir, and it is but right that you, his daughter, should share the inheritance. As for the young man himself, he

is well enough. He is a vain, foolish young man, but he takes after his mother. I never liked his mother much; she was a monstrously foolish woman, and the only thing Hugh has got from her worth having is his beauty. She certainly was very handsome; it was her beauty entrapped my brother. Such a match for the poor boy! not a shilling; and then to think of his dying of consumption so soon. It was a sad affair throughout, very sad."

This woman was handsome too, who had entrapped the father as Maud Craven sought to entrap the son; and she, Jane Ellerton, pale-browed and pale-eyed, why was not she beautiful likewise?

Beauty has been a sceptre of power in the hands of women since the world began. From the days of the Egyptian Queen to the time of Mary Queen of Scots, men have laid down reason, power, lands, kingdoms, ay, and even lives, for the sake of a woman's smile or a woman's kiss.

But Nature had denied Lady Jane the dowry of beauty. She did not spring from a handsome race, to whom loveliness seemed to come by inheritance, as it came to Maud Craven. She remembered her father, when she was a little girl, saying to Hugh's mother, that her son, then a boy of fifteen, was the only handsome Ellerton he had seen in three generations. As clearly as if it were but yesterday, Lady Jane remembered the shock she had felt when she stole away to look at her face in the glass; and for the first time opened her eyes to see her own plainness.

If her aunt's beauty gave beauty to her son, why did not her father marry for beauty likewise? was the girl's inward thought as she sat staring at the flowers on her bonnet, and dragging ruthlessly at her strings. She would rather have had the college tutor's pretty daughter for a mother, than the unlovely daughter of a titled house. She cared less for the honour of being a granddaughter of earls, by both sides, than she cared for the fair face or the bright eyes a less noble mother might have brought her.

She looked at the plump plainness of her aunt, and recalled the faces of the men and women whose portraits hung in the gallery at Middleton. An array of commonplace humanity, so commonplace that even a painter dare not flatter them into comeliness. There were only two handsome faces in the group, and they were women's faces. One of them a far-off ancestress, an heiress, who brought the Middleton estate as her dowry, and the other her uncle Hugh's wife,



who brought no dowry but her beauty. A lovely dark face, that had a laughing mouth, and soft dark eyes, Hugh's face, only that his cheek was a purer oval, his complexion a paler brown, and that there was something less soft and tractable, about the mouth of the man, than about the mouth of the woman.

The most unhappy drop in Lady Jane Ellerton's cup, was that her eyes were open to her own unloveliness; and the knowledge of it made her nearly miserable. Her aunt had gone through life in a thoroughly self-satisfied way, happy in the notion that she was a very good-looking woman indeed. Fine teeth, and a sweet smile, on which she prided herself, made her a very attractive woman in her own sight. As with Jane Ellerton's aunt, so with her sister. Lady Charlotte, equably disposed by nature, made the best of such gifts as nature gave her, and did not torment herself because her eyes were not sparkling, or her complexion brilliant. She made the best of her good figure, and sedulously practised the harp, to show off her well-formed hand and arm. She was a trifle vain of her slight white fingers, and her slight, well-formed foot; and thankful for what she had, did not fret her soul after that which she had not. But then she had not, like Lady Jane, fancied a man to whom beauty in a woman seemed almost a necessity; who followed scarlet lips and radiant colouring; a man who understood beauty, and worshipped it, whose opinion on a girl was a fiat to the men with whom he mingled. Perhaps it made the difference between the two girls, that the one yearned for the beauty, now of this woman, now of that, whose charms Ellerton's lips praised, while the other very often thought he talked nonsense.

"I wonder who will be queen next?" she said once to Lady Jane, when they were talking of his admiration for some goddess of the hour. "I have no patience with Hugh. Why does he not fall in love with some of these girls he talks about? But that is the worst of him—he is never in earnest."

"Do you really think he is not in earnest now, Charlotte?" Lady Jane questioned hopefully.

"Not he. Do you know I sometimes think, Jane, he only goes on about these scores of women, who rise and fall in succession, to tease us, as we are not court beauties. He may think it good fun to worry us."

Lady Jane shook her head.

"Well, he'll marry a fright; the fate of such men always is to

marry frights. Don't you remember the story Mr. Clare told us of the man who used to rave about beauty, and ended by marrying the plainest woman of his acquaintance for her pretty ear? Now, perhaps, Hugh's wife won't have even a pretty ear."

"Ah, perhaps she may though," Lady Jane thought, taking comfort from her sister's satire; for she had a very well-shaped ear herself, and always wore becoming ear-rings to show it off.

But the comfort did not hold long. The belief in the story faded, and the longing for beauty rose up stronger, when Ellerton's roving admiration fell on Maud Craven. He had raved of beauty far less fair than Maud's; he had followed women who had not half her attractions. He had talked of them aloud, so that they who ran might hear; but about his evident admiration for Maud there was a solemn sign which might have roused the ferocious jealousy of even a less acute girl than Lady Jane—Ellerton spoke but little of her. He was not free-lipped touching her prettiness, nor lavish of her praises in the ears of men and women. He had even depreciated her a little once; called her pretty ways simplicity, and her soft, young face childish—called the girl simple and childish, out of whose father's grounds she had seen him steal like a thief in the night. From that time Lady Jane woke up, never to sleep again—from that time she watched her cousin with lynx eyes. She pryed after his movements; she would have dogged his footsteps, if she dared, in search of intelligence, which was poison to her when it came.

"Draw the curtain up—let me see, let me know," has been the cry of women since the sea first made a noise, and the waves thereof rose and fell. This woman is like the rest; she has seen—she has known. She has drifted on the fiery flood-tide of jealousy. She has cursed the woman in her heart, concerning whom Hugh Ellerton has lied to her, that he might carry on his deceit in secret; and now she sits by the charring embers of the wood fire, weary of her aunt's reasoning, impatient of what Hugh irreverently called her platitudes.

What folly it was to mix up her dead aunt's beauty, and her uncle's early death, with affairs of living moment. It only made her think of her own shortcomings to talk to her of other women's comeliness; and her uncle she cared nothing about. He had died before she could remember him, and the living son was more to her now than stupid remembrances of the dead father; wherefore she

said at last, looking up at her aunt, and giving over tugging at her bonnet-strings,—

“For gracious sake, don’t open graves shut these twenty years. I can’t sit up all night talking of my uncle; talk to me about Hugh!”

“What am I to say, my dear?”

“Any thing you like, only say something. Tell me what I had better do. Look into your experience, and tell me what is the best way to wean him off Maud Craven.”

Then her aunt, after taking apparent counsel of the fire, looked up and answered, by repeating the words with which I began this chapter.

“Be sure the gaming-table is your best card, Jane. I advise you to have nothing to do with women. They are dangerous fire to play with; in avoiding Scylla, you may fall upon Charybdis.”

“All Hugh’s life new faces have effaced old ones, aunt.”

“Bah, Jane, there are no faces to charm any one here! Where could you find any one in this deserted nest, to wean him off Miss Craven, unless it be the Swiss or Tyrolese girls in the bazaars? Pretty women don’t waste themselves in this desert; and, even if there were any here, they are risky cards to play with. Some time or other a turn may come in that game, in which a face shows which refuses to be erased. In all honesty, Jane, I am afraid we have to fight with something very near it now.”

“No, no, no; this will all end like the rest. I know Hugh better than you do, aunt.”

“So be it, child; but I see,” Lady Mary went on croaking. “Ah! you ‘know Hugh,’ you are blinded. I don’t know him so well, but I can see. Did it ever strike you to watch his face when he stands looking out on the town? No, it never did. Well, it struck me. I have watched him standing in the window, and where was he looking? At the street? at the comers and goers to the Kinkhalle, or Conversationshaus? No, on none of these things does he turn his eyes; but towards the railway—always towards the railway—as though he said, ‘Home, home, that is the way I want to travel!’”

“But he shall not. If I were to take ill myself, he must not leave Baden yet.”

“No, my dear, he shall not go; nor shall you fall ill. Do your part; keep him up to the excitement of the Kursaal. He will lose



money, and you will pay his debts to shield him from my brother's indignation. You are a good girl—a good cousin. Ah, so affectionate! He must be grateful; he must marry you!" And Lady Mary looked into her niece's face with a glance which seemed to say, "There is my plan—do you like it?"

"It is a plan impossible. I could not touch my money without papa's knowledge."

"Ah, could you not!—there you are a child again," Lady Mary said with a smile. "I know something of these things. Hugh knows more; he will tell you when the time comes."

"After that, what then?"

"Well, the obligation must work; and while it is working, Hugh must go to Malta."

"But he will not go to Malta; he has asked for extended leave."

"He must not have it. I say he must not, and he shall not. Leave it all to me; I shall write to my brother to-morrow. And now good-night, my child, good-night!"

"Aunt, dear, take care what you say to papa. He is so dreadfully straightforward; he would tell Hugh perhaps."

"No, he will not. Do you think I have never managed him before? Leave every thing to me. We have made one false move, and we must not make another. Ah, it was foolish! I should have known what a horrid place this is in November; and I should have started for Paris when I got your letter, and taken ill there. It was a great mistake."

"Could we not go to Paris now?"

"No, no; it's too late; once set Hugh on the march home, and he won't stop. He would not give the gaieties of Paris time to distract him. No, Jane, he must go to Malta. He will forget this girl in six months, come home cured, and marry you. What can he do else? No honourable man can owe any woman a money obligation, except the woman is his wife. Now, my child, to-bed, or you will have dull eyes and pale cheeks to-morrow."

"My eyes are always dull, and my cheeks are always pale," Lady Jane said bitterly, as she rose slowly from her seat, and stooped to kiss her aunt. "Other women have bright eyes and bright cheeks, while I am what I am."

"Ah, *ma chère*, it's no matter; we shall beat the bright eyes and bright cheeks yet out of the field. You will be Countess of Ellerton, and then you must do something for your poor aunt."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

From time to time Lord Ellerton found the quiet of his life at Middleton invaded by letters from Lady Mary Kynaston, who opened her correspondence by petitioning that her nieces might be allowed to stay with her until they wished to return to England themselves, as she was still nervous and delicate, after her late attack, and she spiced the close of her epistle by a slight hint of suspicions touching Hugh and Jane. To which Lord Ellerton answered, that they might all remain as long as they pleased, and begged to know the plain meaning of her inuendo regarding the young people.

It behoved him to understand every thing about his daughter's affairs, and he hoped his sister would be explicit.

On this opening Lady Mary worked. She wrote with apparent honesty, not as yet building on what she had heard, she said, but on what she had seen, and wondered much that Hugh's devotion to his cousin had escaped her brother's eye, a remark which brought forcibly to Lord Ellerton's mind the recollection of the little scene in the pink drawing-room, on which he had closed the door softly.

If this, which his sister's letter shadowed forth, came to pass, it was the thing of all others Lord Ellerton would hold to be most desirable; Jane was getting on in life now, and Hugh would be the better for settling down.

The coronet which would have been hers of right, had she been a boy, would, in the event of her marrying Hugh, come to her by marriage, and be the next best thing which could be under the circumstances.

Without precisely saying so much in plain words to his sister, Lord Ellerton let her see the drift of his mind, and she played on it accordingly. Played on it, even to the extent of giving him to understand Hugh had lately hinted some such idea to her himself; had in a manner taken her into his confidence, and more than half declared his interest in his cousin.

In a week or two she would know more. Meanwhile Lord Ellerton must shield her well-meant breach of confidence from his nephew if he wrote to him, and by the time that week or two was out they would probably be facing towards England; but they were

all so happy in Baden, that for so far no one seemed to desire a change.

When the week or two expired, Lady Mary wrote again. Her letter was still on the private and confidential plan, full of mysterious hints and dark forebodings. Jane and Hugh, she believed, were engaged, or at least tacitly engaged; Jane had been so foolish as to come to an arrangement for them all to finish the winter in Baden, even in the face of circumstances of which the Lady Mary had been ignorant when she wrote last, which made Baden the last place she should suffer Hugh to remain in.

She wished from her soul her nephew was back in England, or, better still, in Malta. A return to duty would be the best thing for him just now, later on he could get leave again, and come home to England to be married; after that he would no doubt grow sedate.

In common phrase, Lord Ellerton could make neither head nor tail of his sister's epistle. His first idea on receiving it was to write at once, and remove his nephew from the seat of this mysterious evil. His second idea, the one on which he acted, was not half so sensible. He wrote to Lady Mary for an explanation, mentioning his intention of ordering his nephew home, a proceeding which Lady Mary emphatically declared would betray her agency at once, and get her set down as a tale-bearer and a meddler.

Hugh would never forgive her—Jane would never forgive her. She quite concurred in the propriety of Hugh's removal from Baden. The truth was, he went too much to the Kursaal, where he played *rouge-et-noir* every night. But let him go to Malta.

If Lord Ellerton chose to have it so, his leave need not be renewed; and he would be removed from the danger in an apparently regular way, without her getting into any difficulty or incurring any ill feeling.

Lord Ellerton turned the letter over and over; read it again and again. He hated her ladyship's private information, and her secret, underhand way; but what could he do?

Twice in his life Hugh had been thrown alone into the presence of German gaming-tables, and had come out seathed. Lord Ellerton had paid gambling debts for him before, and had vowed to himself that he would never pay them again.

What was he to do between his sister's secret information, and Hugh's open danger? It went against his straightforwardness



to tamper with Ellerton's leave behind his back. He argued the point out with himself for a day or two; and once even contemplated a journey to Baden, but abandoned the notion because he lacked the courage to leave his farms and his tenants, his projected show dairy, and his quiet country life.

At the end of a day or two he wrote to a friend at the Horse Guards. The result of his letter was, that Ellerton received an order to return to duty, instead of the extended leave he so confidently expected.

It was a sudden and unlooked-for blow. —— had told him so positively he should have the extension. He wrote to —— for an explanation, and received for answer, that the order to join was peremptory—could not understand it any more than he could, but join he must.

Lady Mary was very sorry; Lady Jane very much more than sorry; Lady Charlotte, the only innocent woman of the three, except on her sister's account, profoundly indifferent.

Time even was very short—the refusal of the extension had come close up to the period of his almost expired leave. His writing to his friend, and waiting for his answer, made time shorter, and he found himself forced to start the day he received it.

Lady Jane sat down to reckon up his journey, and made marks with her pencil against the resting-places he was to stop at, and the trains by which he was to start again, while Ellerton was growling over his preparations for departure, cursing the authorities in his heart, and cursing himself for being such a fool as to follow Jane's advice of writing to London, instead of going there direct. If he had not been an ass, he would have had a few days at least at Middleton with his uncle, and a few interviews with pretty Maud Craven; but he had let Jane juggle him to the last, as she had been juggling him ever since he left England.

She had juggled him into a seven weeks' stay in Baden, instead of the fortnight he had set as the limit of his remaining before he left home; and more, she had almost juggled him out of a farewell word with Maud.

Almost, but not quite. Between Baden and Carlsruhe he sat with his "Bradshaw" in his hand, knocking out Jane's marks before the halting-places, and calculating how many hours he would save by posting straight on.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

IN the dreary haze of a December morning, Hugh Ellerton was driving through the lonely lighted streets of London to his hotel.

He had come up by the night mail from Dover, which tore along at express speed, and carried him into London when three-fourths of the city were asleep. They were expecting him at Farrance's; for, with the clever foresight of a practised traveller, and a man fond of his ease, Ellerton had telegraphed from Paris to notify his coming, and ten minutes after his cab drove up to the hotel door he had flung off his travelling wraps, and was seated before a fine fire in his dressing-room, smoking a cigar, while his valet stowed away his luggage in the bedroom beyond.

"Your things are all right now, sir," the servant said, appearing in the dressing-room doorway, to make an announcement which was a palpable hint to his master, that his room was ready, and he ought to go to bed.

"What's the time?" Ellerton asked, looking up with his cigar between his teeth, at the same time answering his own question by taking out his watch. "Ah! it's late, Graves, and you had better go to bed; I'll manage without you to-night. I shall finish this cigar before I think of sleep. But, see here, Graves, wake me at seven o'clock, I want to catch the half-past eight train for Middleton."

Graves shut the door silently, and went away, not to bed, but down-stairs to the enjoyment of the supper his master had ordered for himself, and which at the last moment he had declined to eat.

"Strasbourg pie is a good thing, if it is washed down by good wine," Mr. Graves observed to the sleepy waiter, who had been told off to sit up for Captain Ellerton. "Now I can't say much for your wine, I really can't, my good fellow."

"It's the same as Captain Ellerton drinks whenever he stops here," the waiter answered with sleepy tartness.

"I don't think as my master is a good judge of wine. My lord is, and I am," Graves replied with an air of superiority, as he tossed off another glass. "Wake me at a quarter to seven," were his parting orders. "I'm to call the Captain at seven, so look sharp. He's off for Middleton at half-past eight."

"I thought he was going to Malta?" the waiter remarked interrogatively.

"So he is, but I don't know what he's up to first," Mr. Graves declared, with the resigned air of a man utterly unable to follow his master's vagaries. "He's been travelling like the devil, through fire and smoke, ever since we left Baden, not a minute's rest on the road, only push on—push on, sleeping in railway carriages, and the like; and now, instead of taking a good sleep like a tired Christian, he's up and off in the morning again. I'd rather give up my place than go round the world with him at top speed like that." With which announcement Mr. Graves went growling to bed.

Ellerton was still up when his valet crept past his door. He had finished his cigar and lighted another, the puffs of which he was sending in clouds over an open "Bradshaw," while he dived into the intricacies of its up and down trains, its cross lines, and junctions. Those "Bradshaw" pages, a puzzle endless to the uninitiated, were comparatively easy to a man versed in running round the world like Hugh Ellerton.

Puff, puff, puff! Ellerton flung the Guide down, and stood upright with his back to the fire. "Poor little Maud," he was thinking to himself, "she will be glad to see me to-morrow. It will be a hard push, but I can do it. Half-past eight from London, Bracebridge at half-past eleven, Middleton at twelve, then over to Cravenscroft, back to Middleton, and away at three o'clock. If I can catch the Southampton train at Wycherly at four o'clock, I'm all right for the Malta boat," he said, turning round and flinging his cigar end into the fire. "See how time flies. I ought to have been asleep an hour ago."

He looked from his window out on the street. Dim lamps shining through the haze; late men stealing homewards through the darkness; the hush of a great silence over the great city, only broken by the tramp of a policeman on his beat.

To bed, to bed. He will be sleeping to-morrow when Graves's inexorable voice calls at his bedside, to remind him of that half-past eight train, and the need for breakfast before he starts.

He had travelled fast to save those few hours which will enable him to say farewell to Maud Craven before he leaves for Malta. "Malta be ——," he says to himself in the railway carriage, as the train moves off after the leisurely fashion of trains leaving a station, and Graves stands upon the platform digesting his master's parting orders, to meet him with his luggage on board the Malta mail that night. As the train disappears Graves turns away to



transact some business of his own. Before he leaves his well-beloved London behind him again, he has solemn business on hand, in the shape of a visit to a middle-aged flame of his, a widow, who kept a profitable lodging-house in Orford-street, Mayfair, and in whose hall the astute valet has a floating notion of hanging up his hat.

His contemplated marriage is a serious matter to this man, who has always lived in good places, and learned like his betters to take care of himself, and he is busy in calculations regarding the probable amount of the widow's savings, whether it would be worth his while to tie himself up for good, in the event of their reaching such or such an amount, while his master is dashing on to Middleton. Past ploughed fields, past brown hedges, through low railway cuttings and dark tunnels, on to Maud Craven.

Ellerton leant back in the carriage with his railway rug over his knees, and the windows close shut, to keep out the cold east wind. The short dark day was gathering blackness, and the snow whirled through the air at intervals. Valley, and hill, and wood, where green foliage and green fields abounded, when he came last to Middleton, lying white and cold under the bitter east wind. The fragrance of the wayside hedges, the brilliant colouring and leafy splendours of bush and forest, all given up to the hard grip of winter frost and winter wind, that horrible east wind, which crept in despite the tightly-closed doors and windows of Ellerton's first-class carriage, in the corner of which he slept the sleep of the weary.

He had travelled fast and far, by rail and boat, to secure himself an hour's talk with Maud Craven. Graves's bones ached during that rapid journey, and Graves's patience was worn out. A little more of it, and he would have discharged his master, as a notable member of his class said once in the writer's hearing; but Graves had forborne in consideration of his journey to Malta. Next to London, Graves loved a hot southern climate, and looked forward to the luxurious warmth of Malta with pleasant anticipation.

Ugh, that cold east wind! Ellerton woke up at a station, and it caught him full in the face as he put his head out of the window to ask his whereabouts. "Mapston, sir!" the guard answered, coming forward to the door and touching his cap. Ellerton slipped a half-crown into his hand.

"I say, if I fall asleep again, wake me when we come to Bracebridge!"

"All right, sir!" the man answered, stepping back; and Ellerton, closing the window, dropped into his corner again.

There were other passengers in the carriage: an old gentleman in the far corner, a lady and two young girls opposite. "Bread-and-butter misses going home for the holidays!" Ellerton said to himself, as, thoroughly roused now, he inspected his fellow-travellers from his point of observation; and then he turned in his mind what manner of women he should meet in his new quarters. Nothing like the girl he had found roving fair and wild in Cravenscroft. Lady Jane might well tremble as she sits at her eternal embroidery, which no one remembers having seen the beginning of, and of which no one ever expects to see the end, if she knew the fight Ellerton had had with time that he might see Maud once again before he left England. Any one who knew him would have given him up for lost if they heard of it. A man almost too indolent for the indolent life he had adopted, to travel night and day for the sake of seeing Maud Craven! "He cannot be in London before one o'clock to day," Lady Jane is saying over her embroidery to her aunt, "and he must be in Southampton to-night to catch the Malta mail." Alas for Lady Jane! Thanks to rapid transit and a determined will, Ellerton will be in Cravenscroft at one o'clock, watching the changing roses on Maud Craven's cheek, and vowing new vows into Maud Craven's ear.

There are the tall trees of Cravenscroft Wood and the adjoining belt of the Middleton plantation, and now the train runs into the Bracebridge station, and Captain Cranfield shakes hands with Ellerton as he steps out of his carriage. The gallant captain is watching for a friend who has not made his appearance, whom he had invited to spend a week or two with him to help to kill the *ennui* of his winter quarters.

"It is devilish cold," he declares, and excessively disappointing that his friend did not come; "but fellows never do come when they are wanted." He saw the Earl yesterday, he said, but he did not say Ellerton was expected, though he told him he was going to Malta.

"Maybe I'm one of the fellows who come when they're not wanted," Ellerton laughed. "The fact is, I wish to say good-bye to my uncle before I start for that cursed place."

"It's a first-rate place," Captain Cranfield put in, in defence of what had been favourite quarters with him; "but why do you go

if you don't choose? A man like you ought to be able to manage extended leave."

"Holloa, here's my fly!" Ellerton exclaimed; and the two men shook hands on their casual meeting-place, the station-platform, and parted never to meet again; for by the time Ellerton sees Bracebridge once more, the handsome young officer has departed, and the detachment of another regiment has replaced his.

The lodge-keeper looked amazed as she recognized Ellerton's face when the fly drove through the gates at Middleton; and the footman looked amazed when he saw him spring to the ground and run up the steps.

"Is my uncle at home, Norris?"

"Yes, sir; he is writing letters in the library."

"Very well; settle this man's fare, and I'll find him myself," and Ellerton strode down the hall to the library-door.

Lord Ellerton was writing before an open desk when Hugh entered. Taking it for granted the intruder was a servant, he wrote on without raising his head until his nephew spoke.

"I see I am not expected," he said laughing.

"Bless me!" Lord Ellerton cried, dropping his pen and holding out his hand. "You are about the last person in the world I dreamt of seeing at Middleton. Jane said you would not be in London until one o'clock to-day."

"Whereas I am here at twelve."

"Well, take a chair and tell me all about it, Hugh."

"About Baden, and Jane, and Charlotte, I suppose, uncle," Ellerton answered, as he drew a seat to the fire. "Well, I have no special intelligence, except that they are all as well as possible, and that they say they are immensely pleased with Baden, though why I can't for the life of me see."

Lord Ellerton looked surprised. Here was a man whom his sister had given him to understand was in some secret treaty of marriage with Jane Ellerton, which they did not wish carried out or talked about just yet, sitting down and telling him that he saw no charm in Baden in spite of the presence of his lady-love, and half insinuating a doubt of the sincerity of those who did. In Lord Ellerton's youth the whereabouts of a lady a man was in love with was supposed to be the garden of Eden to lovers; but things must be changed now-a-days, when Hugh Ellerton declared Baden a bore, which Jane Ellerton had chosen to make her abiding-place;



and, again, there seemed a strange discrepancy in the story of Hugh's fascination for the Baden gaming-tables.

Was he fencing to conceal his delinquencies? Lord Ellerton had paid gambling debts for him before; and it might be he was trying to throw dust in his eyes now to hide his short-comings. There was certainly a hitch somewhere, but Lord Ellerton could not find the loose screw. He could not question his nephew about his debts, or let him know that his distaste for Baden was not quite consistent with his visits to the Kursaal. The information he had received was private, and, like most private information, was worth very little to the receiver. He had acted on it blindly already to some extent, in stopping, in an underhand way, much against his will, the extension of Ellerton's leave. Had he been left to his own unbiassed judgment, he would have recalled his nephew at once from Germany; and, after quietly talking over his gambling liabilities, he would have paid them, and kept him for the winter under his own eye at Middleton. Lady Mary's mode of secret punishment did not please him at all. There was something unhandsome in it, and besides the proceeding being ungenerous, it interfered with all his personal plans. Ellerton was as a son to him. He loved his handsome young nephew, whom he had so long learned to consider his heir, and Ellerton was just the kind of fellow a man would be satisfied to accept as his successor who had no direct heir of his own; and if Jane and Hugh were married, his grandson, if not his son, would be heir to Middleton.

The arrangement was pleasing to Lord Ellerton. It brought every thing to a most desirable focus—so very desirable indeed, that he saw no need for the secrecy and silence which had been enjoined him; but he had given his bond for silence, and he kept it religiously.

"The Malta mail starts to-night. How do you mean to catch it?" Lord Ellerton asked, crossing his one leg over the other, and looking at Hugh.

"By meeting the four o'clock train at the Wycherly Junction. I'll manage it, no doubt."

"I am sorry time is cut so close for you, Hugh. It was very good of you to push on here to say good-bye; but it won't be for long, my boy. We'll have you back in Middleton before the London season begins. I suppose the girls will be wanting to go up to town."

"Yes, they'll hardly like to sit out the season here; and I shall not be sorry to see London again. It was rather a cut to me being refused that extension."

"Which prevented your staying out the winter at Baden," his lordship rejoined, throwing out a feeler.

"No, indeed!" Ellerton answered quickly; "I'd rather have been at Middleton!"

"Ay, ay, Hugh, I am glad to find you inclined to turn country gentleman. I see your future mapped out; you'll take to fishing and field sports, and we shall make a county member of you, like Sir Richard Ayre. You must leave the army, Hugh, live down here at Middleton with me, and love your neighbours like a good Christian."

"It depends on who one's neighbours are," Hugh answered. "I don't see much to love in Sir Gregory Muskings, or in the Hopes, or the Bailleys, or that king of gossips, Hillier."

"Or Hillier's wife," Lord Ellerton said with a sly laugh.

"That's an unfair hit, my lord!" Ellerton cried, laughing too. "You should not be hard on a poor fellow who is going into banishment."

"True. By-the-bye, what train must you catch at Wycherly?"

"The four o'clock; and, as I have an hour or so on hand, I'd like to call on a friend or two to say good-bye," Ellerton said, laying his hand on the bell. "I suppose I may order the brougham for an hour?"

"Certainly; but who are these friends, Hugh, for whose sake you are going to cut short your stay with me?" Lord Ellerton asked in surprise; for Ellerton was not much given to friendships, or prone to put himself out of his way for the ordinary men and women of society, outside the circle of a flirtation.

"Norris, let me have the brougham round directly, and tell Jones to put in the bays," Ellerton said to the servant, who had just answered his bell. Then, as the man disappeared, he replied to his uncle's question with such answer as came readiest and lay farthest away from the truth. "Well, I'd like to see George Ayre; he's a good-natured fellow—George. They've shown me a great deal of attention at Ayrefield too, and I think they would like me to call."

"And will you go to Cravenscroft?"

"Possibly I may, although I doubt if I've time."

Lord Ellerton looked into the fire, and then turned his eyes slowly on his nephew.

"I was very much surprised, Hugh, to find they knew so much of you at Cravenscroft. I had no idea you used to be there day by day."

"'Day by day' is rather an over-statement," Ellerton said as indifferently as he could.

"Well, perhaps not so very often," Lord Ellerton answered.

Norris put in his head again. "The carriage waits, sir," he said.

Ellerton nodded and rose.

"I went there quite by chance," he said, taking up the thread where the entrance of the servant had broken it, and buttoning up his overcoat. "I followed a pigeon I had shot in our plantation into Cravenscroft Wood, and came quite accidentally on Miss Craven. I saw her home, of course, and they asked me to come again, and I did so a few times before I left for Baden."

The story was a string of falsehoods put together at a moment's notice in the readiest way imaginable—a gift, I am sorry to say, with which Ellerton was gifted. He had lied calmly to Jane Ellerton down in the plantation there, and he now lied as calmly to her father by the library-fire. He had wooed Maud Craven in secret, he had won her in haste, and it was no part of his plan to tell of that wooing and winning at the present moment to any man living. He would tell it some time of course; but the when and the where lay ahead of him, and in the meanwhile he would keep his private courtship and his rash engagement to himself.

"I don't mean to interfere with your visits, or your flirtations, my dear boy, in an ordinary way," Lord Ellerton said, with the suavity of a kind counsellor, "only I would say this, don't carry on any of that sort of thing in Cravenscroft. Miss Craven is much too simple a girl to understand the ways of your class of fellows. She might accept as earnest what you only meant as pastime. Do you understand me, Hugh?"

"Understand you? Yes. But I have no notion of a Cravenscroft flirtation, so make your mind easy. It's most likely I shan't have time to go there at all," Ellerton answered, as he hurried into the hall.

"Ayrefield, and drive like fury, Jones," he called out to the coachman, as he jumped into the brougham.



Away the horses went at a pace down the avenue, out of the gate, and along the high road for a hundred yards or so, when Ellerton met Mr. Poland galloping down the road. He pulled the check-string instantly, and Jones pulled up his horses. Ellerton put his head out of the carriage window, and Poland, recognizing him, reined his horse in, and drew over to speak. Hugh had never seen the man but three times in his life, and had scarcely ever spoken to him, but he knew his admiration for Miss Ayre, and guessed he was coming from Ayrefield.

"Mr. Poland, how do you do? I am glad to see you like our county well enough to make a long stay," Ellerton said, speaking in the gracious way he could speak when he chose, and the young merchant, democrat though he was, was well pleased to be seen in familiar converse on the open road with Lord Ellerton's nephew.

"Mainshire's a fine county, Captain Ellerton," Poland said, bending forward to the carriage window. "This country life is a pleasant life in its way, I dare say I shall miss it when I get back to London."

"The City" he would have said a month ago, but no one ever heard Mr. Poland speak of the City now. It was only Sir Gregory Muskings who kept Gracechurch-street and the Exchange up in his conversation, the rest of the Woodlands circle let such subjects drop through.

"Can you tell me how the Ayrefield people are?" Ellerton asked, "I have only an hour or so to spare, and I want to call there."

"I have just come from Ayrefield," Mr. Poland said, "and the whole family are out except Sir Richard."

"I don't know that I shall waste an hour on Sir Richard," Ellerton laughed as he bid Mr. Poland good morning, and ordered Jones to drive hard to Cravenscroft.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

ELLERTON had seen Cravenscroft first in the glory of autumn; he had seen it in a halo of ruddy sunsets, where gleams of light struck red on lake and waterfall, where far-off "bits" of landscape stood out like the background of a picture. In those distant reaches pheasant and wood pigeon had a paradise of their own, a grand paradise of wood and water, where they could sit still on tall

branches and dress their feathers at their leisure; while water hens dived amongst the rushes by the lake, and fluffy tailed squirrels cracked nuts in the wood, under whose limes and oaks Ellerton kept tryst with pretty Maud Craven, or lay in the dark forest grass to wait her coming.

But now all the fair beauty of Cravenscroft has vanished, all that was gracious to the eye in golden branch or twining ivy, or soft green moss, has departed. The grass is damp by lawn and stream, stray ivy stems, torn by the wind, hang from the bare tree branches, and patches of drifted snow lie here and there as Ellerton's carriage rolls along the broad drive to the house, whose hard grey front shows bald and grim in the leaden December light.

Maud was sitting alone in the library, when the sound of Ellerton's carriage wheels smote on her ear. Rapid wheels which came along, as if those who approached travelled at speed.

Maud sprang to the window just as the brougham stopped, and Ellerton, impatient of delay, was opening the door himself to leap out. He bounded up the steps, nodding to the sparkling glad face at the window, and rang a peal at the bell, which made Graham rush out of the privacy of his pantry, and Peters thrust her head in haste out of the door of the housekeeper's-room.

"Who in the world is it, Graham?"

"There's a carriage and horses, I heard their trot," Graham answered, flinging his apron off as he came out, and dragging on a coat on his way up the passage. "His lordship most likely. There goes the bell again, can't he wait a minute?"

"Why should he wait for such as you?" Peters said testily; "you ought to have your coat on at this time of day."

Graham went up-stairs grumblingly. Peters slipped stealthily after him, and peeped into the hall.

"Is Mr. Craven at home?" Ellerton asked when the door was opened. Peters knew the ring of his voice in a minute.

"Ay, I might have known it was some rampacious fellow, his lordship would never pull down the house like that," she growled under her breath, as Ellerton, no way daunted by Graham's announcement that his master had gone on business to Bracebridge, inquired for Miss Craven, at which supreme moment Maud's own hand opened the library door, and Maud's own voice welcomed the traveller back.

"If it was Mr. Ayre she would set up her shoulders at him like a

cat in a passion," Peters muttered as the library door closed on Ellerton. "Or any other gentleman with a penny in his pocket. But that fellow, because he can talk pretty, and look handsome, is to be received as if he was the King of Tartary."

Although, what special title to a grand reception that barbarous monarch would have had, our good Peters might have been at a loss to tell.

"Maud, my darling, how bright you look," Ellerton said, sliding his arm about her waist, and kissing her on cheek and lip. "The abomination of desolation around us, has cast no shadow upon you."

"I was reading by the fire and it has made my face burn," she said in excuse for the scarlet blood she felt glowing on her cheek, and she tried to draw herself away from his eager clasp. "Captain Ellerton, you must not."

"Fudge," he answered, interrupting her with a laugh, and still keeping his arm on her waist, he drew her down on the library sofa. "Why do you call me Captain Ellerton, Maud? call me Hugh."

Maud shook her head.

"Call me Hugh," he repeated with mock imperativeness, "or I'll not speak a sentence while I stay."

Maud coloured afresh, and laughed slightly.

"Hugh," she said.

"What, darling?"

"I don't know, I did not mean to say any thing but Hugh."

"Did you not mean to tell me you missed me all these weeks?"

"Ah, you stayed so long away," she said with a little sigh, to the memory of her morning watches, and evening vigils. "Ah, though you told me you would be back in a fortnight!"

"Maud, my darling, it was not my fault. Fate seems fighting against me of late. I feel as if I had lost the free agency of coming or going where I please. When I went to Baden, I honestly intended to come back nearly as fast as rail and boat could carry me, instead of which I was kept there from week to week, waiting the return of my aunt and cousins to England, which was constantly planned and as constantly postponed. I grew worried and discontented, and irritable; in fact, I fear I was neither the pleasantest of cousins, nor the most amiable of nephews. I told them I was sick of Baden; I threatened Jane I would return to Middleton



without them. I even tried to make a rebel of Charlotte, who never liked her aunt, and would usually rather be any where than under her guardianship; but Charlotte was content to wait their pleasure, and I had nothing for it but to sign an unwilling peace, by the terms of which we agreed, I was not to be asked to spend Christmas at Baden. I would have written all my troubles to you, Maud, if I had dared, but you know you told me not to write to you."

"Not in the way you wanted. I dare not enter into a correspondence without telling papa."

"Maud, you are amazingly proper," Ellerton laughed; "do you imagine all young ladies go about with open-mouthed confessions to papa and mamma. From the big world in which I live such primitive simplicity is banished. It may have been very wrong of me to tell Jane I wanted to get back to Middleton for the hunting, when I wanted to get back to Middleton for you. The truth might have been the most honest, but the false coinage was much more convenient."

"You must not tell stories to me," Maud said, light upon a fault not committed against herself.

"No, darling, never, on my soul. I shall be true to you, Maud, in all things, if you will trust in my truth."

She suffered him to draw her to his side. She allowed him to kiss her on her forehead, to stroke her hair with his hand; she looked up into his face and smiled.

All Peters' wisdom was trampled under-foot. Her sermons on George Ayre's virtues; her contempt of those thriftless redcoats; her scorn of Ellerton's personal beauty. He was so passionate in his eager wooing, so soft of voice, so tender of tone, so marvellously handsome. Adjuncts like these might not go for much in the eyes of middle-aged matrons like Lady Ayre, or the humbler, but not less worldly-wise Peters. But young women like Mab Ayre, or Maud Craven; foolish virgins who have not trimmed their lamps with the oil of caution, are apt to go mad occasionally for sake of a handsome Hercules, or a less stalwart Adonis.

Mr. Marchmont's handsome bronzed face and fine figure was perfection in Mab Ayre's eyes, as Ellerton's more refined beauty and slenderer grace of limb, was perfection in the eyes of Maud Craven. She loved the man with the whole strength of her soul; she would cling to him for ever and for ever. She whispered it to him in sly whispers. She murmured it in quiet undertones.

"And you will wait for me until spring? If they send me to spend the winter in Malta instead of Mainshire, will you be patient and faithful until I return?" he said.

Time was fleeing, and he must tell her of that long separation which he has been shrouding from her until the last. She looked up with a startled glance into his face.

"But who can send you to Malta?" she questioned.

"I have got orders from head-quarters to resume my duty as aide-de-camp to the Governor. I have been refused extended leave."

"And when must you go, Hugh?" she asked, with trouble in her eyes.

"This very day. If I don't catch the Malta mail to-night I shall be beyond my leave. The order only reached me at the last moment, and I had to quit Baden at once for London. I have travelled day and night; I have taken no rest by the road; I scarcely stopped to eat, so that I might gain a chance of speaking to you once more before I leave England, of seeing you once more before we part."

Maud sat listening with her hands clasped listlessly in her lap, and the tears gathering in her eyes. Malta was so far away, so much farther than Baden; what miles of sea lay between her and its rocky shores! It seemed such a stretch to look across, such a hopeless distance. Ellerton drew the little listless hands within his own, and kissed the tears from her eyes, and the paleness from her cheeks.

"Maud, my love, my darling, I shall come to you again in spring, and we shall never be parted more, my darling, never."

In the spring, when the birds were singing, and the flowers were budding, when the gladness and brightness of green fields and fragrant hedges had taken the place of snow, and wind, and storm, he would claim her before God and man, so that they should never part again.

Ah! between that time and now was there not sorrow, and sighing, and tears of anguish? Were there not black clouds on the far horizon, and the roll of thunder among distant hills? Ellerton sitting on the sofa with Maud's cheek against his shoulder, sees nought of that future time where treachery and trouble lies ahead of her.

"My love, my darling," he murmurs, "the whole world

is nothing to me without you. I will come back for you, and bring you out with me to Malta, as my wife; we can live there on such means as we have got, until good fortune sends us more; the want of money will not press on us there, as it would do in England, for I am a poor man, Maud, and it is only my poverty I ask you to share."

"I don't care about your poverty," she said, with stout heroism. "I am poor too. They used to be rich here in Cravenscroft, but I have never been rich, never in my life, and I don't care for money now as—as—I used to care for it."

She, too, had something to uproot, before she planted the love which blinded her; something of love of wealth, of longing ambition. Peters had told her beauty was money to such as chose to make it so. Long ago she had looked out on the stern decay visible at Cravenscroft; on her father eating out his days in poverty; on the mortgages which swallowed up their rental; on all the evil gendered by need of gold. She had dreamt dreams of redemption for her beloved home, and her beloved father, not through the nauseous love of such as George Ayre, but the pleasant wooing of some-knight errant, and now her knight had come without any of the attributes possessed by her imaginary hero, save the fascination of material beauty, and the passionate clasp of a material lover.

He had come, and Peters had frowned upon his coming, and looked darkly upon the beauty which I am ashamed to say had gone far to win the foolish heart of my heroine, as if it were a snare of the devil, an evil book in scarlet binding. Between Maud and riches stood Hugh Ellerton and poverty, and the fervour of her unspeakable love.

There had been no dry philosophy about Maud's romance; she had gilded Peters' worldly projects with gold of her own refining. She had endowed the lover about whose coming Peters talked with practical wisdom, with touches of her own fancy; but when from behind the canvas she had painted there stepped out, as her first lover, the rough reality of George Ayre; when Peters smiled upon him and spoke largely in his favour; when she urged the broad acres of Ayrefield in extenuation of his blemishes, Maud shrank back. This the man whos eangular, ungraceful figure was to stand in lieu of the knight her imagination had decked! this the man whose plain honest face was to replace the ideal she had created!



Maud all but laughed in his face. She snubbed him and scorned him: she ridiculed his pretensions to Peters, and worse than all, she ridiculed his personal defects. Poor George Ayre! What value was his honest love in her contemptuous eyes? What value was it in comparison to the later, but more successful wooing of Hugh Ellerton?

Eager of heart, like Mab, George Ayre would have married Maud at once, in spite of his father's disapproval, or his mother's wrath. He would have shared such a home with her as an ultimately wrung-out allowance would admit of; or he would have burthened Ayre-field with *post obits* for her sake. That regarding which Ellerton took selfish ease, and deferred until to-morrow, Ayre would have dared to-day. Ayre's was the blunt adoration of a straightforward man, reared amongst the woods and wilds of Mainshire. Ellerton's was the love of his class, tempered and softened by circumstances; honest love and true, but nevertheless a love which could wait a more convenient season.

There was so much to be given up by such a man for sake of a marriage with Maud. Costly tastes curtailed, pet pursuits parted with, season flirtations, and season amusements given over. When he took a poor wife to share his poverty, he must be content to do as he had hinted to Maud; live in Malta, for economy's sake, watching its sea-washed shores and its beetling rocks.

With all his habits of slight consideration on weighty matters, Ellerton had a suspicion he would outrage some of his uncle's plans and violate some of his pet projects by marrying Maud; therefore he had striven to darken his vision when he spoke of her a while since. He had a notion that his aunt, Lady Mary, that Charlotte Ellerton and Jane Ellerton would set themselves in array against him because of his love for Maud Craven. He felt sure they would rouse up his uncle's wrath, and make him close the door of his favour on him for ever; so he had kept silence before the only disinterested friend he had in the world, and not only kept silence, but dealt falsely.

It was an unwise step, a terrible mistake, for which the innocent shall yet shed tears and the guiltless suffer.

Two o'clock strikes on the library time-piece—two o'clock is marked by the hands on Hugh Ellerton's watch—and time warns him to be gone.

"You will surely come to me in spring," Maud said, with her

hand clasped in his. "Oh, Hugh, don't break your promise this time, and don't let any one write from Malta, as they did from Baden, to say how happy you are!"

The usually pale darkness of Hugh Ellerton's cheek flushed with the agitation of parting—flushed deeper still as he asked, "Who dared to say I was happy in Baden?"

"Lady Jane wrote it Lord Ellerton."

"She!" Ellerton said under his breath, and then aloud, "I never was happy at Baden, Maud; and don't you believe whatever false tales or fancies my cousin chooses to indulge in. No one shall write any thing of me from Malta half so true as I shall write myself, if you will let me."

"No, not unless you allow me to tell papa."

"We must not tell any one just now," he answered, pressing her hands more firmly, as if to enjoin caution on her; "but you will let me write one letter only to say I got safe, and give me one little answer?"

"Ah, no," she said far less firmly.

"Ah, yes," he said laughingly, mocking her tone; for, man-like, he knew weakness in her was triumph to him. "Bah! what nonsense, Maud; I shall write to you, and you shall answer me."

"Only that one letter, Hugh!"

He smiled under his moustache—the same old smile he had smiled coming through the home-park the last night she met him in the wood.

"Poor little darling, what a child you are! I'm afraid Cravenscroft has to answer for your immature soul, my Maud," and then he stooped and kissed her, smothering her denial in the warmth of his farewell.

# VOICES FROM THE STREET.

## No. I.

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### THE BEGGAR AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

"Come buy without money and without price."

ALL day long by the door, aweary,  
Door that I may not enter in,  
Here I must watch through the Sabbath dreary,  
Until the shadows of night begin.

Your charity, kind sir!

Before you go in to pray,

For you know what the curates say,

"Who gives to the poor he gives to God;"

It must be true; but it seems to me odd,

If He loves us so much, as the curates say,

His house has no place where the poor can pray.

List to their praise for wealth and gladness!

Oh! I dare not venture in;

Bless him for hunger and pain! 'Twere madness;

Mock him by rags! 'Twould be a sin.

Your charity, kind sir!

Before you go in to pray,

For you know what the curates say,

"Who gives to the poor he gives to God;"

It must be true; but it seems to me odd,

If He loves us so much, as the curates say,

His house has no place where the poor can pray.

Hark! we can come without price or paying—

Come where? To the pews where the rich man prays?

'Twould cost me full more for a Sunday's praying,

Than I'd ever beg to the end of my days.

Your charity, kind sir!

Before you go in to pray,

For you know what the curates say,

"Who gives to the poor he gives to God."

It must be true; but it seems to me odd,

If He loves us so much, as the curates say,

His house has no place where the poor can pray.

R. G. H.



## THE POETRY OF MR. ROSSETTI.

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WHILE on all sides it is admitted that our age tends to materialism, that modern existence is prosaic, that it is in "life's mechanics" that we make most progress, it is nevertheless a truth that English poetry finds now more readers, and readers more eager, than at any past period of the country's history. While on the one hand science may almost be termed a fashionable amusement, on the other hand the poems of the day share equally with the novel that popularity which is to be gained among the many who love imaginative literature. But a few years ago, poetry—except the very highest—was "a drug in the market," and poets—except the one or two of supreme power—were looked upon as idle star-gazers, who gave no attention to this terrestrial globe, and claimed no notice from it. To be a first-rate poet was to be an impossible genius, and to be a second-rate poet was to be a fool. People tolerated novels which did not rival "Copperfield," but woe to the versifiers who were not equal to Tennyson!

All this has greatly altered, and it has done so in strange ways. There is now a disposition to consider attentively whatever is produced in blank verse or in rhyme. The man with the epic is not sent empty away; the man who writes fair lyrics and love-songs finds his sentiments very saleable. The danger is, not that we shall ignore a master's work, but that we shall over-rate a scholar's. Or if there be, indeed, any risk of under estimating the great, it arises from the amount of attention we give to the comparatively little. One of the finest and most individual of English singers has said to us—

"A thousand poets pried at life,  
But only one amid the strife  
Rose to be Shakespeare."

Let us be sure that it is to the Shakespeares of our day that we listen—that the voices of the masters be not drowned in those of the scholars.

It is a master's voice, original and strong, that one hears in the poems of Mr. Dante Rossetti, whose work was not without influence upon other poets before it was given to the wide public. In other words, the writings now published in a volume were penned at different periods, scattered over twenty years; and long before May, 1870, when they were first collected in print, a favoured few had heard and profited by them. To what are we to attribute the circulation which, when published, they at once obtained? Do not at all events let us attribute it to a successful seeking for popularity, rather than for artistic excellence; since popularity in the real sense—appreciation by the very many—has been not so much the first as the last of Mr. Rossetti's aims. Nor, whether sought after or despised, has this been really attained. These poems are not at the present time, and probably never will be, favourites as Mr. Tennyson's and Mr. Longfellow's are. One compares their position more readily with that of the works of Mr. Browning; though different causes have induced this position. In Mr. Browning's case, first the angry murmur of an unreasoning condemnation, then the strong praise of fresh and genuine criticism, and then the lapse of time itself—always on the side of work of abiding value—led a large public, though by no means the largest, to show an interest in his poems. He was first pronounced a wild verse maker, then a writer too deep to be fathomed, and now he is a fashionable poet whose longer pieces it is "the thing" to buy, and whose more trifling pieces it is "the thing" to know. Society has purchased "The Ring and the Book;" society is familiar with some of Mr. Browning's lyrics, and calls the lines charming, which posterity will call great. Of Mr. Rossetti, the fashionable and the literary world had formed no adverse opinion. He had not troubled the public with any writings; but he was known as a painter. Yet not so much "known" as *heard about*. He was wrapped in the charm of mystery. His pictures never came to the Royal Academy, but they fetched high prices, and those who had seen them in private houses, in London and Manchester, were generally their enthusiastic admirers. Then came the rumour of his poems, and presently the book itself,—hailed in the *Fortnightly* by an ornate eulogium; hailed in the *Pall Mall* with words of calmer but not less strong delight.

The characteristic of Mr. Rossetti's book as a *volume* rather than as a single work, is the range and richness of this treasure-

house. There is here such a crowd of beauties that one asks for time and leisure: if one but tries to hurry one leaves the most part unseen. First, of range, it may be noted that the book contains things of the past and present: songs and sonnets, ballads and dramatic monologues. Then, as to richness, there is here adequate, if not equal, expression of passion, tenderness, reverence, meditation, mockery, despair. And not only is there fulness of matter and variety of form, but change of style and ornament. It is not at the first reading—it is not at the second—that one can rightly estimate the force and beauty of these poems.

Upon a portion of the book there is impressed the stamp of familiarity with writers who hitherto have done little to influence English verse. Most modern poets can trace at least a part of their manner of thought and expression to the stately Spenser, or the many-humoured Chaucer; or if they cannot distinctly trace the course of such connexion between themselves and the great early poets, they are nevertheless pretty plainly the inheritors either of the power of the one or of the power of the other. In our day, as Alexander Smith declared, Mr. Tennyson is the heir of the singer of the "*Faërie Queene*," and Mr. Browning of the teller of the "*Canterbury Tales*." Mr. Rossetti has been influenced by neither of these chiefs. He owes the first mould in which his verse was cast to the mediæval Italians—to Dante and his circle. And in the earlier poetical work now before us, there is plainly visible an affinity with the school of painting which arose in England at the time it was produced. Poems and pictures may both be styled "*Pre-Raphaelite*," and the literary work shows this connexion in various ways. It shows it, for example, in the loving care lavished upon detail of raiment: now with a delicacy, a purity, and a sense that this is after all but an accessory—though needing utmost solicitude—which reminds one of Fra Angelico: now with a passion for it for its own sake, which in the gorgeous presentment of woven work and jewellery, recalls the pleasure of the early Venetian, Carlo Crivelli.

"The Blessed Damozel," with which the book begins, is in the first place mediæval in conception. To us it is symbolical, but to the contemporaries of the noble yet simple Florentines—to the men whose religious hopes and fears were embodied in the pictures of Angelico and Botticelli—it would have seemed a most realistic and most natural cry. It is the cry, let us say, of a lost lover,



whose mistress, pure of heart and good in deed, has found the reward of that purity and that goodness in the material heaven of the *naïve* Florentines; and its burthen is the dread thought that God can never lift to endless unity

“The soul whose likeness to thy soul  
Was but its love for thee.”

The girl is dead; or rather, without sense of change, she has gone meekly upwards, white-robed, among the choristers of God. She leans out now from “the gold bar of Heaven,” and has

“Three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair are seven.”

Soon too she will seek the groves

“Where the Lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies:  
Cicely, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

“Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded;  
*Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,*  
To fashion the birth robes for them,  
Who are just born, being dead.”

Meanwhile the lover is on earth in great despair, for he knows the difference between his sinfulness and his mistress's purity, and awaits without a ray of hope such a day of judgment as Andrea Mantegna could conceive: a day when his tongue shall feel the unquenchable thirst, and his then lidless eyes the heat of Hell.

Another trait which bears a likeness to Pre-Raphaelite work is to be found in the quiet realism, the simple record of “My Sister's Sleep.” Here is a subject and a scene which Mr. Millais might have painted twenty years ago. A son and mother watch, at some distance from the bed, the slumber of one who is sister and daughter, and who is sick unto death. It is on Christmas Eve, and now the clock strikes twelve.

“Our mother rose from where she sat:  
*Her needles as she laid them down,  
Met lightly, and her silken gown  
Settled: no other noise than that.*

“‘Glory unto the Newly Born!’  
So, as said angels, she did say;  
Because we were in Christmas Day,  
Though it would still be long till morn.”

In the room above there is a pushing back of chairs, and the mother rises, fearing that the sound may have broken "Margaret's long watched-for rest." But all is still. She stoops over her daughter calmly, and then suddenly turns—her features pale and in pain with woe. The son conceives what she would tell him.

"Our mother bow'd herself and wept:  
And both my arms fell, and I said,  
'God knows I knew that she was dead.'  
And there, all white, my sister slept.

"Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn,  
A little after twelve o'clock  
We said, ere the first quarter struck,  
'Christ's blessing on the newly born!'"

So here too, without sense of change, one of the saints of Earth has floated far, "to join the upper choirs." But here, in contrast with "The Blessed Damozel," all is not lost to those who stay.

If these two poems express the Christian conceptions of a Future, blessed or banned, as they have appeared at different eras—a Future now determined by strict justice, dealing according to deserts, and now by the diviner mercy which gives "unto this last even as unto thee"—there are other poems which if we could believe them remarkable for nothing else, would still be remarkable for this—that they give strong and eloquent voice to the doubt that demands whether the wrong things of this world will ever be set right. That is a question now asked involuntarily, in righteous uncontrolled indignation against evil, and again in bitter mockery or with sad foreboding. It is asked in "Jenny;" it is asked in "The Burden of Nineveh;" it is asked, though in tones less imperative and pressing, in the noble verses which record the days and ways of Dante's exile. The poem called "Jenny" deals, in a manner to which no serious student of great unfettered imaginative literature need take exception, with the thoughtless and temporarily prosperous life of a girl whose commerce is in her beauty, and whose mart is at midnight in the casinos of London. The scholarly young man of the world who speaks in "Jenny," goes from his own chamber—

"Full of books,  
Whose serried ranks hold fast, forsooth,  
So many captive hours of youth,"—

to a public dancing-room where he meets with this new subject for reflection : a girl

“ Whose eyes are as blue skies, whose hair  
Is countless gold incomparable,”

and whom in imagination he addresses, with a full sense of the fate that is in store for her, as

“ Poor flower left torn since yesterday  
Until to-morrow leave you bare :  
Poor handful of bright spring water  
Flung in the whirlpool's shrieking face.”

He talks to her, and “ since somehow it is hard to part,” he takes her back to her lodgings, and there, while she at once sleeps on the hearth from sheer fatigue, he spends the night in meditating on her wild Present and her sad Future, and on the wickedness of man “ who spares not to end what he began”—until at early dawn he rushes out—

“ Because some thoughts not born amiss  
Rose at a poor fair face like this.”

But that which connects this poem, in the mind, with other two to which we shall immediately refer, is the bitter and irrepressible questioning to which the subject gives rise. Tired with the dance and the late hours, the girl sleeps quietly—“ just as another woman sleeps”—and it throws her visitor into heaps of doubt and horror, and he knows not what to think of

“ The awful secret sway,  
The potter's power over the clay !”

He meditates on the two sister-vessels, his cousin Nell and the more than Bohemian Jenny. His cousin Nell, like Jenny, is so mere a woman in her ways ; fond of change, of dress, of love. And her pride in her own beauty shall grow, he reflects, beside another's pride in her, and shall be indeed “ one little part of all they share.” Her life

“ Shall flow to just increase  
Through years of fertilizing peace.”

And then his thought reverts to this lost girl—lost even now in her seeming prosperity—a girl for whom, perhaps, at one hour circumstances were too strong, and who must sink to the death at the hospital or the plunge in the river,—

“ Of the same lump (as it is said)  
For honour and dishonour made  
Two sister-vessels. Here is one.  
*It makes a goblin of the sun !*”



Regrets such as these—the “self-questionings and all-questionings” which the face of Jenny conjures up—may well have prompted the mood in which, in “The Burden of Nineveh,” Mr. Rossetti contemplates the end of our civilization; a collapse and failure not less complete than those which visited the buried city of the East whose relics teach a lesson in our Museum galleries. “The Burden of Nineveh” has been said to contain the sort of thought which tends to run into “a robust and trenchantly expressed order of commonplace,” and those who most appreciate Mr. Rossetti’s workmanship will do well to allow the charge, for certainly the idea that at a distant day “some tribe of the Australian plough” may come to speculate on our worth and ways is not a new one, nor is it new to suggest that after ages will discount much of what we are proudest of. But it is the fine turn given to this thought and its masterly expression in which we find the spell and force of this sad “Burden of Nineveh.” Art, “whose glory and good it is to tell a truth obliquely,” has here enabled the poet to preach a sermon in a satire, and to brand the shame of our time upon all who are not insensible to the bitter need of his lament. The poet has smiled at the thought of passing ages—each age the most important in its own view—and has realized for us the self-satisfied gaze with which the Assyrian must have looked down upon the Egyptian mummy: “perchance his own ‘Antiquity,’” and to be scoffed at accordingly. And we, in our turn, he reminds us, mix scorn with our intelligent curiosity, when we inspect the winged bull—symbol of a dead faith, object of an exhausted worship. Is there then, he continues, nothing in common between that winged beast and the Mammon of the nineteenth century, which we serve to-day? Nothing in common! Say rather, is there so much to choose between?

“Those heavy wings spread high,  
 So sure of flight, which do not fly;  
 That set gaze never on the sky;  
 Those scripted flanks it cannot see;  
 Its crown, a brow-contracting load;  
 Its planted feet which trust the sod: . . .  
 (So grew the image as I trod :)  
 O Nineveh, was this thy God,—  
*Thine also, mighty Nineveh?*”

Something of that disappointment with the Present, and of that almost hopeless longing for a Future, to remove “the shame that

loads the intolerable day," which characterize "Jenny" and the "Burden of Nineveh," have naturally been allowed a place in the most exquisite and meditative poem called "Dante at Verona," though here they are from time to time relieved, as Mr. Rossetti has lately pointed out, by compensations in art and memory. The Present, to the mediæval poet, as he passed from court to court and land to land, was but a bitter cup to drink; and often he must have asked himself, while lingering among the retainers of Can Grande della Scala—

"If any day that could come next  
Were worth the waiting for, or no."

But the Future, though dark at times, held for him one great sufficient consolation to conquer pain: there sounded in his ears one line of his own poem, and it said to him with solemn hopefulness—

"Behold, even I, even I am Beatrice!"

He would bear without retort the comments of the jester, "who stank in speech;" he would give calm answer when his patron mocked him; and when amidst the smiles and revelry of courtiers, poets, harlots, the priest lacked silence for his prayer, Dante left this company to mount the "rush-strown accustomed stairs" and reach his chamber, and there, drawing the arras round his door, he heard again

"Through all spheres one song increase—  
'Even I, even I am Beatrice!'"

This poem is informed with the intense love of beauty which there is no doubt that Dante possessed in quietness—which is sometimes the artist's sad and lonely heritage—and which characterizes Mr. Rossetti's work in the most marked degree and in the highest.

The Florentine is traced "in many ways of sweet resort," amid sights and sounds doubly touching because of his own inward isolation, and because of the distance that separates him from the celestial voice of that once dead, now risen Beatrice—

"He comes upon  
The women at their palm-playing.  
The conduits round the gardens sing  
And meet in scoops of milk-white stone,  
Where wearied damsels rest and hold  
Their hands in the wet spurt of gold."

And again—but here it is the poet of the Present, possessed of an instinct universal in the artistic nature—

“ Through leaves and trellis-work the sun  
 Left the wine cool within the glass,—  
 They feasting where no sun could pass :  
 And when the women, all as one,  
 Rose up with brighten'd cheeks to go,  
 It was a comely thing, we know.”

This full sense of pleasure in the finite world—in “this sweet fleeting world and piteous,” to use the phrase of Mr. Morris—is expressed with more intensity, if with less amplitude, in one or more of those “Sonnets for Pictures” which form the visible connexion between this work of the poet and the kindred work of the painter. To find this the reader has but to turn to the sonnet written for the Venetian Pastoral, by Giorgione, in the Louvre, and to the companion lines for an Allegorical Dance, by Mantegna. Or, would he seek expression yet more intimate of that love of loveliness which is the painter’s inspiration, he may pass on to the brief symbolical poem—also a sonnet for a picture—in which Beauty is personified, and a presence, real, but faint and rare, is with us, as the object of the artist’s devotion—the controller of his life in Art. What is it that one traces in the tender landscape and the glowing sky?—

“ This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise  
 Thy voice and hand shake still—long known to thee  
 By flying hair and fluttering hem—the beat  
 Following her daily of thy heart and feet,  
 How passionately and irretrievably,  
 In what fond flight, how many ways and days !”

Apart from the object with which these lines have been cited, they may serve to illustrate a tendency which Mr. Rossetti has in common with many foreign mediæval and early English writers: the disposition to receive and express a thought, not simply, but—as one reviewer has already said of him—by the circuitous way of personifications, or of concrete image or symbol. His use of these things, though always conscientious, though never made the means of foisting upon us empty conceits, will, together with the often peculiar range of his appeal, remain a bar to his attaining any wide popularity beyond the artistic or cultivated classes—beyond the circle of those who believe, with Mr. Browning, that Thought



is what grown men want in verse, but who at the same time opine that fullest Thought may be set in ornament richer than any which Mr. Browning—himself *par excellence* the poet of the thoughtful—has often cared to devise. Nor, as I have indicated, is Mr. Rossetti, while eschewing for the most part simplicity of treatment, prone to that simplicity of subject which in the eyes of hurried readers is invariably a boon. And, besides this, it has to be remembered that it is not with the race that this poet overmuch concerns himself: it is with the hopes and fears and longings of the individual or of the few. No patriot song, no stern call to duty, no fervent outpouring of religious devotion—save in one poem, the most exquisite and tender “Ave”—proceeds from this singer. There come from him, instead, the doubter’s cry in the thick darkness, the painter’s yearning for an eternal but incarnate Beauty, the poet’s unanswered call for sympathy. Alike with the power which is born in a man—not made by him—and with the consummate artistry which comes only from that power’s unceasing and elaborate cultivation, Mr. Rossetti sings these things, and sings them so that they endure.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## AN AMBASSADOR OF DOUBTFUL SEX.

“O quam te memorem virgo.”—*Æneid. lib. I.*

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A CURIOUS French work fell into my hands some years since, published in Paris in the year 1779, which purports to be the “Biography of a Person of Noble Family,” who passed the first fifty years of a long life wearing the dress and greatly distinguishing himself as a man, and for the last thirty years and upwards wearing the costume and passing in the world as a woman.

The person in question was the late Chevalier or Chevaliere d'Eon de Beaumont. I cannot, however, better introduce this personage to my readers than by translating the title page of the Biography published by Monsieur de la Fortèlle:—

“The Military and Political Life of the Demoiselle Charles Genéviève Louise Auguste Andrèe Timothèe d'Eon de Beaumont, Esquire, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of Saint Louis, late Captain of Dragoons and of the Volunteers of the Army, Aid-de-camp of the Marshal Count de Broglie, late Doctor of Civil and Canon Law, Advocate of the Parliament of Paris, Censor of History, and Belles Lettres, Envoy in Russia, first secret and then public, with the Chevalier Douglas, for the Union of the Court of Russia with that of Versailles. Secretary of Embassy to the Marquis de l'Hopital. Ambassador to the Court of Russia. Secretary of Embassy to the Duke de Nivernois. Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of France in England for the Conclusion of the Peace. Resident Minister at the English Court, after the departure of the Duke de Nivernois. And lastly, Minister Plenipotentiary of France at the same Court, and known up to the year 1777 as the Chevalier d'Eon.”

It is useless to conjecture, says Monsieur de la Fortèlle, the Biographer of the Chevalier, why the father and mother dressed and educated this personage as a boy; suffice it to say that the Chevalier was born at Tonnèrre in France, on the 5th of October, 1728, and was baptized by the names given above in the parish of Notre Dame in the same city on the 7th of the same month, and at an early age was sent to Paris to receive the education of a young man at the College of Mazarin. The degree of Doctor was attained by him at so early an age that a dispensation was necessary to enable

the degree to be conferred. His taste for literature was very remarkable; before he left college two short pieces of poetry were published in the *Literary Year*, a periodical of great repute, and were copied into several other French periodicals. Shortly afterwards he published "An Historical Essay on the Different Financial Situations of France," and a work in two volumes entitled "Political Considerations upon the People of Ancient and Modern Times;" these two works evidence great research, and what is more extraordinary, seemed the result of long experience rather than the productions of a youth. In 1755 he published also in the *Literary Year* a most learned memoir of the life and works of the Abbé Langlèt de Fresnoy, which has since been copied by all the authors of Biographical Dictionaries, treating of the life of this celebrated Abbé.

In the midst of his literary labours the Chevalier showed a strong leaning to a military life, and his force and address in the fencing school obtained for him great celebrity "in this necessary but murderous art," as fencing is very properly designated by his biographer.

The circumstances under which the Chevalier became a secret, and later an accredited, envoy in Russia, are very fully detailed, but these political considerations would occupy too great a space in a magazine; however, it is interesting to observe that in a memoir addressed to the French Government, in the year 1757, the Chevalier predicted the secret intention of the Court of Russia to obtain possession of Poland, and observes that it was nothing new to him, as he had ascertained that this was a favourite project of Peter the Great. He also mentions a certain General Totleben, most probably an ancestor of the young defender of Sebastopol.

Shortly after his return from Russia the Chevalier took active service in the French Army. He greatly distinguished himself at Hoxter, where he saved a large quantity of ammunition by carrying it over the river Weser in boats, under a hot fire of the enemy; at this time he was serving as Aid-de-camp to the Duke de Broglie. He was wounded severely at the skirmish of Ultrop, both in the head and thigh; in 1761 he was in command of the Grenadiers of Champagne and of the Swiss Grenadiers, and on the 7th November, in the gorge of the mountains near the Camp of Himbeck, he led an attack on the Scotch Highlanders, part of the English army, put them to flight and pursued them as far as the English camp.



Numerous other valiant feats are detailed in the biography, but I must pass them over and follow the Chevalier to London. The preliminaries of a peace between England and France were to be negotiated by the Duke de Nivernois, and the Chevalier d'Eon was named secretary of the Embassy to London; here he distinguished himself in a manner which in the present day would not be considered quite honourable. Mr. Wood, Under-Secretary of State, had come to confer with the French Ambassador, the Duke de Nivernois, on certain points of the treaty. He brought with him the despatch containing the ultimatum of the English Government, which the Earl of Egremont, the Secretary of State, had instructed him to forward to the Duke of Bedford, the English Ambassador, who was at Versailles negotiating the treaty of peace with the French Court. The Chevalier d'Eon, feeling the immense advantage a knowledge of the contents of this despatch would be to the French Government, contrived, while Mr. Wood and the Duke were at table, to get possession of the ultimatum and make an exact copy, which he forwarded the same night by a courier to Versailles. This courier, with the copy and the private letters from the Duke de Nivernois to the King of France and to the Ministers, the Dukes of Praslin and de Choiseul, arrived in Paris a day before the English Cabinet messenger, so that the French Ministers were prepared for all the difficulties with which the Duke of Bedford was instructed to embarrass the negotiation. They therefore easily smoothed over these difficulties, and the preliminaries of the treaty were signed the next day. The Chevalier obtained great honour and credit for his address, and the treaty was concluded and ratified by the King of England. This anecdote was repeated and printed in the English public journals seven years later in 1770 at the period of the great quarrel between the party of Dr. Musgrave and the opposition, against the British Ministry which had concluded this Peace. The Chevalier, whose rather doubtful manœuvre had not transpired, so ingratiated himself with Lord Bute, and even with the King of England, that, contrary to all usage, he was charged to carry the English ratification of the treaty to the Duke of Bedford in Versailles, where he was most favourably received and decorated by his own King, with the Order of St. Louis. This occurred in the month of February, 1763. In the following month of April he was himself named by Louis XV. Ambassador and Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's.

The biography enters fully into the public and private life of

the Chevalier d'Eon, speaks in the highest terms of his bravery in battle, his wonderful success in political negotiations, his studious life, and his fidelity to his country during his long residence of fourteen years in England; he spent his winters in London and the summer in the country, with his friend Lord Ferrers. It appears he confined himself habitually to one repast per diem, frequently reading and studying fifteen hours in the twenty-four, but when at Earl Ferrers', in the country, he amused himself by riding on horseback and shooting. A circumstance worthy of notice occurred during his residence in London. Lord Tavistock, son of the Duke of Bedford, was killed out hunting; the Chevalier, who was much attached to him, wrote an elegy which so much pleased the Duke and his friends that it was engraved on his tomb.

After the death of Louis XV. his grandson Louis XVI. found among his grandfather's papers a great mass of correspondence between the Chevalier d'Eon and his grandfather; it is pretended that this correspondence revealed to the young King the secret of the sex of the Chevalier, and at the same time bore testimony to his noble character, his fidelity, and his talents. I should have mentioned that during the period of his residence in London, as Minister Plenipotentiary, he had been slandered to the King, Louis XV., who, believing the calumnies, for a time withdrew his confidence and his credentials as Ambassador; how far this confidence was subsequently regained we are not clearly informed, for the Chevalier having made numerous friends in England, among whom were the Duke of Bedford, the Earls of Bute, Egremont, and Ferrers, Lord Halifax, and many others, decided to remain in London; but after the pretended discovery of his sex (I ought perhaps now to say *her*) the King much desired that she should return to France. He offered her a further pension of 15,000 francs and a safe conduct to come to France, and if she desired, to return again to England. This she refused, unless the King would give her a declaration, under his hand, of the falsity of the charges formerly made against her. This the King, after some demur, consented to do, and this safe conduct and the treaty, or arrangement, signed by the King, were sent to her. These curious documents are given at length in the Biography, and notwithstanding the knowledge the King pretended to have obtained of her sex, she was still treated as of the sex of which she wore the dress.

In 1777 she came to Paris dressed in the uniform of her regiment

of Dragoons, was received by the King in a private audience with much favour, but was ordered to adopt a female costume. She, however, visited her mother in her native town of Tonnerre, dressed in her uniform as a Captain of Dragoons. She returned to Paris on the 14th October in the same year, when, in obedience to the orders of the King, she adopted the female costume, and the female title of "Chevaliere," instead of "Chevalier," which she had hitherto borne, and continued to bear it until her death.

A very extraordinary lawsuit arose from the uncertainty under which the public, both English and French, laboured as respected her sex. Bets to the amount of three hundred thousand pounds, an enormous sum in those days, and a very considerable one even in these days of "Plungers," had been made respecting it. The Chevaliere applied to the English tribunals to forbid these "*to her indecent and painful circumstances.*" The betters had gone so far as to offer her 25,000*l.* to submit to a medical examination, but this offer the Chevaliere indignantly rejected. The Court of King's Bench had refused the request of the Chevaliere to annul the bets, but upon a fresh application to the Court of King's Bench Lord Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice, in the presence of the twelve judges, finally gave a decision, annulling all the bets which had been made.

I regret much that the space which can be accorded by a magazine does not permit me to enter further into this curious history. I therefore conclude by giving my readers a copy of an inscription placed under an engraving of her portrait by Bradel. This engraving, from which the frontispiece<sup>1</sup> to the biography is copied, by the same artist, represented the Chevaliere as Pallas; numerous prints, purporting to be portraits of the Chevaliere, were published in London, one particularly in mezzotinto, by S. Hooper, Ludgate Hill, March 20, 1773, and also represents her as Pallas, a helmet on her head, and a shield or ægide on the left arm, with this device, "At nunc dura dedit vobis discrimina Pallas." "But now Pallas has made you a very different and very hard destiny."

The inscription under the print by J. B. Bradel, Rue St. Jaques, Paris, is as follows :—

"*Læsæ sed invictæ Palladi, per bella per acta publica in Patriæ suæ honorem*

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<sup>1</sup> See reproduction of Frontispiece, p. 41.



et famam inclytæ, cujus virtutis nec inimici vituperare pauci homines imitari possunt (Exul mi Deone ne quidem ossa patria habeat!) in perpetuam amoris monumentum offerebant amici sociales milites."

(Translation.)

"To the wounded, but not vanquished, Pallas, celebrated in war and in negotiation, but always for the honour of her party, and for her own glory; a heroine whose bravery few men can imitate, and whose virtues even her enemies dare not attack. Oh, my dear d'Eon, too unhappy exile, whose country will not even possess thy bones! Her military comrades have offered her this homage as an eternal monument of their affection."

With this sentimental piece of Latinity the biography of Mr. de la Fortèlle concludes, but as the work was published in 1779, and the Chevaliere lived more than thirty years afterwards, we must look elsewhere for her subsequent history. Walpole, in his letters, speaks of her twice, and as it may be interesting to those who have not read the letters, I give them entire. He also refers to her in other parts of his works.

"To the Miss Berrys, Sept. 4, 1789.

"I have been dipping into Spenser, and there lighted on two lines that reminded me of Mademoiselle d'Eon,

"Now when Marfisa had put off her beaver  
To be a woman every one perceived her,

but I do not think that is perceptible in the Chevaliere. She looked more feminine as I remember her in regimentals than now. She is at best a *Hen Dragon*, or, an Herculean hostess. I wonder she does not make a campagne in her own country, and offer her sword to her *nearly* dethroned monarch as a second Joan d'Arc."

I may here observe that Walpole always spoke of her in ill-natured terms, and his observation in this letter, that he wondered she did not offer her sword, &c., was quite uncalled for, as her sword had been offered, and Louis XVI. had been urged by her to accept her services in her old military capacity, but refused.

The second letter is addressed—

"To the Countess of Ossory, Jan. 27, 1786.

"I received a note from Mrs. Cosway this morning, telling me that as I had last week met at her house an old acquaintance without knowing her, I might meet her again this evening *en connaissance de cause*, as Mademoiselle d'Eon had taken it ill I had not remembered her, and said she must be strangely altered—the devil is in it, if she is not!—but, alack! I have found her altered again. Adieu to the Abbatial dignity that I fancied I had discovered. I now found her loud, noisy, and vulgar. I believe that she had dined a little *en dragon*.

"The night was hot. She had no muff or gloves, and her hands and arms seemed not to have participated in the change of sexes, but are fitter to carry about a chair than a fan, &c."

From "La Biographie Universelle," an old French work, it appears that the Revolution deprived her of her pension, and the latter years of her life were spent in comparative penury. She earned her daily bread by teaching fencing in a house in the neighbourhood of Soho Square. The father of the writer took lessons in fencing from the Chevaliere. She died, never having resumed male attire, in the year 1810, at the age of eighty-two; and as if mysteries were never to cease respecting this singular personage, the body was examined after death by Dr. Copeland, of Golden Square, in the presence of Mr. Adair, a Mr. Wilson, and the Rev. Father Elysée, a Roman Catholic priest, when it was discovered that the deceased was entitled to the male costume which he had so gallantly borne in war, and in which he so greatly distinguished himself in diplomacy and the *belles lettres*. The works of the Chevalier d'Eon were published in 1775, in thirteen volumes, under the title of "Les Loisirs du Chevalier d'Eon." They are all serious and learned works. It further appears that the Chevalier was a Bibliophile of some celebrity. His books and manuscripts were sold by him in London to supply his pressing necessities, for a very considerable sum, in the year 1791. The catalogue, in French and English, as observed by the writer of the article in the "Biographie Universelle," is extremely rare in France. The change of costume, by order of Louis XVI., is a political riddle which will probably never be unravelled.

## LOST.

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HE found at dawn in woodlands deep,  
 Sweet buds still wrapp'd in dewy sleep.  
 He cast them on the murm'ring tide,  
 And wistful said, "I'll walk beside,  
 I will not hold them to my heart,  
 Lest very love should death impart,  
 But when the heat of day has past  
 The flowers shall cool my brow at last!"

The sound of bells, the song of birds,  
 He would not hear, nor children's words.  
 He would not see two soft blue eyes  
 That sought his own with sad surprise—  
 Half ling'ring said, "No, no, not yet!"  
 And turn'd away with faint regret,  
 And so they pass'd unmark'd away,  
 The glories of that summer-day.

With that glad day each sweet sound died,  
 The flowers were lost upon the tide,  
 And when night fell in cold repose  
 The stars beheld the blue eyes close.  
 Ah, foolish heart! thou wouldst not stay  
 And seize the brightness of to-day,  
 Nought now remains but longing vain,—  
 The past can never come again!

REA.



## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### COMING HOME.

THE June sun lay warm and bright about the old farm-house, sheltered like a mammoth bird's nest among the blossoming vines and green forest trees. The thrushes sang, the maples murmured softly, a brook ran laughing past the door and hid itself in the orchard beyond; every thing united to form a picture of such entire peace, that an imaginative person might almost have believed the homestead some enchanted dwelling set in a Happy Valley, undisturbed by the ordinary world's tumult and troubles.

Susan Brent came out on the porch for a breath of fresh air after her long night's watch, which had worn and aged her countenance more than the whole forty years of her previous life. She was a plain, unlettered woman; not given to embroidering her commonplace existence with fancies; nevertheless she drew back from the sunshine as if it had been a mocking face, and turned hastily away to conceal her misery from its sight.

Twelve months of doubt and anxiety, culminating in the horrible agony of the last twenty-four hours, which seemed endless to poor Susan, had thrust her so completely out of her usual groove of thought that the very dwelling where she was born looked changed and unfamiliar.

No possibility of struggling against her anguish; no hope that time could mitigate the suffering; nothing to do but bear with what fortitude she might the undeserved shame forced upon her. Even the old faith in God was hard to find in the darkness. She had to shut her lips tight to keep back the moan of complaint against His cruelty which surged up from her burthened soul.

So old a story—only a girl's broken heart—only the ruin of an honest name. Let me tell it as briefly as I can.

A year previous Lucy Stuart disappeared from her sister's house, and had now as unexpectedly come back. The whole neighbourhood knew that she lay dying in the home she had deserted, and that, for the present at least, pity must check the harshest tongues. From the first every body understood who it was she had followed, or by whom she had been taken away—a man very young still, but only too well known in many places besides that quiet country nook, for vices which the most tolerant friends found it difficult to screen under the title of youthful follies. But Lucy had come back—come to seek shelter beneath the roof which she had desolated; and whatever they might have felt before, neither John nor Susan Brent could remember any thing except that she lay there helpless, probably dying—could feel nothing beyond the anguish of that knowledge.

The sad news was carried to Miss Dorothy Conway, lately returned to spend the summer in the old mansion where she had dwelt alone since her father's death. She lived twelve miles away from John Brent's farm-house; but evil tidings travel fast. One of her servants, whose home was in that neighbourhood, brought back the mournful story, and it soon reached Miss Conway's ears.

Dorothy ordered her ponies, and drove over to the farm in the early morning, never pausing to reflect what her reception might be, remembering only that it was her duty to go and find the helpless infant; for she knew very well whose child it was that had been ushered into existence under this cloud of shame.

Oh, that brother, who had brought her such grief, whom they had all so loved and indulged, from whom they had hoped so much, and who during the last years of her father's life had darkened his age with such bitter disappointment and grief! It was of her brother she thought most during that solitary drive—of the years which lay beyond—the retribution which must overtake him at length. It seemed to Dorothy that those who loved that poor girl were to be envied, since they could sit by her bed certain that this world's sorrows, and sins, and expiations were coming to an end.

There had been bitter self-reproach in Miss Conway's mind during the past year, though it was not easy to see how any blame could attach to her. From the time she was a little girl Lucy had lived a great deal at the Hermitage in a sadly ill-defined position. She amused Mrs. Conway in her long, tedious illness, read to the old gentleman, had a wonderful knack of dressing hair, was skilful with her needle, and so pretty that nobody could help

petting her. She picked up a desultory education of just the sort to do her the most harm ; fed on novels and poetry, and finding it necessary, as she grew into maidenhood, to have a hero, made one of Philip Conway.

Handsome Philip—little wonder that she did not look farther for her ideal ! He had a fatal power of winning love ; and, worse than all, for the time, invariably believed himself in earnest, only to grow so weary as the freshness wore off his passion, that he would be capable of cruelty or any other great wrong to free himself from the consequence of his temporary insanity. But it was not until the last winter of her father's life that Miss Dorothy or he dreamed of any danger to Lucy from the companionship into which their mistaken kindness had brought her. Then they perceived that the girl loved Philip ; hoping that he was ignorant of it, or at least careless, they sent her away at once ; it seemed the best thing to be done. Old Mr. Conway died not long after ; Dorothy travelled for a time ; on her return she found that Philip had sailed for Europe, and in two days more learned that Lucy Stuart had also disappeared. Of course, when too late, she was overwhelmed with every detail of the story. Philip had paid many visits to the neighbourhood of the farm during the winter and early spring ; and Lucy had been so often seen with him, that her good name went long before she vanished. Still a few added weeks of doubt and suspense, then Miss Dorothy learned for a certainty that the girl was in France ; Philip there likewise. But she was powerless. Philip had quarrelled with her fiercely from the day Lucy left the house—had never spoken to her after their father's funeral.

She was as helpless as Susan Brent herself ; though, in her first despair, Susan came to the house and wildly upbraided her as the cause of all the trouble. Miss Dorothy could not even be angry, and for a brief season tried to think that Susan's one hope might have a foundation. In the short, incoherent letter Lucy left for her sister she said that she was going to one who loved her ; in spite of the cruelty she had endured, in spite of Susan's harsh treatment, she should remember her kindly in the new and far-off life she was seeking. After that, Dorothy wrote to her brother, telling him every thing which had occurred, imploring him, if he had any feeling of humanity, and Lucy were with him, his wife, to clear her character from the stains that rested upon it. He answered the epistle by a harsh, cruel note ; he was not married ; as for the girl, what should he know of her, since Dorothy had taken

the matter into her own hands and driven the creature from her roof? But Miss Conway had never told Susan Brent of that response—had not seen her since. She could only wait and promise herself that if she ever found Lucy, the poor soul should at least have protection and kindness.

All these memories were in her mind; and, more bitter than any other, the reflection that she ought to have gone to Europe, rescued the victim, and forced Philip into some expiation for his crime. She knew how insane it was, how idle the attempt would have been; still it wrung her heart with keen remorse that she had not made the effort.

She drove up to the gate of the old farm-house in the bright morning, and, looking about, it seemed for an instant impossible that any trouble could have penetrated those peaceful surroundings. John Brent, seated on the porch, saw the carriage approach; the sight was so unexpected that, not knowing how to act, he hurried away to consult his wife, according to his habit in any emergency.

Susan had lain down on her bed; the doctor, on leaving at day-break, announced that there would be no change for some hours; so the neighbour who had been allowed to share that awful watch persuaded Susan to leave the room and go out into the air. The sunlight, the songs of the birds, the very beauty and peace of the scene, had driven the wretched woman back into the gloom of the dwelling, and she was struggling toward the broken sleep of exhaustion, with only a vague consciousness of misery following her, when roused by her husband, who leaned over the pillow and said,—

“I don’t know what to do, Susan—here comes Miss Conway! Could you get up again?”

“Miss Conway!” repeated Susan. “What does she want? Oh, send her away—don’t let me see a face that’s kin to his—I can’t, I can’t! I should curse her, I believe—I—”

She ceased speaking, for the tears began to come now into her eyes which had been so hot and dry during the long night. Some softer feeling stirred in her mind—it could scarcely have been otherwise at a moment like that. She recollected how Miss Conway had suffered—how tenderly she had spoken of Lucy—and then, without giving herself time to think further, she pushed past her husband and reached the little sitting-room as Miss Dorothy entered.

The two women looked steadily into each other’s faces; it was no time to remember any difference in position. The one woman



could only recollect that her sister lay with death watching in the chamber above; the other, that one of her own blood had caused this woe.

"I heard that Lucy was here," Miss Conway said, finding it hard to get at any fitting words. "Oh, Mrs. Brent—oh, Susan—don't look like that! I am so sorry—let me do something for you in this trouble!"

The lines about Susan's mouth relaxed; she could not resist the sympathy and the gush of womanly tears. She sat down in the nearest chair and said, in a hoarse, choked voice,—

"There's nothing to be done—Lucy is dying."

"Is she conscious? Does she know you?"

"Sometimes, just for a few minutes; then she rambles off again into all sorts of wild talk."

"And the baby—the poor little baby—will it live?"

"Who is to wish it might live?" returned Susan, in the same repressed voice, which showed how near she was to a passionate outburst of grief. "The best that can happen is for me to follow them both to the old grave-yard out yonder."

Her listener could make no answer; there was nothing, at least, for her to say; nothing she could do beyond proving that she meant to take upon herself whatever portion of this burthen it might be possible to share. "Susan," she said, after a little, "you know I came here to-day in all kindness."

"I know it," interrupted Mrs. Brent; "but oh, Miss Conway, you can't wonder it is hard for me to believe! You're not to blame—no more than I am—don't I feel that? But I shouldn't be human if it wasn't impossible for me to keep the bitter thoughts out of my mind, and Lucy dying up there. O Lucy, Lucy!"

A spasm of agony shook her from head to foot; she threw her apron over her head and cried silently for a few moments. Miss Dorothy could only go to her, hold her hands, and weep in the same silence. Perhaps that mute sympathy soothed the woman as no words could have done. Something like composure succeeded the tears which had driven away the choked, breathless feeling that oppressed her during the night. She grew quiet enough to talk; was able to tell Miss Dorothy that the poor baby was a girl, who looked as strong as possible, in spite of all the mother had suffered, after the habit of babies that have no business to be in the world.

"If it lives," Miss Dorothy said, "it must be my care—always—remember that, Susan."

It was natural enough that Mrs. Brent's first impulse should have been to tell her, that neither she nor any body belonging to her should ever come near the child; but, in the height of her bitter wrath and pain, Susan could not entirely lose sight of her common sense, and felt how much easier the little creature's fate might be made in such hands than it could possibly be under her protection.

"Always my care," repeated Miss Dorothy. "May I see it, Susan?"

"Yes; come upstairs. Be careful and don't let Lucy hear your voice; maybe she's asleep."

They crept up the odd winding staircase, which seemed constructed expressly to prove a trap for the unwary; and Miss Conway waited in the outer room while Susan stole softly into the chamber where Lucy lay. Presently she returned, holding the helpless roll of flannel in her arms. With a keener pang at her heart than she had often suffered, though God knew her thirty years of life had not been upon roses, Dorothy Conway bent over the sleeping innocent that had come, under such dismal auspices, into this hard old world.

"The poor baby!—the pretty little thing!" she said pitifully, below her breath, taking it close to her heart with a passion of tenderness at which Susan marvelled.

"I can't feel so," she said, with the stern ring in her voice again. "I know it's wicked—poor little one, it's not to blame; and, oh, it'll have enough to bear!"

Enough indeed! Any woman's life was sufficiently difficult, Dorothy Conway thought bitterly; but for this creature, with its double heritage of woe, what misery might not the future hold in store!

At that instant Lucy's voice sounded from the inner room, uttering broken sentences which were unintelligible, and the more painful to hear for that reason. It was as if she had lost the power even of making her suffering known in any language which mortal sense could comprehend.

"That's the way she's been going on for hours," Mrs. Brent whispered. "If she's rational for a few minutes it's worse still, for then—"

She left her words unfinished from pure inability to articulate; but Miss Dorothy could easily fancy what the girl's conscious talk would be. There was only one thing to wait and hope for—the moment when, the last words uttered, the last pang over, the freed

soul should go out to its Maker, who might mercifully judge it as man would never do.

The two stood there for a few seconds in silence, then the voice died away.

"She's got into a doze," Susan said; "it won't last, though—she drops off like that every little while."

The woman whom she had left to watch came out of the room with a cup in her hand, whispering to Mrs. Brent as she passed the errand which took her down-stairs.

"I must go in and sit by the bed in case she wakes," Susan observed to Miss Conway.

"Yes—I wanted to say so many things—it's so difficult. O Susan, Susan!" half sobbed the other.

"There's no amount of talking would do any good," returned Mrs. Brent, and her voice sounded cold and stern once more.

"But, oh, Susan—"

"Yes, I know you mean it kindly. I'm ashamed to behave so, Miss Dorothy, but I can't help it—I can't help it."

She took the babe from Miss Conway, walked to the door of the inner room, pushed it a little open, and, after an instant's hesitation, motioned to her visitor. Miss Dorothy moved softly forward and looked through into the gloom of the chamber. It had been Lucy's apartment whenever she stayed with her sister during the old days; and after her flight no human being, except Mrs. Brent, ever entered it. She kept the key in her pocket, and her husband knew that each night she went into the deserted room and remained there sometimes for hours; but not a word concerning the habit ever passed his lips, and the first days of misery over Lucy's name was never uttered by either. Only God and His angels beheld what Susan Brent suffered during the solitary watches she held. Perhaps the very abandonment of grief which she could permit herself in those vigils gave her strength to preserve the cold, unmoved exterior she maintained before her little world below, going about her work with orderly diligence, receiving such of her old neighbours as ventured to intrude into her house with a taciturn civility that awed the boldest gossip into silence upon any but the most ordinary themes, and bore her burthen in silence and unaided.

It was a pretty apartment. The furniture had been a gift to Lucy from Mrs. Conway, and though unsuited to the rest of the dwelling, had seemed too much in keeping with the girl's delicate, fairy-like beauty for her patroness to smile at her wish to possess it.



As Miss Dorothy's eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she could see Lucy quite plainly as she lay stretched on the bed. Oh, the piteous sight!—the poor, sweet face, that ought to have been still so young, and fresh, and innocent, worn and seamed with suffering, looking all the more haggard from the fever-crimson on her cheeks!

Yet even in that moment, as Dorothy caught sight of Susan Brent standing near the doorway, holding the sleeping babe, she could but feel that the woman was most to be pitied. Lucy was passing away from her trouble; her heart had broken, as the hearts of the feeble can do; but Susan was vigorous and strong; she must live and bear her misery and shame, and Miss Conway knew that no crowned queen could have more abhorred the disgrace than this woman with the instincts of her Puritan blood.

There was nothing to be done—no words could avail—Dorothy must depart and leave Susan to the last sad duties she would ever be called upon to perform for the girl whom she had loved with a mother's tenderness. She wanted to speak again about the child; Susan might not tolerate a second visit from her, and Miss Dorothy could not bear to go until it was distinctly settled that the babe should be sent to her as soon as every thing was over—even in her own thoughts Dorothy had not courage to put the words more plainly.

The infant woke suddenly and began to cry. Before either could move, Lucy opened her eyes—saw her sister—saw Miss Conway beyond, and called,—

“Miss Dorothy, O Miss Dorothy!”

It was impossible not to obey the summons, but, firm as she was of will, few things had ever been so difficult to Miss Conway. Involuntarily Susan Brent put up her hand to motion her back, afraid of any excitement for the sufferer; but Lucy rose among her pillows and stretched out her hands, crying wildly,—

“Miss Dorothy—I will speak to Miss Dorothy!”

Miss Conway hurried toward the bed; Susan retreated into the shadow of the doorway and stood watching. Suddenly the eagerness died out of Lucy's eyes, and a spasm of shame and remorse swept even the fever-crimson from her cheeks. She sank helplessly back, extending her arms still, but with a gesture of supplication, and trying to hide her face from the visitor.

“Miss Dorothy, O Miss Dorothy!” she moaned, in such passionate entreaty, that it seemed the demand for pardon her poor soul needed here and hereafter.



By the time she reached the bed, Miss Conway's good sense and self-control had reasserted themselves. She put her lips to the girl's forehead, saying,—

"You must not try to talk, Lucy! I shall come to see you again—lie down now and rest."

Lucy turned her head with a gasp more painful than any tears, but at that instant the child cried out again in Susan's arms.

"My baby—I will have my baby!" she almost shrieked. "You shan't keep it from me, Susan. O my baby, my baby!"

Mrs. Brent came silently in; Dorothy took the infant and laid it on the pillow beside the mother, who for a few moments lay quiet, covering its face with kisses, and patting it gently with her two hands, so weak after that brief excitement that she was not able to speak.

Her sister and Miss Conway stood there in silence; presently Lucy's eyes closed, and they thought she had dropped asleep, but as Dorothy tried to move softly away she opened them again, saying brokenly,—

"Don't go—wait—don't hate me—for baby—for baby! When—when I'm gone—you must take—O Miss Dorothy—Miss Dor—"

The words died in a gasp, and a slight convulsion shook her whole frame. The features worked spasmodically, and the head rolled from side to side, showing that the trouble was deeper seated than a mere nervous spasm; and the doctor's worst fears were realized—it had attacked the brain.

He had left remedies to be applied in this case, and Susan Brent went methodically about her task; and while Miss Dorothy aided her as well as she could, she wondered through the dizzy horror which half-blinded her, at the woman's awful composure and the gray stillness of her countenance, that looked almost more death-like than that of the sick girl.

The spasm passed as suddenly as it had seized her. Lucy began to talk again—disconnectedly, though it did not seem so much that her mind wandered, as that she was in haste to say something preying upon it, for which she could find no words.

"Miss Dorothy—the baby—all the voyage I was thinking that—there is nobody else—Susan can't! O Susan, Susan—pardon—maybe God will."

The lips moved always, but there was no further word audible. The wasted hands twined themselves about the infant—the two watchers believed that the last moment had come. Susan cried out once in horrible agony—holding fast to the post of the bedstead, to

keep from falling. Lucy's eyes watched her, strained and dilated with that wild supplication for pardon which she had no strength to utter.

"I love you, Lucy—I love you! My lamb, my little one—my sister—O my God, have mercy on us!"

She threw herself on the pillow and clasped her arms over mother and child. It was useless now to try for self-restraint; nothing was left in her power but to make the suffering creature understand that she was loved and forgiven.

A smile crept slowly across Lucy's lips, effaced the physical pain, and fairly transfigured the whole countenance, as if the light from another world already shone upon it.

"Miss Dorothy," she whispered, feeling about with her fingers, though she still kept her hold of the babe; "Miss Dorothy!"

Dorothy reached down and put her hand on the girl's. Lucy pressed it upon the child's head.

"Baby—for baby!" she whispered again.

"It shall be mine, Lucy; I know what you want. Try to understand. I will take care of it—always. Don't be troubled, Lucy."

The infant woke with a low wail; Miss Conway lifted it from its mother's embrace and rocked it softly to and fro in her arms till it stopped crying.

"It's my baby, Lucy," sobbed Miss Dorothy, beginning to cry for the first time; "I love it—I will always."

The girl had put her arms about her sister's neck, and would not let her rise; she lay regarding Miss Dorothy as she hushed the babe, and still that smile of ineffable peace glorified her face into such loveliness as it had never worn even in the height of the girlish beauty which had brought her to this dismal strait. Then for a few moments she sank into a dreamy stupor, breathing so softly that more than once they thought she had lost her faint hold of life, and stood there in a reverent awe too solemn for grief. But she roused up suddenly; her eyes opened wide in delirious fright, and she cried,—

"My baby—oh, you've taken my baby!"

Miss Conway replaced the little thing beside her on the bed, and she grew quiet, saying more naturally,—

"I know you—it's Miss Dorothy. Tell Susan not to cry—it hurts me here," and she pressed her hand to her forehead. "You promised—it seems a great while ago—but you promised—poor baby, poor baby!"

"I will keep my word, Lucy, you may be sure," Miss Conway answered, as well as she could speak.

"Yes—always—I remember," the girl said brokenly. "And baby's name—don't forget—the things are marked—it was all in the dream, you know—and she has dark eyes—they said she would—baby Valery."

Her breath grew too difficult for further speech, but her hands pulled feebly at the blanket which covered the sleeping infant.

"It's marked so on the clothes she brought for it," Susan whispered, joining Miss Conway at the foot of the bed. "It sounds like a boy's name, but she said it over and over; and in the night when she was out of her head she kept saying the Virgin had told her it would be a girl."

Miss Conway did not answer. If she could ever have hoped to trust her brother's assurance that he had no share in Lucy's flight from her home, it was now impossible. She knew what Susan did not (a fact of which the friends of his manhood were ignorant, as he never wrote the middle name) that he had been christened "Philip Valery Conway." Dorothy could understand, too, how, finding herself alone with her misery and remorse in that far-off Italian clime, Lucy maybe sought comfort among the gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman Church; or perhaps some Madonna of Raphael had taken such hold of her already disordered mind, that the heavenly face haunted her dreams, and the creations of her own disturbed fancy seemed actual promises uttered by the benignant shape. Delusion of a wandering brain though it was, Miss Conway could not help feeling that it had been mercifully granted to keep her from utter desperation in the darkness.

The history of that year none could probably ever know; whether Lucy had been deserted by her betrayer, or left him in her agony of remorse on finding her hope of becoming his wife unrealized; how she accomplished the long journey across land and sea—no details of all those terrible months would ever reach the loving hearts to whom she had returned. But Dorothy Conway could picture the whole, and felt for the instant that a curse must follow, not only the man who had wrought this misery, but relentlessly pursue herself and every creature bearing his name.

John Brent crept up the stairs and called to his wife from outside the door, having no courage to come in and see the girl who had been as dear to him as his own child.

"The doctor has come back," Susan whispered to Miss Conway as she returned to the bed after listening to her husband's message.



At that moment Lucy began to cry out again; the spasms recommenced with more violence. The only thing Miss Conway could do was to obey Susan, who said,—

“Take the baby down-stairs! John, John, call the doctor!”

One glance Miss Conway caught of John Brent's face; it was like looking at the ghost of the good man she had known all her life. She wanted to run away and hide herself, for her presence seemed an added wrong to these suffering creatures, in spite of the kindness which had prompted her visit.

She remained below-stairs for awhile, watching the woman who had taken the babe, until Susan entered the room for something that was wanted.

“I wouldn't stay,” she said kindly enough, as she passed; “it can't do any good, Miss Dorothy; you ain't fit for this.”

She walked on into the outer kitchen; Miss Conway ran after her, and, closing the door behind them, gave free vent to her anguish, so that Susan was forced to comfort her, and the necessity did her good.

“You ain't to blame, Miss Dorothy,” she said; “you're a good woman. God bless you! There, I can say it now.”

“And you'll let me keep my promise by the baby?” Miss Conway asked.

“Yes; I know it's best,” Susan answered, struggling with herself. “I expect we shall go away, but we can't yet; we'll have to sell the old homestead first. It would kill John to live here! We ain't used to disgrace, Miss Dorothy, and we can bear it easier off in some place where nobody knows us.”

“All that is for future consideration,” Miss Conway said. “And, Susan, if there is any thing I can do—”

“There ain't,” interrupted Mrs. Brent quickly. “Don't make me feel hard and wicked again! You may have the baby when—it's all over; but John and I have two hands apiece—we don't want any thing, and we can give my poor girl a grave. It don't sound right, but I can't help it. You're a good woman, Miss Dorothy!”

They were interrupted by Brent's voice.

“Hurry, Susan, hurry!”

She ran away upstairs; Miss Conway sat down and waited for a time, but neither husband nor wife appeared, and she had not the courage to follow them. Finally, she decided to go home; she could be of no use in the desolate house at present; indeed, it was better that she should be gone before the end came.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE OLD NEWSPAPER.

SUSAN BRENT's resolution to forsake the old home and go with her husband to some spot so distant that nothing but memories of their great trouble could disturb the new life, was not carried into effect at the end of a few weeks, as she proposed.

Contrary to the doctor's expectations Lucy Stuart still lived, though the terrible fever which set in the day of Miss Conway's visit left her mind so weakened that neither remorse nor suffering could retain any deep hold. It was not so much insanity, as a strange failing of memory. She knew every body about her; at times was fond of her babe, but usually forgot any one who passed from her sight for a little, and often spoke of her child as dead.

Susan managed to attend to its needs, besides doing the work of the house and nursing Lucy. Then John Brent met with an accident in the harvest-field which left him lame for nearly a year, so that he was almost always within doors, and Susan often declared that he was more helpful than a woman. Indeed, he took the care of both mother and babe on himself in a way which would have been fairly ludicrous, had not his patience and zeal lent a touch of pathos to his devotion.

The life which they led during the next two years was so barren of incident or important event, that the details would sound uninteresting enough were I to chronicle them, yet quiet as it was, it held all the elements of a tragedy to those who watched its course. Susan Brent grew old and bowed and gray; a certain hardness which had always lain at the bottom of her character becoming apparent as time went by. Not that she was either harsh or fretful in words, but she endured existence as a disagreeable burthen no power could ever lighten. Born one of those constitutionally industrious women who can only be found in perfection among the descendants of the New England Puritans, she exaggerated the inheritance into a positive sin; toiled early and late, grew saving to parsimony, though more because work and economy gave constant employment to her thoughts than from any satisfaction she found in having her house look like the abode of the goddess of order, or from a desire to accumulate a competency for the future.

She had never been in the habit of going much among her neigh-

bours, but from the day Lucy returned to her room Susan was not seen beyond it, unless to appear at rare intervals in the Dissenting meeting-house at the Corners—as the hamlet near the farm was called—or to offer her services in the home of some old acquaintance which chanced to be visited by illness or trouble.

Lucy's health was so frail that it seemed wonderful she had vitality enough to live on. Very often she was confined to her bed for weeks together, and even in the intervals of better health, it was difficult to persuade her to leave her chamber. Occasionally she took pleasure in reading the old romances of which she had been so fond years before, but John Brent noticed that any thing painful in a story appeared to confuse itself in her mind with her own half-forgotten troubles, and carefully put only light, cheerful books within her reach. She had possessed a great love and talent for music, and Miss Conway sent her a piano, in the hope that she might retain something of her old faculty. But the first time she opened it and allowed her fingers to stray over the keys the familiar sounds roused her to a spasm of such acute suffering that she was ill afterwards, and bade them cover the instrument with a dark cloth, though she would not consent to its removal.

She was always somewhat afraid of Mrs. Brent, in spite of her unvarying kindness. Her sister's gloomy aspect affected the poor creature unpleasantly, and she would often call out that Susan was angry with her, and weep like a frightened child, though seldom connecting the fancied displeasure with that black history which had desolated their lives.

Mrs. Flint, the one woman whose aid Susan permitted when Lucy came back, had a little daughter, of whom the invalid became so fond, that her mother allowed her, towards the end of the second year, to remain at the house. Hetty was the most helpful, grown-up thing of nine summers that ever lived, and quite capable of attending to Lucy's needs, so they were left a great deal together after John Brent recovered his health sufficiently to resume work. The baby thrived and grew, and was so beautiful that Susan wondered at her own inability to love it; but though her patience and devotion were unfailing, she could never become familiar enough with the shame which had so deeply smitten her pride to find any pleasure in its charming infantile ways and rapid development.

Sometimes for days Lucy kept it in her room, took care of it as deftly as possible, petted and wept over it, then, one of her nervous attacks ensuing, would completely forget its existence, or else insist that it had died, and if Hetty brought it up-stairs, fall to shiver-



ing and crying that it was only a ghost, and they were wicked to terrify her by the sight.

So two whole years went by, during which Miss Conway had been a good deal absent from her country home. She wished to take the child from the first, but this Susan would not permit; it must stay with her till it could walk and speak; after that, if Lucy was willing, she would give it up.

Philip Conway came home from Europe in the meantime, and he and his sister met in New York. He received her passionate outburst of sorrow and wrath in his usual heedless fashion; anxious only to escape a scene; never denying the baby's paternity, but absolutely inclined to think his sister a mad woman when she told him that his only hope of peace and pardon here or hereafter would lie in setting right the shame and misery he had caused.

This happened in the winter: spring came; Miss Conway went up into the country again, and was soon followed by news which filled her with such anger and trouble as the first bitterness of knowing her brother's unworthiness scarcely brought. He was about to marry Marian Tanner, who had created a sensation in society during the previous season as the greatest heiress of the day, and was as celebrated for her silly frivolity as for her money and her pretty face. Dorothy Conway learned the truth of the report, and was not long in deciding what it would be right to do. She descended upon her brother cold and determined as an embodiment of one of the old Grecian Fates, but neither angry words nor expostulations produced the slightest effect.

"I will go to Marian Tanner and tell her the truth," she said, in horror and disgust.

"I don't think you'll do much harm," returned handsome Philip. "At least five hundred gossips have repeated to her these charming scandals you have helped to foster. What a sisterly nature you have, Dorothy! I believe you are what they call a Christian—"

"If I were a better one I might be able to keep from cursing you!" she interrupted, her hasty temper getting the advantage of the stern composure with which she had promised herself to fulfil her task.

"At your pleasure," he answered, leaning back in his chair, and looking unconcernedly up with that handsome, insolent face, whose beauty was absolutely revolting to her at that moment. "May I smoke? It will be a sort of kindling the incense for your incantations."

"Do you mean to say that Marian Tanner knows you disgraced and ruined an innocent girl—that you have a child living—that—" she could not go on with the degrading catalogue of his crimes; she put her hands over her face and began to sob, and as she was not given to the weakness, it proved so tumultuous a performance that Philip was disturbed. Not that her grief awakened a feeling of remorse in his heart, neither tears nor reproaches could do this; but he hated to see a woman cry, as he hated illness, ugliness, or any other unpleasant sight.

"Now do be reasonable, Dorothy!" he exclaimed. "One would suppose you might be glad to see me safe out of my troubles—a pretty wife—oceans of money to pay my debts—"

"And God's retribution to go with you into your new life," she broke in again, more passionately.

He took his cigar from his lips and regarded her with an expression of amused wonder.

"Upon my word, Dorothy," said he, "I am surprised to hear a woman of your good sense talk such old-fashioned superstitious rubbish! One would think you had just been dug out of some convent of the middle ages, instead of having only lived about thirty-two years in this nineteenth century."

She saw plainly how impossible it was to make any impression upon him, simply because he had deadened heart and soul until he had no power to feel acutely upon any subject, except where his selfishness or his love of pleasure were concerned.

She rose abruptly from her chair and turned to go.

"What now?" he asked, relieved by these tokens of departure. "I suppose you are off for your hermitage; you'll have a chance to look at the matter more quietly then. What if all your suspicions were true, I couldn't do any thing."

"You could marry that poor girl; you could right your child—"

She stopped short; he had interrupted her by a burst of contemptuous laughter; if his handsome face had turned into the head of Medusa she could not have regarded him with more horror.

"Don't say another word," he exclaimed in the midst of his merriment; "it's too ridiculous! Oh, Dor, Dor, go home and try your favourite hydropathy till you get your head cool enough to be fit for this wicked world."

"I'll tell you where I am going," she said, speaking very quietly; he had convinced her at length that it would be simple idiocy to waste emotion of any sort upon him.

"So you shall, Dor! For your own sake, I hope it is to a private lunatic asylum, because you really need to be taken care of."

"I am going to tell Marian Tanner the truth," she continued.

"I'm only afraid she will think there is insanity in the family," he replied, brushing the ashes off his cigar. "At least, set your bonnet straight on your head, Dor; it's cocked up like a helmet."

"If she has any claim to womanhood she will refuse ever to see you again, after I have told her the whole story," said Dorothy.

"That shows how little you know about women," returned Philip, composed as before. "All heaven and earth couldn't keep her from marrying me when she finds you want to break off the match in order to bestow me upon another daughter of Eve."

"Who is your wife in the sight of heaven!" cried Miss Conway.

"I don't know any thing about their regulations up there," he answered; "but if a man is to play husband to every pretty girl that has pleased his fancy, what a set of Mormon establishments they must—"

His sister was out of the room and had closed the door before he could finish the sentence, so he threw down his cigar, turned his head easily on the cushions and dropped into a pleasant doze, having been up at a gaming-table nearly the whole of the previous night.

Miss Conway kept her word. She drove straight to Marian Tanner's home and told her story, and Marian, who knew her slightly and felt it her duty to hate her future husband's sister in advance, indulged in mild hysterics, abused Dorothy in the most outrageous fashion, wound up by declaring that she did not believe a syllable of the history, that if it was true, she did not care! She would marry Philip to-morrow if he wished, and the sooner Miss Dorothy walked out of her presence, and the longer it was before they met again, the better, she, Marian, would be pleased. Conduct so unnatural had never come under her notice, she vowed; and her old simpleton of an aunt (who looked like an intoxicated cockatoo) declared the same; and Miss Conway departed, having received the contumely and scorn people usually do when they try to keep their neighbours from folly or sin.

All this happened in April; in the middle of June, little more than a year from the time Lucy Stuart brought her broken heart back to the shelter of her sister's love, Philip Conway married the heiress. Society crowded eagerly to do them honour, and Marian felt herself lifted into the seventh heaven of delight at throwing



aside for ever the plebeian cognomen which she hated so intensely, because it had been not only her father's name, but that of the trade whereby he laid the foundation of his vast wealth.

She had always found cause for congratulation in the fact that she was an orphan, recollected very little about her father except his carrying an odious yellow silk pocket-handkerchief and suffering perpetually from catarrh; as if there were not diseases enough to choose, and have avoided a malady so outrageously vulgar! Fortunately she had an uncle who insisted on tying up the bulk of her fortune so that neither she nor Philip could waste it; and in the midst of her romantic fancy for her betrothed, her small crafty head—just wide enough to hold cunning plots—rejoiced at the power this act would give her over Philip. As for him, he was too heedless to think much, or to attempt any stand against the position forced upon him; besides this, so accustomed to ruling absolutely every woman who ever had the ill-luck to care for him, the possibility of proving less potent with his rich wife did not occur to him.

Miss Conway of course refused to be present at the wedding, but nobody missed her except Marian; she had meant to snub her before the whole world, and invited her for that express purpose; it was the one spot on her sunlight that Dorothy did not allow her the opportunity.

The newly-wedded pair went away to Europe, and it was a relief to Miss Conway when she heard that they had sailed with the intention of remaining absent at least two years. She spent the summer in her quiet country home; and a sad, lonely season it was, for poor Miss Dorothy, firm and self-reliant as she appeared, cheerful and content too, so far as regarded her own life, was not a happy woman.

She was only two-and-thirty now, but had grown to consider herself old, and it was true that where the hopes and aims which help to preserve youth are concerned she had none left. Years before, she had dreamed her dream and lived her romance; it ended in a grave, to which she yearly undertook a pilgrimage; but no incident of that past happiness would be of importance in my history, so let it lie forgotten, as it was, except by the faithful heart which treasured it and bore the burthen with uncomplaining patience.

Nothing less like an elderly maid with a buried romance could be conceived than Miss Dorothy. Rather handsome, bright, agreeable; somewhat too determined on having her own way, careless about allowing oddities of expression and deportment to grow upon

her, but charitable and kind-hearted; a real, true, noble woman, faults and all. She went occasionally to the farm-house—whenever Mrs. Brent sent her word that Lucy was in a state to receive visits—but it was only a pain to go, and she could not help feeling that it would be easier for herself and Susan if they need never meet again. No syllable in regard to Philip's marriage was exchanged between them, but as soon as she set eyes on Mrs. Brent's face after the news of the wedding filled the country papers, Dorothy knew that she had read every word. Summer drifted on to autumn; September came with its gorgeous skies, its purple haze, its soft airs that are so beautiful in our New World, and each day only added to the perfect loveliness which held no warning of the decay and change waiting just beyond.

It was a still, peaceful afternoon, and John Brent's old dwelling looked so quiet in the midst of its picturesque surroundings that it might have been some enchanted spot in a fairy tale. Susan had gone out into the orchard with her husband; Lucy, who had been unusually rational during the past fortnight, even sometimes joining the family below-stairs or resting in the garden, was up in her room seated at the piano, to which she had of late overcome her repugnance. As Hetty Flint went about her task of washing the dinner dishes and getting the kitchen into the proper state of afternoon precision and neatness, slow, broken strains of music floated through the house in a dreamy, ghostly fashion, which had an odd charm to the womanly girl, already more troubled with visions and fancies than wise people might have approved.

The child was playing in the open door with the old house-dog, and Hetty was never too much occupied, busily as she worked, to keep a watch over the little creature whom she loved with extreme tenderness. Such a lovely creature as it was; past two years old now, able to toddle about and talk that mysterious baby-language which holds so few words we, who have outlived the recollection of angelic speech, can comprehend. A strong, healthy child, large for her age, with hair like a mat of yellow floss silk which Hetty could not keep in order; a mouth dimpling with smiles; great solemn brown eyes; fair and fat, and so full of mischief that she needed constant vigilance, and charming with an infinitude of coaxing, imperious ways which even Susan could not resist. She was seldom quiet, but her small tumults usually expressed perfect good nature, and she certainly walked miles and miles each day in her journeys about the house; toiling from cellar to garret twenty times if permitted; every now and then narrowly escaping some

danger ; a constant trouble and all the more loveable on that account. Oh, it was so beautiful to see her, but so sad to think of the scores of homes where yearning hearts ached for the children God's mysterious providence had claimed, and to remember that in spite of her brightness and health, a mournful cloud must hang over her childhood and go with her into youth.

The music ceased to float down the winding staircase ; the lame robin who lived in a cage on the kitchen porch, and was cherished by Hetty as if she had no other care in the world, burst into a shrill aria, perhaps as a response to the strains he had followed so attentively. Baby Valery talked to the dog, to Hetty moving about the room, to the sunshine—maybe to the angels that watch God's little ones—and was each instant in fresh excitement over some miracle offered to her notice, whether a butterfly dancing over her head or a mysterious shower of motes playing across the sunshine at her feet. Hetty answered the child, sang snatches of old songs, and worked on, eager to have the kitchen in order before Mrs. Brent returned ; and presently, during one of her hurried visits to the pantry, she heard the baby say,—

“ See 'oo, Lucy—see 'oo ! ”

Hetty was sufficiently accustomed to the little creature's dialect to know what she said, and peeped into the kitchen. Lucy had come down-stairs—such a pale, beautiful shadow—so like the ghost of the girl who had once brightened the old house with her loveliness, that Hetty, carried away by her fancies, felt almost as if the phantom music which stirred her soul just before, had floated down in this phantom-like shape.

“ See 'oo, Lucy—see 'oo ! ” repeated the child.

“ Pretty baby,” Lucy answered absently ; “ pretty baby.”

The quiet voice was not attractive, so the child went on with her play. Hetty watched them both from the half-open door while she continued her occupation of arranging certain rows of dishes on the pantry shelves, and it was necessary that each article should be set in a particular place, in order to please her fastidious eye. Lucy moved about the kitchen aimlessly for awhile ; every now and then Hetty saw her regard the child with a puzzled glance, as if not certain what connexion there was with it in her mind, though only that morning she had dressed and played with the little creature.

“ Tum play, Lucy ! ” ordered Baby, in her imperative fashion.

Lucy stopped suddenly in her slow march ; the child toddled up to her and pulled at her dress, laughing like a tiny peal of bells to see the dog jump and frisk about them.





"Tum play, Lucy!" ordered Baby, in her imperative fashion.



"Dance, Lucy!" cried Baby. "Bad, bad!"

The dazed, wondering look faded out of Lucy's face; one of her seasons of acute remembrance troubled her. She stooped, snatched the child in her arms and began to weep over it, saying softly,—

"My baby, O my baby!"

The child fought and struggled to get down, half angry, half frightened by the tears and distress, and soon Lucy put her on the floor, and tried to soothe and pet her into composure.

"Pretty baby!" she said, "pretty baby! Doesn't baby love Lucy?"

"Baby love Lucy, 'Etty, dog!" pronounced the child. "Tum play!"

Lucy walked on into the other room and sat down. Hetty could still see her. She was crying yet, but very quietly; and wise Hetty knew that it was best to leave her undisturbed.

Presently she rose and walked about the little parlour in the same aimless, absent manner; but now Hetty had finished her task in the pantry, and the child claimed her attention with that pretty imperiousness which is so inexpressibly bewitching; so Hetty allowed herself to be led out on the sunny porch for a game of romps, in which Sampson, the dog, took his part with a ludicrous gravity.

The old-fashioned apartment had cupboards with glass doors set in the wall on either side of the mantel, and a pile of newspapers on one of the shelves attracted Lucy's attention. John Brent was not much more of a reader than the generality of his class, but he had a great respect for books, extending it in his happy ignorance even to newspapers, of which the cupboard shelves held a goodly store; and though John seldom had leisure to pore over them, no sage ever gloried more in the possession of his Elzevirs than the good man did in his carefully-treasured journals.

Turning over the pages Lucy read a few paragraphs here and there, throwing down with a shudder any paper in which she happened to notice the name of a European capital—the surest proof that her memory was this day sufficiently acute to make her past suffering an actual and poignant reality.

After awhile, she discovered a journal torn and crumpled up behind the others—a journal which Susan Brent believed long since destroyed; but Hetty's unadvised care, or what we call chance, had preserved this portion of it. Lucy unfolded the leaf, smoothed out the creases as if the soiled sheet were of great con-



sequence, then her eyes fell on a leaded column, and she began eagerly to read.

In another moment there broke from her lips a groan of anguish such as illness or mental pain had never before wrung from them. She attempted to rise—to call aloud—but, after that one dismal moan, had no strength to articulate, and sat gazing in mute horror at the paper clutched in her quivering hands. She knew that the last control over her troubled faculties was forsaking her—struggled violently to keep back the nervous spasm which already shook her limbs and distorted her face. Again she held the journal close to her eyes, read once more the fatal lines, tried anew to get out of her chair, fell forward upon the floor, and an awful shriek startled Hetty playing with the child upon the porch and smote, full of dread, on Susan Brent's ears as she slowly approached the house.

The two reached the room, forgetting the little one, who followed with sobs and screams of terror. Lucy lay on the carpet, writhing in horrible convulsions. Her hands were clenched in the beautiful hair which she had pulled over her shoulders, and at intervals she uttered wailing cries, mixed with broken sentences that sounded like no human language, save when twice Susan caught the name of the man who had worked this ruin, joined even then to a half-finished ejaculation which seemed an attempt at prayer—a prayer for him!

In the midst of her alarm Susan remembered the child, and ordered Hetty to take her away—to run to the orchard and call John Brent. As she stooped to raise Lucy's head, she saw the torn journal on the floor. One glance was enough to explain the whole scene. Lucy had read the announcement of Philip Conway's marriage, and Susan knew that the doctor's worst fears were realized. He had said that any sudden shock would either kill her outright or leave her hopelessly insane.

John Brent came in; between them the husband and wife carried the helpless creature up-stairs, happily unconscious now of her own misery, though she still shrieked and tugged at her dishevelled hair, and tried to utter words of which only one name was audible—that of the man upon whose soul lay this ruin of her body and mind.

It was fortunately about the time of day when the doctor usually passed the house on his wearisome rounds; and Hetty, stationed at the gate, saw him driving up the road, and told him of the need of his presence.

Two dreadful days and nights elapsed; then Lucy lay weak and helpless on her pillow; but it was not yet permitted her to die, though, as far as she was personally concerned, the rest of her life would be less pitiable, for the physician said she would never recover her reason, unless, in case she lingered several years, it might return partially for brief moments.

These sorrowful details reached Miss Conway in her solitary home—indeed, John Brent was himself sent by his wife to carry them, because the period had now arrived when she must permit Philip's sister to redeem her pledge. Poor Dorothy could only weep in silence with the heart-broken old man who had loved Lucy so fondly. There were no words of sympathy that would have sounded other than a mockery at this moment.

"Susan says you may have the little girl, Miss Dorothy," John Brent continued, more calm and able to talk than the grief-stricken woman. "It's mighty hard somehow to give the dear creature up, but it's best; it'll be easier for Susan when she's once out of her sight. Susan ain't one to live over things, or get used to them, you see, as a good many folks can."

"I am ready to keep my word," Miss Dorothy answered, wiping away her tears, "and I'll do my duty by the child, Mr. Brent."

"We know that, ma'am—'taint to say to us—if every body did their uttermost like you, it would be another sort of world."

"Don't, don't!" exclaimed Miss Dorothy. "If I had been wiser in the old days, who knows but I might have saved all this trouble?"

John Brent shook his head and replied slowly,—

"Don't you ever go to think that, Miss Conway—you couldn't have done nothing! You wanted to do what was right, and the Lord knows we did—we've got to hold fast to that."

"I believe I should go mad if I could not," returned Miss Dorothy. "It is all I can do to bear it now! But I'll send for the child; I have a good, kind woman to take care of her. I suppose you need Hetty Flint, else I would take her too, as Valery is so fond of her."

"I expect Hetty'll have to stay with us, yet awhile anyhow," John said. "You see, there's nobody can manage Lucy like she can. The poor lamb's somehow awful shy of Susan now and always thinks she's angry at her, and I'm busy, so Hetty must stay, for she's more helpful than a grown gal."

"Does Susan still wish to sell the old place and go out west?" Miss Conway asked.

"That's all had to be put by," John said. "The doctor says

Lucy must be kept as quiet as we can—not see new faces, or have any sort of commotion around her. Living as we do, she'll generally stay quiet and happy, but there mustn't be any changes."

Miss Dorothy drove over to the farm for the little girl. Valery had already paid several brief visits to the Hermitage, accompanied by Hetty, and was delighted at the idea of going to the beautiful house again; in order to accustom her to the change, Miss Conway decided to take Hetty too for as many days as she could be spared.

Susan Brent received her visitor without emotion; she had suffered so much, and so long, that she was seldom now-a-days shaken out of the chill apathy she had acquired. She looked almost as aged as her husband, though he was many years older. Her black hair had turned nearly white, and her face was seamed with the curious tiny wrinkles which usually only come with advanced age.

While the two sat talking, Lucy's voice rang down the stairway, faint and tremulous, but marvellously sweet still, warbling a song which Mrs. Conway had taught her in the days when it pleased the kind lady to cultivate the pretty creature's love for the beautiful, believing that she did a good work. The tears welled into Miss Dorothy's eyes as she listened, but Susan Brent betrayed no agitation, except in the nervous twitching of her hands as they lay folded in her lap.

"She often sings that way to herself—she's generally very happy and quiet, Miss Dorothy," Susan said in her cold, repressed voice, as she observed the other's trouble.

"At least that is a great mercy," Miss Conway replied.

"Yes, if there's any mercy from first to last."

"O Susan—"

"I know—don't, don't say it! John tells me often, and I try! I'm hard and wicked, but it ain't easy, Miss Dorothy, always to believe in mercy, when a body sees what I do before their eyes, but I try; I do mean to try!"

"I am sure of it, Susan!"

"I wish she wasn't so 'fraid of me," continued Mrs. Brent, in the same odd, painful tone which had grown habitual with her. "I've ired to be kind, but I expect she's seen my stony heart in my face, and now she'll never be able to know how I love her!"

She stopped speaking and turned her head away for a few seconds, in a silence which Miss Dorothy could find no words to



break. At length Susan looked up with the dead quiet restored to her features and said, "Maybe you'd like a sight at Lucy; you mustn't let her see you, but perhaps you'll find it a kind of comfort to see how peaceful she is; John of'en does, he says."

John did, but she could not add the assurance for herself; hers was a martyrdom which only the glory of the life beyond might ever efface from her tortured soul, and there could have been in the whole round of human misery only one suffering worse—the inability to believe this truth, and to look forward to the hereafter. That was the thought in Miss Conway's mind, but she did not attempt to express it, for Susan added,—

"Would you like to go up, Miss Dorothy?"

"Yes; don't come—I know the way."

"Then I'll be getting Baby's things together," Susan said. "There ain't many of 'em, and they ain't sewed as nice as I could wish, but my eyes begin to hurt when I use them at night."

Miss Conway had risen from her chair; she only laid her hand for an instant on Susan's shoulder, by way of response—the scenes in a real tragedy never hold many words. Mrs. Brent went about her task, dry-eyed and quiet, while Hetty dressed little Valery, and the child shouted and laughed till the gleesome sounds echoed through the house, and mingled with the soft strains of Lucy's song which still floated down like spirit-music from her shadowy chamber.

Miss Conway went up-stairs, and looked through the half-open door into the room where the demented creature sat. She was dressed in white, her attire scrupulously neat, and her long yellow hair falling in heavy waves about her shoulders, as she had been accustomed to wear it in the old days. She was plaiting straw—the only task Susan could ever persuade her to undertake as a child. Her fingers moved swiftly and skilfully along the shining woof, and still she sang, in that absent fashion, a quaint melody about sunshine and showers, in a tremulous, veiled voice, even more touching and sweet than in its full strength and power.

The face was worn and wasted, but singularly lovely; so pale, with such a strange pathetic appeal in the wandering, vacant gaze, that Miss Dorothy started back after the first glance, as if she had unwittingly intruded upon some beautiful phantom haunting the scenes of its mortal sufferings.

It was not for Lucy that the throb of agony burned at Miss Conway's heart; she was past the need; but for her own reckless, wicked brother, with his future of retribution; for the child whose

glad laugh quickened through the distance ; with years and years before her—a whole youth and womanhood oppressed by the sad burthen of inherited misery and shame.

Then Miss Dorothy tried to remember in whose hands it all lay, and stood watching Lucy, thankful to carry with her this picture of quiet and rest. Sometimes the girl—she looked so young still—would pause in her song, listen intently as if she caught the sound of melody inaudible to other ears, whisper questioningly, seem to wait for a response, then smile softly, as if it had reached her and brought renewed peace. Again her song burst forth in sweeter cadence, and her raised eyes gleamed with such devotion, that it was like watching the ecstasy of some rapt saint. Miss Dorothy crept away and left her there, not ashamed to believe that perhaps, in God's mercy, sights and sounds from a brighter sphere were allowed to keep her company in the shadowy room into which had narrowed all of life this world could give her.

## OUR LETTERS.

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IN these days of rapid change and progress, when the receipt and despatch of letters form one of our principal and most important duties, we hardly have time to reflect on the wonderful influence they exercise over our lives, and how largely they contribute to our happiness or sorrow. We are so accustomed to communicate with others by writing, that it becomes almost as mechanical an operation as speaking, and we thereby insensibly make known to others our characters and dispositions.

It is frequently said that hand-writing is an index of the character of the writer, but though in many cases the saying holds true, the coincidence does not so frequently occur as to justify the adoption of a general rule. But sooner or later, in the course of general correspondence, the character of the writer must show itself; by slow degrees it may be, but still it will leak out, just as surely as from verbal communications we are able to form a tolerably correct opinion of the speaker. And it is surprising how naturally people write, and how nearly they express themselves in the same words as they would when speaking. It is easy to detect, in the fluent style and well-chosen sentences, the power and refinement of an educated mind. How far different from the slipshod grammar and laboured composition of a careless and ignorant writer.

Again, how apparent are the pandering compliments of selfishness, the vulgar blustering of conceit, and the cringing whining of hypocrisy.

By the medium of letters we are almost able to form friendships with persons whom we have never seen, but whose expressions of feeling and taste draw us towards them with a strong and mysterious sympathy.

Each morning we are interested to know what communications have reached us, and the contents of our letters have no small effect on our spirits throughout the day.



If good news falls to our lot, we are cheered and encouraged to begin the day happily, but if ill tidings reach us, we too often carry with us, throughout the day, the signs of sorrow and anxiety, and our consequent depression and misery rarely escape the notice of our friends.

Like the waves of the advancing tide, that leave on our shores both precious gems and worthless stones, each post carries with it, and leaves with us, its mingled cares and joys—and, like the ebbing tide, it takes away, and bears to others, our messages of weal and woe.

Most of us remember our first lessons in the art of correspondence, and what a mysterious thing a letter was to us, when children. How delightful to receive, but how difficult to answer. And when, on great occasions, such as birthdays, we actually received one addressed to ourselves, how we treasured it, and if it happened to be written in the “running hand” of “grown-up” people, how anxiously, but vainly, we endeavoured to read it; and what pleasure it was to write a reply, and with what pride we sat on a high chair, by the side of a kind parent or sister, and, with very clean hands and much motion of the tongue and features, not unfrequently accompanied by a rotatory motion of the head, slowly endeavoured to form characters of a text-hand size, between pencilled lines of remarkable width. What difficulty we had to write between the lines, and what a strong tendency there was to leave them, in the involuntary and erratic manner of the man, who, having too effectually quenched his thirst, strives to walk on the pavement when the road has an irresistible attraction. At this tender age we wrote from dictation, and our information was generally of a plain and unpretending character. Our epistles frequently commenced with a hope that the person to whom they were addressed was quite well, and proceeded to give useful information as to the state of the weather yesterday, and, after a brief mention of some little festivity at which we had been recently present, or of some new toy to which we were much attached, often concluded, at our special request, with some such interesting family news as, “Mama has a cold,” or “Baby can walk alone.” These little items of intelligence being suggested by us, as likely to interest our friends.

Would that all letters were as candid and innocent.

A little later in life, we find ourselves undergoing a professional lesson in letter-writing, at a “Preparatory School for young

gentlemen." There, in the private parlour, we might be seen, at stated intervals during the quarter, closeted with our instructress, and nervously sitting before a very glossy sheet of note-paper, and endeavouring, by the aid of a new and very hard steel pen (or "nib," as we were told to call it), to inform our beloved parents of the progress we were making in our studies, and (oh! cruel falsehood) how happy we were. Who can forget the miseries of the "holiday letter," which was the formal and conventional mode of informing our relatives of the day on which we should return home? It was a task performed under the strictest surveillance, and we wrote in momentary expectation of a sound box on the ear, or a sharp rap over our knuckles with an ebony ruler, if we made the slightest mistake, or at last became the victims of the carefully guarded against, but inevitable, blot. It certainly seemed somewhat hard, that when, in the quarterly accounts received by the home authorities, the item "Stationery" was of so liberal an amount, we should have to pay so dearly for spoiling but *one* sheet of spotless "extra cream laid."

When, in course of time, we were transferred to a larger school, our letters, no longer written under supervision, became more pithy and natural, and much resembled telegrams, in the brevity of their sentences.

They frequently contained a request for money or "a hamper," and, occasionally, the result of some great cricket or football match, in which our side had been victorious; or, to the well-feigned horror of the "Mater," and the secret pride of the "Governor," conveyed the brief intelligence that we had had a tremendous fight with another fellow, and had given him a "jolly good thrashing."

Arrived at a less boyish age, our letters became more numerous, varied, and interesting, and we wrote less about ourselves and our pursuits. The tender passion gave rise to many an epistle, composed in the purest spirit of truth, but which would now, with its romantic sentiments and delicate compliments, be thought "too absurd." Young, ardent, and reckless, we wrote what we felt, without a thought of the consequences. We defied our creditors, sent atrocious puns to the comic papers, and wrote such passionate effusions to the fair possessors of our hearts, that we can only wonder how it was that the stern parents (into whose hands our communications were bound to fall, sooner or later) did not insist on our paying a lengthened visit to a lunatic asylum, or attempt to introduce us to the proverbial horse-whip.

But as we advance in age, we lose romance, and the stern business of life leaves us little time to indulge our fancy in our correspondence. There are our daily business letters which require our most careful attention, and often, our most earnest thought.

There is the little square note, written in the pretty feminine hand, that asks us to a ball, or croquêt party, and which etiquette (to say nothing of manly courtesy) requires us to answer immediately. There is the printed advertisement of the grasping money lender, which, in company with the oft delivered bills of our long-suffering tradesmen, we hastily throw into the fire. We reserve the elaborately worded application of the professional beggar, for the amusement of our bachelor friends. We eagerly tear open the welcome and long expected letter from our friend who is far distant in a foreign land ; but as it is of great length, and closely written, we reluctantly put it in our pocket, to be read and re-read at our leisure.

And there is, at last, the letter which we hardly dare to open, as we instinctively feel that the black border tells us news that we would fain disbelieve, but which previous intelligence has led us to expect. We open it with hesitation, and with a painful attempt at self-possession. The first words are enough, we know what has happened, and feel the crushing blow of sorrow, as we silently sit down to realize our loss.

Letters form a strong link between ourselves and others, and are the means of keeping alive many a valued friendship ; and, as too many of us know, they often remind us of those who will never again wield the pen, but whose written expressions of attachment and sympathy we have not the heart to destroy.

History and biography owe a large debt to letters, for by their aid many a startling truth is revealed, many an unworthy idol shattered, and many an unjust suspicion removed.

The truest records of our virtues and vices are to be found in our own letters, which are silent but faithful witnesses for good or evil. They contain some of our greatest secrets, and many a carefully buried "skeleton," which we would give worlds to leave in obscurity.

It would indeed be well, if our letters never contained anything that could cause pain to others, or shame and regret to ourselves.



## A TRUE LOVER.

BY EDITH SPICER JAY, AUTHOR OF "A NOBLE ERROR," ETC.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER II.

"ON WITH THE NEW."

"WILL you be my wife, Nelly?"

Sweet eyes, sorrowful and grateful, and half-pitying, turned up to him; with none of the sudden light, a face flushed with none of the shy rapture that more than any speech happily answers such a prayer; a little hand lying calm and cold in his, its light pressure only keeping him back, lips that answer plaintive but untrembling.

"Wait. Let me tell you something first."

Shafto Elphinstone (for it is he who asks this momentous question) draws a long breath, and holds his underlip fast with his strong white teeth. Reticent, undemonstrative as he is, those words, the pause that follows them, are hard to bear. But in the stillness he hears a long quivering sigh: the face turned away from him, looking dreamily over the distance, pales and changes, and lights with a little trembling smile, foolish and tender, such as he knows—whatever he does not know—*he* never brought there. And pain and pity make him patient.

It is a divine Sunday evening in spring, with a golden clouded sky—all the happy earth lies bathed in a great still glow of promise, all the air is sweet with the breath of flowers and trees, a thrush gurgles out psalms of praise from a cedar on the lawn, and the stream at the bottom of the garden answers murmuringly, glistening and sliding over its gleaming pebbles.

This place—these wide meadows, the stream, the cedars, the big red house with thirty windows flashing back the sun, are Shafto's. He has another estate elsewhere, and a moor in Scotland, and revenues large enough to maintain them all. He has been much

fêted since his return, asked to all the best houses, and drawn into intimacy with all the nicest people; but his sober head is not the least turned. He only sighs a little over the mercenariness of the world, which cared so little for him when he was "just the same, except the money," as he says; and laughs at the warnings of his friends against being taken in, and is as good-natured and true and modest as when he was an unsought detrimental.

He has had neither fancies nor flirtations, till, five months ago, he met Elinor Western. She was staying at Brighton for change of air, he for amusement, and on the one promenade of that populous town he met her daily: until that face, which was not pretty now, whatever it might once have been—but pathetic even in its mirth, which went to his heart, when, smiling at him, it showed how it must once have smiled—took entire possession there. He loved her, and he had a rich man's right to please himself: he paid her due court, not so clumsily as he did other things, for true love, even with fools, has a tact and wisdom of its own. She was kind—amused, interested sometimes; she did not snub him as she had been used to snub her lovers when she was seventeen and happy: but it was only because she had no heart for it now—because Shafto was wonderfully kind and restful. The world used to be full of kind people; but it was different now. He exacted nothing in return at first, and when, by degrees, he began to do so, the very little he asked ceased to seem hard to give. Poor Nelly had a passionate nature, and her gratitude was passionate too—too much so for prudence, perhaps. Her father and an aunt, who made up her home circle, urged her to accept his attentions, so did her greatest friend, Mrs. Wroughton, who knew all her story, and had a greater influence through not having shown herself, at the time of its action, quite dead to romance, as Nelly's relations had.

So when Shafto asked Mr. Western to bring his daughter to Woldingsley, Nelly went, and when her friend said kindly and sadly, "Oh, Nelly! don't waste your life and spoil his—say yes when he asks you," Nelly, with two tears smarting in her eyes, from the sense of the bitter contrast of past and present—of the sunburst, the inspiration, the angel music then, which every body tried to drag her away from, and the cold and moderate and deliberate bliss they courted for her now, said wearily, "I will *try*;" and then went away and wept, the bride apparent of three estates and many thousands a year, and kissed with burning lips a silky ring of chesnut hair, that clung round her finger like a living reproachful thing.

"And, O dearest, I wouldn't if I could help it. I wouldn't if you'd only been true. O darling, I loved you so dearly!" But the great moment had come. Shafto, absurdly transparent in his strategy, had walked boldly into the drawing-room at Woldingsley, and in the presence of seven ladies there assembled, had asked Miss Western to come and look at the sunset.

Miss Western had inquired faintly whether it wasn't cold? but was so assured to the contrary by a match-making chorus that she had reluctantly yielded, and gone with her host. And there she stood now, pale, sick at heart, trying to be true, half-hoping that when she had spoken he would not ask that question again. And yet, he was so good, so strong, so safe to lean upon: what would she do without him? Men do not understand how hard it is for a woman, especially while she is still young, to look forward to eternal self-dependence and loneliness.

She nerved herself at last, looked up with her brown eyes, solemn, yet with a gleam of tears hidden somewhere in their depths.

"Captain Elphinstone," said she, faltering very much, "I only want to tell you . . . I think it right you should know before . . . I—I loved some one else . . . very, *very* much. Oh, so much that I can never love any body else in the same way."

Shafto started and paled; but listened patiently to the words that dropped out one by one, like heart-broken tears.

"He . . . loved me once. He does not now. And that, of course, makes me feel differently about him. But, you see, I can never forget him. Oh, never, never!" said she, her voice rising passionately. "And it would not be fair for you——"

"*Could* any thing happen to bring you . . . and . . . *him* together?" asked Shafto, huskily.

"No. He does not love me now," answered she, hanging her head, and with a painful blush. Loyalty to that bitter but still painful memory, pity for Shafto, whose sufferings she understood through her own; pity for herself, to whom such kind and true love, so fully approved by all, came too late for perfect appreciation, fought within her. She wanted to do right; but the right was hard to discover.

There was a long pause. He spoke at last: subtleties of principle did not much trouble *him*—taking her two quivering hands protectingly in his broad palms, and looking straight down at her with his honest blue eyes.

"Poor little girl!" said he, with tender compassion, "You don't know what to do, do you?"



"No," Nelly answered, with a faint smile.

"Do you think you could *ever* love me—not quite in that way you speak of—perhaps I'm not the sort of fellow to be loved like that—but enough to be my wife? Don't you think—" and his clasp tightened round her fingers—"If I'm patient and do every thing I can to please you, you'll get to understand how much I love you, and care a little for me? I won't tease you: I'll wait as long as you like, and if you find you can't, I'll not blame you . . . but . . ."

His pleadings ceased there, and he added, in a stifled voice, the most potent argument perhaps of all,—

"O Nelly, I *do* love you!"

Too potent. "I—I think I could—I would try," Nelly faltered. "But indeed, you deserve somebody's whole heart—somebody who had never cared at all before."

"I'd rather have a little bit of your love than all any other woman's," said Shafto, stoutly. "I'll try not to mind even if you seem to be thinking of the other fellow. Say I may hope for *that*!"

"Yes," said she, fairly conquered, and feeling for the moment she did indeed love him in the very moderate degree he pleaded for, feeling, in all the forlornness that rush of memory had brought sorer need of the shelter he proffered.

So when Shafto, enraptured beyond the power of coherent expression, and happily ignoring the bareness of that monosyllable, put his arm timidly round her; though she shivered and sickened with recollection, she leaned against him, and sighed with weary relief.

She released herself gently after an instant, and went away to tell Mrs. Wroughton. Her conscience, cognisant of her own feelings in past days, pricked her a little that she had not stayed to let him realize and discuss his new found joy; but of this, of other small omissions, he was happily unconscious. He stood looking at the land flushed with sunset, exceedingly joyful, and praising God in his heart without knowing it. Then suddenly, he could not imagine why, a thought of his last night in India crossed his mind, of Dennis stretched feverish and lonely on his sick bed in a strange land, with the shadow of death almost upon him: deserted by men, afraid of God, knowing his best kindness, his truest generosity to *his* love, to part from her for ever—ay, even to part from her in anger. That haggard face, those violet eyes, ablaze with smothered fires of despair and love, that beautiful mouth, parched and drawn with pain, would rise between Shafto and the rosy sky and fair

world which smiled back his own sweet triumph, that bitter desolate cry came athwart the bird's song and the stream's murmur, and rang in his ears. "O God, it's *true*! Why was I born?" And Shafto bowed his head, awe-struck at the contrast between *that* fate and his, and prayed, almost fearfully, that the life God had so blessed, might be spent in His service.

As he turned to go in, the music of a hymn somebody was singing in the drawing-room came floating out stern and sad and sweet, like the white flash of a warrior angel's spear, into the crimson air.

"The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Teach me to tear it from its throne  
And worship only Thee."

And Shafto, at this moment, felt he *could not* say "Amen." He was sublimely, supremely happy, for many many days. Nelly, guiltily conscious of the utter want of inspiration and romance on her side, was good, and sweet, and toilingly careful to please him as she would never have been had she loved him perfectly. She found no fancied causes of offence, she exacted no monopoly of attention, she obeyed his wishes like a Griselda (which it was by no means her nature to be).

Her father admired the change, and pointed it out to Mrs. Wroughton as a proof of how deeply she loved Elphinstone, how, as he had said all along, her fancy for that other man was only a fancy. "Why, the fellow couldn't maintain her!" said Mr. Western, as if that were an unanswerable argument on his side.

But Mrs. Wroughton, shaking her head anxiously, replied, "I wish she *would* quarrel with him a little more, poor Shafto! or that his dear ugly face didn't look so perfectly happy and contented. It positively shines, and he goes about as if he were in a dream. He's too happy for this world."

"Well, marriage will cure *that*," returned Mr. Western, chuckling prosaically; "for though Nelly is a good girl enough now she has got over that old nonsense of hers, she isn't *quite* so meek as she looks."

"Poor Nelly!" sighed the lady, remembering what a pretty foolish, happy creature, all blushes and smiles and dimples, half dew, half sunshine, Nelly had been in the bright days of "that old nonsense of hers."

Love-making without quarrels, or disapprobation of authorities

is uninteresting to read about, or witness, so I need not dwell on Shafto and Nelly's.

One evening, when the spring was blooming into summer, a little before the whole party were to migrate to town, Shafto gave a final dinner, under the presidency of Mrs. Wroughton. He had taken a town house, and was always having patterns and designs for its furniture sent down for his betrothed's approval; for his faith in her taste was only equalled by his sense of his own incompetency, and he delighted to be instructed about contrasts of colour, &c., and scolded for his lavish extravagance; unaware that this was on his part only an unconscious expression of the uneasiness Mrs. Wroughton had felt and uttered about Nelly's gentle indifference.

And yet Nelly loved him as dearly as possible, short of lover's love, and felt with him little of that revolt against his claim of a lover's privileges a man bolder and more exacting must have excited. He was shy and reverent, and self-contained, never passionate outwardly, though his voice and his eye were never the same to any other as to her.

Sometimes she thought she was growing to love him "*d'amour*," but then some chance word, the scent of a leaf, the colour of a cloud, brought back a rush of memories. And alas! past memories, with all their pain, were keener, sweeter, more real than present truths.

Shafto, who had been up to town the day before, came down in time for the dinner party; and having resignedly led in a chief dowager, to whom he gravely held forth on the virtues of Miss Western, and abstractedly discoursed over his wine to two fox-hunting squires on the subject of pig sticking, jumped up joyfully from his chair, ran upstairs like a school-boy, and dropping his big self into a very little chair by Nelly's side, said, with his honest face flushed with rapture at their reunion,—

"And is my darling glad to see me after all this time?"

"Oh, yes, dear," responded Nelly, very sweetly and kindly; but unconsciously using the tone appropriate to an inconveniently affectionate dog—a sort of "Down, there's a good fellow!" manner.

Shafto, not being thin-skinned, received it calmly, only saying to himself, as often before, when disposed to repine, "I must give her time. Besides, she's like me, she doesn't show what she feels."

He proceeded accordingly to dilate, in a low voice, on the relation to her of all he had seen and done during his absence, which, being a fruitful topic, was only ended by Nelly herself observing—

"Shafto, dear, won't you ask some of the girls to sing?"

"They'd rather not. They're quite happy, talking to those



fellows. And I'm sure *I* am, and awfully tired, too, my treasure."

"It won't tire you much more to walk to the piano. Now *please* do."

"But, my darling, they don't want *me* to help them to sing!" said Shafto, plaintively, getting up, however, going across with mournful obedience, to the most prominent toilette in the room and mumbling a reluctant request for a song.

Shoulders, and teeth, and twenty yards of pink silk rose up readily in answer, and were conducted to the piano.

"What shall I sing?" asked their possessor, glancing up with coquettishness quite lost on him.

"Oh, any thing," said he, abstractedly.

"'Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye'? That's sentimental, and would suit you, Captain Elphinstone."

"All right. I mean—I dare say it's a very jolly song. I say," added Shafto, awakening to a sense of his awful responsibilities. "I must look at the words, or I shan't be able to turn over properly."

His anxiety kept him intent; but his faithful eyes, their duty done, turned promptly to Nelly's corner, and what they saw sent him across the room to her, trampling recklessly on men's boots and ladies' dresses.

She was sitting upright: deadly pale, with her hands clasped tightly on her knee, her lips apart, as if in pain, her eyes fixed and wide, with a look of wondering agony. She did not know people were observing her, nor remark, till the third repetition, Shafto's anguished whisper. "My own, what is it! Are you ill?"

She looked up at last, with a dazed, tremulous smile.

"Is it you, dear?" she said, slowly. Yes, a little ill . . . . Don't let her sing that song again."

"She shall never sing again in this house while I'm master," returned Shafto, indignant and puzzled. "I say, my darling," he added coaxingly. "Come out on to the terrace—it'll do you good."

She rose and took his arm without a word: generally, she avoided such a tête-à-tête, and Shafto, with an air of pride, led her out through his guests, whose opinion of his wisdom and politeness was not increased by this incident.

He was a little heavy at heart as he placed a garden chair for her and stood by her side, silently, looking across the dusky fields; for he guessed the cause of her agitation to be some tender memory in

which he could have no share, and good as he was, he was human, and felt a jealous pang.

But her head rested against his arm, her voice, saying pathetically, "Oh, Shafto, do be kind to me!" made him forget his own grievance.

"God knows I will, *always*," said he, earnestly. "But tell me, darling, if I may know, why you didn't like to hear that song?"

She looked up at him without answering: sadly, for the answer seemed cruel to speak.

"It reminded you of somebody, didn't it?" asked he, very gently, stifling a sigh.

"Oh, yes, yes! *He* used to sing it to me," said Nelly, bursting out in a weary, passionate cry. "'Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye,' and say he *could* not leave me, though he ought in honour, he knew too well."

A terrible light burst upon Shafto. He felt as if a cold hand seized his heart, and with a mortal faintness coming over him, and great drops standing icily on his forehead, he withdrew a step or two, and leaned heavily on the back of Nelly's chair.

It seemed to him afterwards that there had been ages of thought, of agony, in that minute; his love rose up blind and awful in its strength, and threatened shipwreck of honour and duty. But it was too dark for Nelly to see his face, and he made no outward sign of suffering. He only said, in a tender, repressed voice,—

"Nelly, was . . . *his* name Dennis Kilcourey?"

"Yes! O Shafto, did you know him in India? Was he married? Was he well? Did he seem happy? Oh forgive me, dear, dear Shafto, but if you knew how long it was since I heard his name, even. O Dennis, Dennis!"

Unhappy Shafto! Listening, patient and wistful, to this outburst, hearing that voice, thrilled with fond passion, beholding, even through the night, those suddenly radiant eyes, trembling under that small hand that clasped his arm so tightly for another's sake, as it had never done for his own; he lost his last shred of comfort.

No, Nelly was *not* undemonstrative, when she had any thing to demonstrate, as she never had had, never would have, now for him. And yet, yet—but for this bitter chance, this lightning flash which bared the desolate path of duty so plain before him, she *might* have been his, and have learned, by degrees, to be comforted, and forget the other.

These waters of Marah almost choked his speech: but he drove them back manfully, and answered with simple conscientiousness,

"Yes, I knew him a little. He was not married, nor a bit likely to be. He was not quite well when I last saw him, but he was getting better. I was with him the night before I left—I little thought——"

His voice failed him suddenly, he went away from her, and stood leaning his hands on the stone balustrade, with his face turned up to the night sky. There were no tears in his eyes to dim the radiance of the starlight, nor any passionate outcries on his lips. And as to what was in his heart then, that was between himself and God, for no one else ever knew it.

He came back presently; Nelly, who had been reproaching herself for her selfish outburst, put her hand in his, and looking up at him, said falteringly, "I am so sorry. I beg your pardon."

Those eyes, that voice, so full of his rival, with only pity to spare for him, made him hard for a moment, but the next he rebuked himself sternly, and answered with a kind sad smile,—

"No, my darling, I beg yours for leaving you when you were so ill; but—but I've got rather a headache," added he, piteously, trying to excuse his shaken voice, "I'm knocked up with the journey, I think."

"Poor Shafto!" said she compassionately, putting her hand on his head, which he had bent down to her; but he drew back sharply, with an inarticulate sound of pain, and suggested, if she was better, they should go back to the drawing-room. He took her to her seat, and then, going up to a group of men gathered round some Indian photographs he had brought home, asked, "Can any one tell me when the Calcutta mail goes out? Is this week's gone?"

"Doesn't go till Friday. But I say, Elphinstone," added the speaker, staring at him, "What on earth is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I'm all right. At least, I've a headache, that's all," he answered, wearily.

"Perhaps Miss Western——"

"Let Miss Western alone, and me too," said Shafto, with sudden sternness, turning on his heels, and going off.

"Nelly," said Mrs. Wroughton, later in the evening, "What have you been doing to your victim? He looks so pale, and heavy-eyed, and the picture of misery. What a tyrant you must be!"

Nelly explained wearily how the song had affected her, and Shafto had guessed the cause.

"A nice little incident for him to dream upon," remarked her friend drily; "I wonder how many men would stand such a thing."



A brilliant, uncomfortable, unsatisfactory creature, like your Dennis, for instance !”

“That he—*isn't my* Dennis now should prevent your blaming him,” returned Nelly calmly, but with very white lips.

Elphinstone’s “good-night” was tranquil as usual ; but after he had said it, and let go her hand, he took it again, and added unreasonably, “O Nelly !” much as she had said, an hour before, “O Dennis !” and looked at her with quite a new profundity of expression.

He was a passive and abstracted host in the smoking-room that night, and when he went to his own apartment, took pen and paper with an air of melancholy resolution.

But he could not write—not at once, with all that tumult within him, with that great bitter rebellious wonder at the *uselessness* of his love gnawing at his heart. “I was so happy before,” he thought. “I didn’t *try* to love her, and I do love her so.” He leaned his hot head on his hands, and looked over the gardens and woods and fields, bathed in starlight, with sore regret. Their pleasure was spoiled to him, most likely for ever, as, indeed, the pleasure of every thing was.

“I suppose I was *too* happy,” said Shafto, mournfully.

“But I did believe I could make her happy too. Well, I may do that yet, thank God ! in another way. And—poor Kilcourcey as well.”

It was a little struggle to speak thus kindly of his rival, his conqueror, but somehow the recollection of Dennis’s faint hand and fevered eyes made it easier.

“Yes,” added he, after some serious reflection, “I’ll write to him at once. But I’ll be the same to her, and say nothing till I hear from him, or he comes ; because if he *should* have changed, she would be as forlorn, and want me to comfort her as much as ever, poor little girl ! Not that he *will* be changed ! How could he be !”

So Shafto sat down, and wrote many letters, and flung them aside, and it was not till the morning light reddened the window panes, and dazzled his tired eyes, and the birds sang their matins outside, that he had produced a satisfactory epistle. He had little gift of composition, and feeling how much of his darling’s happiness hung on this issue, trembled lest his own want of tact should ruin all.

“DEAR KILCOURCY,—You will be surprised to hear from me ; but you will soon understand the reason. You remember the story you told me that night : I have met the young lady you spoke of, and

in my opinion she has not forgotten you. If you love her the same as ever—and I would not write this if I did not believe it—come home. With regard to money matters, it happens that I am now in search of some gentleman to live at my place in Sussex, air the house, and look after the farm and the shooting. The man who is there at present, Major Anson, who receives five hundred a year from me, has come into money and a house of his own. If you will not mind taking such a thing, which perhaps you will not for another person's sake, I think you would like the neighbourhood—there is good hunting and shooting, and I know Miss Western thinks it pretty. Do not wait to write, if you can accept my offer, but come home *immediately*.

“This matter, as you will understand, must be between ourselves whatever the result. I hope you have quite recovered from your illness by this time. Believe me, yours truly,

“SHAFTO ELPHINSTONE.”

He despatched this missive of doom by a groom, and having renewed his toilette, went down to breakfast.

## A NOSEGAY OF TRANSLATIONS.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

## No. II.

A PRETTY fancy which Sir Walter Scott has versified—

Who shall say the bird in cage  
Sings for joy and not for rage,

he probably versified from a line in the “White Devil; or, Victoria Corombona” (Prowitt’s Collection of Old Plays, vi., p. 313. London, 1825),—

We think caged birds sing when they only cry;

but the thought is to be found in a Havanese song, entitled, *Choria Caiolan*, “the Caged Bird”—of which this is a translation—the music is given in the “*Pays Basque*,” p. 544,—

In cage confined, the little bird  
Pouring his mournful notes, is heard:  
With food and drink, fed daintily,  
Why is he discontented, why?  
Alas! he pines for liberty;  
His is no song,—’tis but a cry.

Many of the Biscayan proverbs have a smack of their own, through which the resemblance may be traced to other sources. Most of them are rhymed; as,—

Ancho is charitable, all must own,  
He steals a pig and gives the poor a bone!  
The rogues who steal a pound are willing  
They should be hang’d who steal a shilling.  
Steal a pin, in chains be bound;  
Steal a kingdom, and be crown’d.  
Give me but a nut to crack,  
And I’ll find a stone to crack it!  
Fasting days and gallows be  
Made for human misery.



Better is bread with bran  
 Than none, for a starving man.  
 I told the dog to do what I bid,  
 And the dog just told his tail—he did!

From the Biscayan :—

DANTZA YAUCIAC.

“Andre on gutti guerstatzenda.”

You will find no trusty maid  
 Midst the flighty ones who go  
 Very, very late to bed,  
 And in bed till noon remain.  
 Theirs a dance of weary woe,  
 Shame and punishment and pain ;  
 Pretty life the husband leads,  
 While she scolds and tells her beads !

I won't have a dancing girl,  
 One to plague my married life :  
 Her I choose to be my wife  
 Shall the homely distaff twirl ;  
 One I know who flogging needs,  
 While she scolds and tells her beads.

There are many proverbs which represent the love of dancing as one of the curses of Biscay.

From the Chinese :—

Who would enter honour's door  
 Must possess the Graces four :  
 For his *mind* must hoard a store  
 Out of ancient classic lore ;  
 For his *body*, he must know  
 How to manage horse and bow ;  
 For his *fancy*, he must tread  
 River's bank and mountain's head ;  
 For his *temper*, must repeat  
 Poets' songs with music sweet.

From the old German :—

CROWN-SNAKE.

The huntsman to the mountain sped,  
 The dawn-light o'er the forest spread.  
                   On huntsman, on !  
                   On, thou beloved huntsman, on !  
 What plashes in the water there ?  
 What are the tinkling sounds I hear ?

What in the grass do I behold,  
 Like sparkling gems and glittering gold?  
 The crown-snake swims around his bath,  
 Behind him left his crown he hath.  
 Now to the brave shall bliss betide  
 Who wins the crown shall win the bride.  
 "O huntsman! thy gold treasure yield,  
 Thy every wish shall be fulfill'd.  
 My crown, O huntsman! give me back,  
 Thou shalt not gold nor jewels lack.  
 Give me my crown—whatever thou  
 Wilt ask of me I'll give thee now!"  
 The huntsman look'd in silence down,  
 And 'neath his armour hid the crown.  
 Upon his breast the crown he laid,  
 The bride was his!—the lovely maid!

*Deutsche Volkslieder, 1577.*

#### SCANDINAVIAN.

In these translations I have rather sought to preserve the characteristic roughness of the originals than to give them a rhythmical polish, which would have been little suited to the period or to the people to which they were addressed. They present a succession of pictures, like those of a drama whose tale is rapidly told—and in which the pathetic is often mingled with the ludicrous—but the whole is in admirable keeping with the manners, traditions, and superstitions of the time.

#### NORSE.

The witchery of song is prettily depicted in one of the old Norse ballads, familiar to the Danes and Swedes, of which Knight Tynne is the hero. He is captivated, and carried into the mountains, and held in love's fetters by Ulfwa, the little dwarf-maiden, her harp being the instrument of fascination. A short specimen must suffice:—

She struck her golden harp—the sound  
 Through the woods and hills was ringing,  
 And the wild beasts springing all around  
 Listen'd, and stopp'd their springing.  
 She struck the golden harp again;  
 So sweet were the sounds it utter'd;  
 But when the grey falcon heard the strain,  
 On the branch his wings he flutter'd.  
 Her third stroke on the golden harp  
 Was sweeter still, and stronger,  
 And in the lake the swimming carp,  
 Entranced, could swim no longer.

The field broke into fragrant flower  
 When the gold harp play'd the Rune—  
 Th' enchanting notes the knight o'erpower :  
 He spurs his steed—is gone!

There are two well-known German translations of this ballad by Mohnike and Wolf.

## NIX.

Nix dropp'd his sea-weed rags, to don  
 The courtly dress that knights put on.  
 He rode to the castle gate, and there  
 A maiden comb'd her golden hair :  
 "Wilt go to the church, fair maid, with me?  
 I will thy faithful driver be!"  
 "With thee to the church will I repair,  
 And thou shalt be my driver there."  
 Holdfast so swift o'er the church road went  
 That the mountains shook, and the earth was rent.  
 "Holdfast, Holdfast! thy speed relax,  
 My reins are of silk, and not of flax."  
 "Whether flax or silk I care not—No!  
 To the church—to the church thou art pledged to go."  
 And when to the church's door they came,  
 From the golden chariot he took the dame.  
 While Nix the maid to the altar led,  
 How many a cheek turn'd pale, from red.<sup>1</sup>  
 The king from his golden throne cried, "Now,  
 Tell me, fair knight, whence comest thou?"  
 "From a distant foreign land I came,  
 And Holdfast, Holdfast is my name."  
 The people left when the mass was done,  
 And Nix and the maiden were there alone.  
 In the golden car the maid he placed,  
 And they gallop'd away in fearful haste.  
 And when to the bridge they nearer drew,  
 Stumbled the steed in his golden shoe.  
 The golden nails were scatter'd well,  
 And the maiden into the water fell :  
 "Holdfast! O Holdfast! help me to land,  
 And I will give thee my red-gold band."  
 "Thy red-gold band belongs to me,  
 Thou never again God's earth wilt see."  
 "Holdfast! O Holdfast! in pity look down,  
 And I will give thee my red-gold crown."  
 "Thy red-gold crown belongs to me,  
 Thou never again God's earth wilt see."  
 "My father and mother in tears I see,  
 And brothers and sisters are weeping for me."  
 "They may weep as much as they will for thee,  
 Thou never again God's earth wilt see!"



From the Danish :—

THE DRAGON.

Proud Signelil sits in her chamber and sings,  
 While her hands are striking the gold harp's strings ;  
 A scarlet cloth o'er the harp of gold,  
 And the Dragon enter'd fierce and bold.  
 " Proud Signelil, thou must worship me,  
 And the yellow gold I'll give to thee."  
 " The God above that lives for ever,  
 Will let me worship a Dragon never."  
 " Then if thou wilt not consent to this,  
 At least dismiss me with a kiss."  
 She bows her over the scarlet felt,  
 And kisses the Dragon as she knelt.  
 On his homeward way the Dragon sped,  
 Red blood was spilt on the marble red,  
 And as he speeds, Signelil stands  
 And watches the Dragon, wringing her hands.  
 Then walking forth—at the portal's sill  
 Her brothers seven meet Signelil.  
 " Proud Signelil, sister, hail ! Do thou  
 Tell us about the Dragon now."  
 The Dragon is gone to his mountain fair ;  
 She wrings her hands, and would follow him there ;  
 But first she prays on her bended knee,  
 " Mary ! and Jesus ! go with me !"  
 The Dragon enter'd the mountain within,  
 And there he threw off the Dragon's skin.  
 He threw off his skin, and came to the light  
 Of noble knights the noblest knight.  
 Proud Signelil ! for those words of thine,  
 In life and death thou art ever mine.  
 So Signelil, freed from all alarms,  
 Sleeps nightly now in princely arms.

*Danske viser*, 195.

From the Danish :—

In my dreams to myself in the night, I said :  
 How shall I woo a virgin maid ?  
     But little cared she for all I said.  
 I saddled my horse, and mounted his back,  
 The way was long, and the night was black ;  
     And while to the city gates advancing,  
     I saw a crowd of virgins dancing.  
 I tied my horse to a linden tree,  
 And then stood alone in ecstasy ;  
     There danced a virgin fair and fine,  
     O how I wish'd that virgin mine.

Her hair with silken threads was bound,  
 With a wreath of roses circled round.  
 The virgin stretch'd her hand to me,  
 "In the dance wilt thou my partner be?"  
 "O never will I dance with thee,  
 Until thou art betrothed to me."  
 And the lovely virgin, sweet and bland,  
 Asked: "Where is thy house, and where thy land?"  
 "I have sold my house, I have lost my land,  
 And the gold is all in the rich man's hand."  
 "Then if thou hast lost thy house and land,  
 Thou canst not have thy virgin's hand."

"I have gold, I have lands—so virgin, be,  
 O beautiful virgin! betrothed to me!"  
 I press'd her fingers—I spoke in her ear—  
 "O give me thy heart, thou virgin dear!"  
 Her fingers I press, on her instep I tread,  
 "O be my salvation and council!" I said.  
 "O listen to me, sweet maid! and say,  
 When shall we fix our marriage day?"

"We'll wait till time the Midsummer brings,  
 When the nights are short, and the cuckoo sings."  
 "O say not wait! for waiting will make  
 A waiting bridegroom's heart to break.  
 O say not wait! To-morrow, to-morrow,  
 For waiting brings love itself to sorrow.  
 O say not wait!—'tis a certain rule  
 That watching and waiting make many a fool."

#### FAROE ISLANDS.

The Ballads of the Faroe Islands have been collected by Randen Act (Faeroiske Qvædor). They are all marked with the Scandinavian type. Many of them are taken from the Danish, but often with less regularity of versification.

#### SJÛRUR'S MURDER.

These words utter'd Gunnar the king—  
 Listened with pleasure the heroes all:  
 "Take up Sjørur's body,—and bring  
 Sjørur's body home to the hall."  
 In vain was Grani bidden to haste  
 Towards the hall on the homeward track,  
 Until young Sjørur's corpse was placed,  
 As he rode of old, on his Grani's back.  
 And there they placed him—him the dead—  
 And there he rode, as he rode of old;  
 The dagger of Sjørur had lost its head—  
 And there he sat on a saddle of gold.

But Grani would never allow the king  
 On Sjúrrur's saddle to take his seat  
 Until he had heard the stirrups ring,  
 When press'd by the valiant Sjúrrur's feet.  
 They bore the body of Sjúrrur home—  
 They lifted it on their shields aloft—  
 Alas ! alas ! for woe will come,  
 And woman brings death and danger oft.  
 They brought the body and laid it down,  
 They laid it down on Brunhild's bed :  
 " Let every one possess his own,  
 And Sjúrrur shall Guren's be," they said.  
 To Guren's bed they took the dead,  
 On Guren's bed the corpse they threw :  
 She woke—she saw the corpse that bled,  
 And blood was on her body too.  
 She woke—Yea ! Luke's daughter woke,  
 " King Gunnar—O King Gunnar ! thou,"  
 These were the very words they spoke—  
 " Thou mad'st me break the marriage vow !"  
 She raised her on her bed—she wipes—  
 She wipes the spots of blood away.  
 Her kisses press his bleeding lips :  
 And, as at Sjúrrur's side she lay,  
 She kiss'd his lips with many a kiss,  
 And utter'd, with a fearful cry :  
 " Gunnar ! I'll be revenged for this !  
 I'll be revenged before I die !"  
 She rose—her upper chamber sought—  
 She clothed her in her garments red :  
 And ever,—ever,—ever thought  
 Of the deceived,—the dear,—the dead.

## THE PIONEERS OF CIVILIZATION.

EMIGRATION PAPERS.—NO. IV.

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### THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

“DEPEND on it Sir this Province is much behind the intelligence of the age. But if it is behind us in that respect it is a long chalk ahead of us in others. I never seed or heerd tell of a country that had so many natural privileges as this. Why, there are twice as many harbours and water powers here, as we have all the way from East Port to New Orleans. They have all they can ax, and more than they deserve. They have iron, coal, slate, grindstone, lime, fire-stone, gypsum, freestone, and a list as long as an auctioneer’s catalogue. But they’re either asleep, or stone blind to them. Their shores are crowded with fish, and their lands covered with wood. A government that lays as light on ’em as a down counterpin, and no taxes. Then look at their dykes. The Lord seems to have made ’em on purpose for such lazy folks. If you were to tell the citizens of our country that these dykes had been cropped for a hundred years without manure, they’d say, they guessed you had seen Col. Crockett, the greatest hand at a flam in our nation. You have heerd tell of a man who could not see London for the houses? I tell you, if we had this country, you couldn’t see the harbours for the shipping. There’d be a rush of folks to it, as there is in one of our inns, to the dinner table, when they sometimes get jammed together in the door-way, and a man has to take a running leap over their heads, afore he can get in. A little nigger boy in New York found a diamond worth two thousand dollars: well, he sold it to a watchmaker for fifty cents; the little critter didn’t know better. Your people are just like the nigger boy,—they don’t know the value of their diamond.”

This was Sam Slick’s opinion of the Nova Scotians more than



thirty years ago. For many succeeding years few people on this side of the water thought about, or heard much of the Province, until about twelve years ago the announcement was made of gold mines having been found; and just afterwards the visit of the Prince of Wales drew some desultory attention to its general features, though the colonists complained that the articles in the *Times* were written before the visit took place, and contained malicious representations and abuse of the Province and its inhabitants. Their sensitiveness being once aroused they fortunately had an additional incentive to vindicate their enterprise, explain their resources, and exhibit their patriotism, in the year 1861 when they were invited to send specimens of the products of their country to the International Exhibition in London in 1862. It is a matter of history how they successfully made a creditable show of their minerals; horticultural and agricultural productions; specimens of fish; models of ships, and Mr. Down's collection of game-birds. Cumberland oysters and Digby herrings, Londonderry iron, Moose deer, splendid Acadian apples, and Lunenburg flax figured side by side; whilst the only other country besides Italy that exhibited grapes grown in the open air was Nova Scotia. The Horticultural Society paid this Colony the compliment of prolonging the term of its Show in order to bring its products to the public notice, and the naughty *Times* this time showered special compliments on them in highly flattering terms.

I have thus briefly sketched the advance made by this Province since the clockmaker expressed his astonishment at the want of spirit displayed by its inhabitants; of its material prosperity I shall have to speak presently.

The people of Nova Scotia never seemed to take kindly to the idea of immigration. The historian of the Province, in his *History of Nova Scotia*, wrote in 1827—"We require all the unoccupied land in Nova Scotia for the expansive growth of our own population. It is now little short of 150,000, and if it should increase at the rate exhibited during the last ten years, it will in half a century amount to upwards of 500,000. Under these circumstances, although there is yet ample room for immigrants, their introduction in any great numbers, if not to be regretted, is a matter of perfect indifference." Now had the learned judge had an opportunity of expressing his opinion in 1871 he would undoubtedly have qualified his statement. As Mr. T. F. Knight in his

prize essay on "Nova Scotia and its resources" published in 1862 puts it—"Does Nova Scotia need immigration? And the question here is not, will it make her present inhabitants richer or happier? but rather, will it tend to urge her forward in a career of industrial and commercial progress? Will it tend to develop those inexhaustible resources with which the God of Nature and Providence has endowed her?—the healthiest climate under the sun; admirable facilities for education; with the fullest toleration of religious opinion; with a generous soil, and a surface diversified with the most varying forms of beauty—nevertheless failing to fulfil her destiny."

Now, we are led to ask ourselves, in what way does Nova Scotia fail to fulfil her destiny?—and the question is not an easy one to answer. Sam Slick would have replied, by not fully developing the superior advantages she possesses, and by occupying herself with local politics to the exclusion of practical works of utility. You must know the geography of the Province to appreciate its importance. Its proximity to Europe, its fine harbours, that of Halifax being pre-eminent, its narrow escape from being an island, suggesting to many who travel by land to the Province of New Brunswick, or Prince Edward's Island, the cutting of a canal from the Bay of Fundy to the Northumberland Strait, justified the clock-maker, whilst strolling through Amherst, the chief town of the county of Cumberland, in remarking that—

"These Cumberland folks have curious next-door neighbours: they are placed in their location right atwixt fire and water; they have New Brunswick politics on one side, and Nova Scotia politics on t'other side of them, and Bay Fundy and Bay Verte on t'other two sides; they are actilly in hot water; they are up to their cruppers in politics, and great hands for talking of House of Assembly, political Unions, and what not. Like all folks who wade so deep they can't always tell the natur of the ford." "It beats cock-fightin', I tell you, to hear the Bluenoses, when they get together, talk politics. They have got three or four evil spirits, like the Irish Banshees, that they say cause all the mischief in the Province: the Council, the Banks, the House of Assembly, and the Lawyers. If a man places a higher valiation on himself than his neighbours do, and wants to be a magistrate before he is fit to carry the inkhorn for one, and finds himself safely delivered of a mistake, he says it is all owing to the Council. The members are cunnin' critters, too; they know this feelin', and when they come home from Assembly, and people ax 'em 'Where are all them 'ere fine things you promised us?' 'Why,' they say, 'we'd a had 'em all for you, but for that eternal Council; they nullified all we did.' The country will come to no good till them chaps show their respect for it, by covering their bottoms with homespun. If a man is so tarnation lazy he won't work, and in course has no money, why he

says it's all owin' to the banks, they won't discount, there's no money, they've ruined the Province. If there bean't a road made up to every citizen's door, away back to the woods—who as like as not has squatted there—why he says the House of Assembly have voted all the money to pay great men's salaries, and there's nothin' left for poor settlers, and cross roads. Well, the lawyers come in for their share of cake and ale, too ; if they don't catch it, it's a pity."

I have quoted so much from Sam Slick, and might quote much more, had I space, did I not think his opinions were too well known among us to recapitulate them, to show what was the state of the Province some years ago, and to point out how the present generation have partially opened their eyes to the advantages they possess over other Provinces of the New Confederation. The railway from Halifax to Windsor and down the beautiful Annapolis Valley, though not such a profitable investment to its shareholders as could be desired, has greatly developed the resources of the Province; and the last link in the line to Shediac, which will give direct communication by rail with New Brunswick and St. John, and will run round the coast by Miramichi to Rivière du Loup, in an unbroken line to Point Levi, opposite Quebec, called the Intercolonial Railway, will be shortly opened as far as Shediac. The branch line from Truro to Pictou on the Northumberland Strait enables the traveller to reach Charlottetown and Prince Edward's Island in about twelve hours.

The chief towns of Nova Scotia are Windsor, Truro, Antigonish, Pictou, Guysboro, Amherst, Cornwallis, Annapolis, Digby, Lunenburg, Liverpool, Shelburne and Yarmouth. The island of Cape Breton, separated from the main land by the Gut of Canso, has only three places worth mentioning, Port Hood, Arichat and Sydney, its chief town.

Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, has in round numbers about 30,000 inhabitants: it is connected with the Bay of Cobequid by a canal and the river Shubenacadie. The whole Province is dotted with lakes, inlets and small rivers. Halifax harbour is one of the finest in the world, and the town has a very picturesque appearance from the water, though its importance is scarcely appreciated when you land and wander through its streets. It is true its shops present a more imposing appearance than do those of St. John, and there is a much more civilized aspect about the place than in its rival of New Brunswick. The large citadel commands a splendid view over the town and harbour, but when you search for its public buildings you find the old and new provincial buildings, and but few more.



The great shipping trade, and the "Allan" and "Inman" line of steamers, bring much life and animation to its wharves, though its only railway is about two miles from the town, a most inconvenient arrangement which it is hoped will be ameliorated before long.

The presence of the British troops in Canada up to the last year, when our Government has seen fit to withdraw them from all other parts of the Dominion, has been naturally a source of some little profit and perhaps pride to the inhabitants of Halifax. They were sore on the subject of the approaching departure of the troops from Canada when I was there; let us hope they are now getting more used to the idea of self-reliance, and comfort themselves with the assurance that some will always be left with them, as long at least as Great Britain sees the importance of guarding so important a military and naval station as Halifax. The many agreeable days spent in the Citadel, through the kindness of the officers quartered there, cause me to look back with pleasure on my sojourn in the town, though the mention of this fact must not be construed by my other friends as ignoring their daily courtesy, so fully appreciated after their hospitable homes have been left far behind.

Having drawn attention to some of the general features of Nova Scotia I will endeavour to point out what has been done in the way of Immigration, what is now being done, and what is proposed to be done by the Province itself.

I may safely say that Immigration as a policy has scarcely ever been seriously considered by the different Governments of the Province. Spasmodic efforts have been made to introduce the subject, and men whose energy and education have been perhaps in advance of the age have from time to time taken up the question. The damping process however has generally been successful in thwarting any outsiders in maturing their plans and ever getting a fair hearing for them. The Fabian policy of delay, the masterly policy of inaction, and the jealousy of rival political factions have combined to shunt the question from year to year until philanthropists have given up their efforts in despair.

It is true that Nova Scotia could not hope to attract immigrants in the same way that Ontario or Manitoba are doing, and will continue to do. But yet, for emigrants who have a little money in their pockets, for good farmers, manufacturers, fishermen, and miners, Nova Scotia holds out inducements superior to any of the other Provinces. The Provincial Secretary, the Hon. W. B. Vail,



who took much interest in the question of Emigration, told me that employers were wanted as much as employed, and also that the Government meant to collect information as to the farms that were to be bought or sold, and the amount of labour there was wanted in the different counties. Mr. Vail kindly gave me a short pamphlet, published by the authority of the Lieutenant-Governor and the Executive Council "containing information of interest and value to intending Emigrants." The description of the good things that the Province brings forth makes your mouth water. It must be a very paradise to those who live in it, and though we learn that potatoes, beets, squash and tomatoes, and other necessities are raised in large quantities; that sorghum, broom-corn and tobacco have been successfully experimented with; that Antigonish county does a thriving business in butter and fat cattle with Newfoundland; that peaches and grapes are grown in the open air, but only in the gardens of private gentlemen for their own use; that farms in good cultivation, with houses and barns can be purchased at from 500*l.* to 1500*l.* sterling; we can well understand the remark that "as a home for half-pay officers and for gentlemen of means who wish to retire from business, no more beautiful, healthy, or desirable location could be found in America." Pardon me, reader—I will pardon you, if you laugh even immoderately at the tempting picture. But I will confess that I have picked out the ludicrous points in the "Description." "Gentlemen of means" will not be induced to leave their country to settle in a respectable well-to-do Colony, though as the pamphlet justly says, many who "pass Nova Scotia and proceed to the United States very often go farther and fare worse." As a sheep-raising country "there is perhaps no better locality in America, notwithstanding which there is not a single sheep-farm in the Province, and perhaps not one regularly bred shepherd. Every farmer keeps a few sheep; but the flocks are seldom taken care of." Again, "there is a good opening in Nova Scotia for the establishment of manufactures of woollen and cotton goods: the climate is well adapted, and the facilities for obtaining the raw material and for converting it into marketable manufactured goods, are equal to any in Europe." After all Sam Slick was right: there is much left undone that might be done. The last recommendation is practical; namely a "formation in Great Britain of a Joint Stock Nova Scotia Farming and Land Company, with a capital of

50,000*l.* sterling divided into 10,000 shares of 5*l.* With this capital a number of large farms, already in good cultivation, could be purchased in the best agricultural districts, which could be subdivided into several hundreds of farms, of from 10 to 100 acres each, such as would be worth in England from 2000*l.* to 5000*l.*, and costing here, to the Company, 100*l.* to 250*l.* each, many of them with good buildings already erected. The shareholders of such a Company should come out themselves, or send out good practical agriculturists to occupy the land."

I have now done my duty in laying the scheme before the capitalists of the Old World. If they fail to see the value of the hint the fault will not be mine.

There is, however, one fact connected with Nova Scotia that must be noticed: the presence of most valuable coal-fields, not to speak of copper, iron, lead, tin and gold. The beds of coal have never been thoroughly worked; large fortunes are in store for those who have the enterprise to supply capital and work at the seams. Men are beginning to open their eyes to this most important fact, and it requires no prophet to predict that a very few years will see Nova Scotia one of the most flourishing and wealthy of the Canadian Provinces from this source alone. Many of my friends there are already stirring in the matter; some are even now here in London busy working out the problem which for so many years seemed to them but a dream of the far future. May they have the success that they deserve. The Americans are at the present moment debating the policy of reducing or abolishing the tax on coal, and, unless the Free-traders who are in a majority are beaten by some side-wind, the bill may be carried, which will give a new life to that Province which is described as "surpassing every country of the same extent in the world in the variety and supply of natural resources."

New Glasgow and Pictou are the two chief places which have been made by the coal trade. The latter has a beautiful harbour, and quite capable of being expanded into a large town in a short space of time. Its harbour is closed in the winter months, but the railway to Halifax is open; the steamers plying on the St. Lawrence and from Prince Edward's Island call here, and you have plenty of time in the four or five hours you have to wait between the arrival of the steamer and the departure of the train to Halifax, to explore every nook and cranny of the curious and antiquated

town of Pictou. Possibly the Canadian Government may wake up to the desirability of expediting the locomotion of travellers when the "coming men" of trade have found their Eldorado in this portion of the Dominion.

So much for coal: now for gold. We drove one day across the harbour about eight miles inland, by the shores of some pretty lakes, and past some Indian wigwams, to the Montague mine. There are about 2000 Indians still left in the Province: their huts are primitive enough, and their occupation consists in a little farming, hunting and selling their baskets: the Government issue to them annually blankets and such like articles when required. Their harmless existence is tolerated, but their race is gradually dying out in face of the white man's increase and enterprise. At Montague we saw the process of unearthing the gold and the machinery for separating the dross from the metal. Mr. Lawson the proprietor strongly bewailed to me the backward state of the country and expressed his decided opinion as to its capability of receiving a large number of immigrants.

One of the obstacles to the introduction of labour into Nova Scotia is the dislike of the country people to disturb the rate of wages by any great influx of new hands. They send their representatives to the House of Legislature pledged to keep things as they are. This feeling is apparent in the capital, Halifax, where much building is going on, the old wooden houses being generally replaced by brick or stone:—the wages of the bricklayers and stone-masons are very high, and in proportion a very small amount of work is done by them. This was a general complaint from the employers wherever I went, and is of course not peculiar to this Colony.

A proposition is now seriously started of converting the small town of Whitehaven on the northern coast into the seaboard terminus of the Intercolonial Railway, which appears to have been built for military purposes, partly by the influence of the French of the Province of Quebec, who have a powerful party in the Ottawa Government. If the steamers from Europe were to run to this port a day might be saved in the ocean transit, a very important consideration for people on both sides of the Atlantic.

A most instructive book was published last year by Mr. Richard Brown on the coal fields and coal trade of the Island of Cape Breton. Any one who wishes for trustworthy information on this subject cannot do better than peruse this little work, which clearly points



to many advantages which he prophesies will lead to the Island of Cape Breton "becoming one of the most prosperous portions of the new Dominion." It would perhaps have been in better taste if he had not attempted to depreciate other properties within a stone's throw of those he takes so much interest in.

Of the beauty and fertility of the country enough has been said without describing each particular county. The Halifax people have a delightful retreat on the shores of the Bedford Basin at Bedford. Windsor is situated in a charming spot, and all down the rich and flourishing valley of Annapolis prosperity is evident on every side. At Kentville we stopped to see some friends and tasted some of the celebrated apples alluded to above. I rode on the engine thence to Aldershot, the only one which now burnt wood in Nova Scotia; and the amount of large logs the iron horse required, about six every minute, showed that time and trouble saved in burning coal was an economy that told well for the owners of the coal mines. As we glided through the forests visions of the moose deer and Cariboo passed through one's mind: sport about here was abundant, and I wished that we had time to avail ourselves of the numerous kind offers we received to spend a week or two in penetrating the woods. At Aldershot a grand field day of the militia was taking place. The thousands of sightseers, the white bell tents dotting the plain—the red coats of the troops lining the hills as they spread out in skirmishing order, reminded one strongly of the camps at Aldershot and Wimbledon at home. At Wolfville our stay was short, just enough to enable us to appreciate the picturesqueness of the surrounding scenery, and to bear witness to its loveliness so often extolled on my outward voyage by a fair resident who shall be nameless but not forgotten. We journeyed on to Annapolis where we took the steamer down the bay, and touched at the curious old town of Digby, so celebrated for its herrings, known as Digby chickens, and which we could smell a mile off.

In this valley, the garden of Canada, rendered classical by Longfellow in his "Evangeline," the want of agricultural labour is great: Captain F. Duncan in his recent lecture at the "Russell Institution" on Canada in 1871 says "I found the want of labour so great that in some cases farmers had to give up their farms from inability to cultivate them. I asked what wages a man would earn working on a farm, and was told five shillings



a-day and his board. And one farmer told me that even when paying such wages as this he was compelled to be content with a very short day's work indeed, as the labourer, if found fault with, simply walked away, knowing that he would be picked up at once on the next or any other farm. The United States never spare time nor money to acquire increase of population; their agents and advertisements crowd our railway stations and wharves, while our own provinces are left to blush unseen."

Now what I am going to state is a curious commentary on the above quotation. A few weeks ago the Hon. Secretary to the British and Colonial Emigration Society, accompanied by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, went down to Herefordshire to attend a crowded Emigration meeting of agricultural labourers. Many of the men were quite alive to the advantages offered them and expressed their readiness to embark at once, if they could only scrape together sufficient funds to enable them to take their families. Nothing however resulted from the meeting as regards material assistance being offered by any one, until the United States' agents who were alive and acting, stepped in and are now making arrangements to procure the valuable hands that should have been secured for our own Colonies.

One more extract from Capt. Duncan's lecture which suggests a very agreeable prospect for emigrants, which we only hope may some day be realized. "In one mining district in the maritime provinces, which I visited shortly after my arrival, I made inquiries as to the prospects which would await a man there. The mines are worked by a Company, which owns an immense tract of the surrounding country, and the manager told me that if any one would send out families to settle there, the Company had 10,000 acres of land which they would give to them for nothing, besides full and constant work, at a remuneration three or four times what they could earn at home. For the use of their workmen the Company pays a resident doctor; churches have been built; a stage coach runs daily through the district; a loop of the Intercolonial Railway will soon be finished, and will be within a very few miles; the land which would be given to the settlers is good; there is fuel in abundance; and the scenery is beautiful. Now this place is within ten days of England: for want of labour the mines and workshops cannot be adequately worked; and yet that very labour so much wanted and so well paid, is—for want of proper

arrangement—stalking about our streets, gaunt and tattered, a prey at once to starvation and sedition.”

Now if our Government here at home would have listened to the sensible scheme of cheap fares across the Atlantic, which the member for Finsbury, Mr. W. M. Torrens, attempted ineffectually to get introduced into Parliament a short time ago, Capt. Duncan would not have to make the remark that it is now “left to the few whose hearts are too gentle to bear the sight of dying men, and too manly to tolerate the idea of idle ones, to send by individual exertions an occasional shipload, where a Government might send a fleet.”

As I write these words there sits by my side the Secretary of the “Nova Scotia Coal-owners’ Association,” Mr. R. G. Haliburton, the son of the late Judge Haliburton whom I have taken the liberty to quote from so freely. Like his friend Captain Duncan he looks forward with hope to the future of Nova Scotia, and like his countrymen is awaiting half impatiently the arrival of those who are to elevate that fine Province somewhat more to the level which Sam Slick foresaw could and would be its lot before the world was a century older.

At the time I was at Halifax two members of the Provincial Parliament, Messrs. Garvey and Flinn, were attending a conference on Immigration at Ottawa. England was represented, not officially, but by the delegates of what we may call private *philanthropic* enterprise, Mr. J. Standish Haly, Hon. Secretary of the British and Colonial Emigration Society, and the Rev. Horrocks Cocks, of the National Emigration League. Encouragement was given them by most of the members of the Dominion Government to hope for some better scheme of systematic Immigration being arrived at; and the new Government of Ontario which has lately come into power under the leadership of Mr. Blake promises “vigorous efforts” in the right direction, and I am convinced from the personal knowledge I have of one of that minister’s relations, that something active will be undertaken besides lamenting the former deficiency of England in this respect, the well-worn bugbear throughout the whole Dominion.

In July 1871 Mr. Horrocks Cocks wrote to me before we both started for America that he “had nearly 2000 cases needing help. He had in addition some forty families—wives and children whose husbands and fathers have been absolutely compelled to go in

advance to Canada to find work and to secure a home. If these families are not assisted at once they must remain during the winter in England in weariness and want."

I cannot conclude this article better than by quoting a portion of Miss Florence Nightingale's pathetic letter to Mr. Cocks in April 1871 on this subject:—"To bring workers to their work, to quarry the immeasurable resources and extent of this Empire, to enable those who can and will work, but who cannot get work here for perhaps more than three or four months in the year, as you yourself have so ably stated, is almost the first duty of English people, is almost a primary element in promoting British welfare. Selection of the Emigrants is of course essential. But that is just what you do."

## APRIL FOOLS.

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Who has not been made an April Fool *once* at any rate in the course of his life? Who has not when young gone “swift and glad,” or been sent by others on strange errands, such as to buy pigeon’s milk, or straight hooks, or to call at a bookseller’s for the *Life and Adventures of Eve’s Mother*, and has not returned with lagging steps a wiser if not a better man or woman, but nevertheless an April Fool? It is certainly rather a trial of temper, as no one likes to be made a fool of, or at any rate a greater fool than he or she may be by nature.

If we have not all been made quite so elaborately to feel our own foolishness, we have at any rate gone unsuspectingly and confidently from the top to the bottom or from the bottom to the top of the house on some message, only to be greeted with the same provoking information that we are—April Fools!

The Jews have a tradition that the origin of the custom dates from Noah’s mistake in sending the dove out of the Ark before the waters had abated; therefore among the Hebrews on the first day of the month which answers to our month of April, it was thought proper to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, and if any forgot to do so they were punished by being sent upon some vain errand similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the Patriarch.

Dr. Pegge, writing in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, in 1766, tells us that the custom arose from the following circumstance: “Our year formerly began as to some purposes and in some respects on the 25th of March, which was supposed to be the anniversary of the day of the Incarnation of our Lord, and it is certain that the announcement of the New Year (at whatsoever time it was supposed to be) was always considered as a high festival. Both amongst the ancient Romans and with us great festivals were usually succeeded by an Octave, that is, they lasted eight days, whereof the first and last were the principal; the 1st of April is the Octave of



the 25th of March, and the close of that feast, which was both the Festival of the Annunciation and of the New Year." Hence Dr. Pegge infers it became a day of extraordinary mirth and festivity.

Some writer says that the custom of making April Fools may be derived from the Rape of the Sabines by the Romans having taken place on the 1st of April.

Hone says: "The Romans on the 1st of April abstained from pleading causes, and the Roman ladies performed ablutions under myrtle trees, crowned themselves with myrtle, and offered sacrifices to Venus. This latter custom originated in the Mythological story that as Venus was drying her wetted hair by a river side she was perceived by Satyrs, whose gaze confused her, till, as Ovid relates, she veiled her features with myrtles, from which circumstance the annual custom took its rise."

Mr. Maurice says that the 1st of April was anciently observed in Britain as a high and general festival, in which an unbounded hilarity reigned throughout every class of society. The sun entering into the sign Aries, the New Year began, and with it the season of rural sports and vernal delights.

The Hindoos also, at their Huli festival, keep a general holiday on the 21st of March, and one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions, to raise a laugh at their expense. Colonel Pearce, in his travels, says "that high and low join in it, and that the late Suraja Doulah was very fond of making Huli fools, though he was a Mussulman of the highest rank."

The custom of making April Fools prevails all over the European Continent.

"La Fête des Fous," observes the Rev. Mr. Manet, the celebrated antiquary, "was a farce worthy of the ancient Saturnalia, and which, upheld for a long time, was prohibited by the general Council of Bâsle, and then by the Church of Troyes, on the 17th of April, 1445; but still it did not fall into disuse until the close of the 16th century."

It is difficult to believe that the Church and persons calling themselves ecclesiastics could have taken part in so indecent a spectacle. They were, however, generally only young clerks who participated in the scandal. The chanters and the choir boys selected one of their body and dressed him up in bishop's vestments, with the wrong side outward, and saluted him as "The Master of the Feast." He was made to mutter some words as if from a book

held upside down before him, and from which he pretended to read through a pair of spectacles constructed out of orange-peel, and fastened on his nose.

Grotesquely dressed, like him, his companions occupied the principal seats in the choir, from which they subsequently descended to burn incense before him, composed of smoke from the smouldering ashes of old shoes. When this nonsense was at an end they danced, sang profane songs, and had a repast diversified by all sorts of buffooneries.

The sham bishop, accompanied by a crowd of idlers, was next led through the city mounted upon a kind of triumphal car.

The shouts of the mob and the loose discourse of the licentious students were a fitting adornment to the crown of glory acquired by the hero of the day.

With some show of reason it has been said that the making of April Fools is borrowed from the French, who call them *Poissons d'Avril* (April fish) i. e. simpletons; or in other words, silly mackerel who in this month suffer themselves to be caught by the fisherman.

Bellinghen, in his "Etymology of French proverbs," gives the following explanation of the custom: "The word *Poisson*," he contends, "is corrupted through the ignorance of the people from *Passion*, and length of time has almost totally defaced the original intention, which was this, that, as the Passion of our Saviour took place about this time of year, and as the Jews sent the Saviour backwards and forwards, to mock him, from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate, so this ridiculous or rather impious custom took its rise from thence, and therefore we send persons about on fools' errands as objects of ridicule."

Something like this making of April Fools is practised in Roman Catholic countries<sup>1</sup> on Innocents' day, on which occasion people run through the rooms making a pretended search in and under beds, &c., in memory of the search made by Herod for the Holy Child Jesus, and of his having been imposed upon and deceived by the Wise Men of the East, who, contrary to his orders and expectation, returned to their own country by another way.

Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," gives a curious anecdote of

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<sup>1</sup> See Brand, Pop. Antiq.

a French lady, who, on the 1st of April, 1817, pocketed a watch in a French house, and when charged with the fact before the police said it was “un poisson d’Avril” (an April joke.) When she afterwards denied that the watch was in her possession, a messenger was sent to her apartment, who found it on the chimney-piece, upon which the lady remarked that she had made the messenger “un poisson d’Avril.” She was convicted and imprisoned until the 1st of April, 1818, and then discharged “Comme un poisson d’Avril,” according to the exact terms of her sentence.

In Provence, according to Hone, the day is marked even now by rich and poor having for dinner in some form or other grey peas, called “Pois Chiches.” At the Convent of Chartreuse it was formerly the great joke to send novices to ask for peas, telling them the fathers were *obliged* to give them away to any person who would go for them. So many applications were made in the course of the day that at last the old monks got sorely tried and used to fly into terrible passions.

The Swedes observe the same custom, and in Germany to make an April Fool is described as “Einen zum April stricken.”

In Scotland April fools are called corbies (messengers), and in the North of England persons thus imposed upon have the name of April gowk, which properly means a cuckoo. The custom of yore was to hunt the gowk, which was done by sending silly people upon fools’ errands from place to place by means of a letter in which was written :

“On the first day of April<sup>2</sup> hunt the gowk another mile.”

In modern times All Fools’ day found an apologist in genial Chares Lamb. Tom Moore did not think it *infra dig.* to play his wife a trick, for in his Diary, 1819, he says :—“April 1st made Bessy turn her cap awry in honour of the day.” Perhaps it was the way a fool was supposed to show that his head was turned.

With these remarks we now leave our readers, hoping they will not consider that in endeavouring to make them conversant with the origin of our subject, we have ourselves given another illustration of the true April Fool.

## UNDER THE RED CROSS.

BY THE AUTHORESSES OF "OUR ADVENTURES IN THE WAR."

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### CHAPTER V.

THE GENEVA CONFERENCE—THE DANISH WAR, 1863-64—THE SEVEN WEEKS' WAR OF 1866.

It is a relief to turn from the somewhat monotonous round of war and the misery which it entails, to the peaceful efforts of the Geneva Conference in attaining their great object, an organized system of International and Neutral Relief to the Sick and Wounded in War.

This now world-famed work began, as most important things do, by a small and humble commencement.

There was a Society in Geneva, called "*La Société Genévoise d'Utilité Publique*," whose aim was to promote all works of charity and philanthropy. Of this Society, Mr. Dunant, author of "*Un Souvenir de Solferino*" was a member. Doubtless the fearful scenes that he had witnessed on the battle-fields of Italy, had left a lasting impression of horror on his mind, for we find that at a meeting of the Society in February, 1863, he brought forward the question, "Whether it would not be possible in time of peace to form Societies for the relief of the wounded when war should again break out."

The Society appointed a Commission to examine into the subject, composed of M. Moynier (the President of the Society), General Dufour (Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss army), Drs. Appia and Maunoir, and M. Dunant.

After long discussions on the various difficulties which presented themselves, in the way of fully carrying out their grand idea, the Committee resolved upon consulting experienced men of various nations, learned in the laws and practices of war, and they issued a



circular, convoking an International Congress, to take place at Geneva on the 26th October, 1863.

On that day eighteen official delegates, representing fourteen Governments, six delegates of Associations, seven visitors, and the five Members of the Committee, met together in the rooms of the Athenæum at Geneva, under the Presidency of General Dufour, the Vice-President being Prince Henry XIII. of Reuss, the delegate of the Brandenburg branch of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

One word here about this Order, which is not thoroughly understood in England; for even the reviewer in the *Athenæum* of July 1, 1871, in writing of "Our Adventures in the War," calls the "Knights" of whom we had been speaking (the "Johanniter Ritter") "Knights Templars,"—an Order totally extinct!

At the time of the Reformation the old Order of the Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, was still in existence. Dispossessed of their early strongholds, Rhodes and Malta, they made Rome their head-quarters, and, under the name of "Knights of Malta," had their "Langues," or branches, in various nations. One essential part of their vow and their duty, was the defence of the Catholic faith and its head, the Pope.

It is therefore evident that when great part of Germany and England, adopted the Reformed religion, and their sovereigns were excommunicated by the reigning Pontiff, the branches of the Hospitaller Order existing in those countries must cease to exist, at all events as an Order acknowledged by the sovereigns. Their vows were incompatible with the new state of things, and accordingly the Prussian and English Langues became extinct, though many Catholics of both nations were elected members of the Order of Malta, and were affiliated to the Langue at Rome.

In 1812 the Order was revived in Prussia as a Lutheran branch of the old Order, under the name of the Bailiwick of Brandenburg, and was fully recognized by the sovereign. Till 1864 they were merely an honorary Order, like our Knights of the Garter and the Bath, not taking upon themselves any part of their old Hospitaller duties; but during the Danish War they resolved to follow in the footsteps of their great predecessors, and to devote themselves to the care of the Sick and Wounded in War. They continued their good works during the wars of 1866-70-71, and were often spoken of as the "Johanniter Ritters," which is simply a German version of their title—"Knights of St. John."

All the members must be of noble or gentle birth ; many are the descendants of families who had relatives in the old Order. They wear an eight-pointed star of white enamel, suspended round the throat by a black-and-white ribbon, or embroidered in silver on the left breast of the blue coat ; and, in right of their membership, are of knightly rank.

They take upon themselves the volunteer nursing of the German army, acting professedly solely for its benefit. They arrange Ambulances and Hospitals, and see that they are kept well supplied ; and, being invested with military authority, are entitled to quarters, rations, means of transport, places for their stores, and superintendence in general over all volunteer work connected with their own troops. It is well to be on good terms with them during a campaign, for they have the best of every thing at command, and can make things very pleasant and easy, or quite the reverse, to all other workers.

The Catholic Knights of Malta do not, however, acknowledge them as a true branch of the Hospitaller Order.

The Order of St. John in England has never been acknowledged either by the Knights of Malta or the Brandenburg branch as a true branch, nor is it recognized by the Sovereign of England.

By its last report it calls itself a Guild, and probably has relinquished the attempt it was making to be connected with the Prussian Order.

It cannot confer decorations and rank, but all its members, before they are admitted, must prove their descent from two generations on both sides entitled to bear coat armour, though Honorary Associates can be elected for distinguished service.

Its most prominent members are the Duke of Manchester, who before the change of title from Order to Guild was called by the imposing name of Grand Prior of England ; Sir Edmund Lechmere, Knight of Justice and Secretary General ; Mr. Furley and Captain C. J. Burgess, Knights of Grace. All this looks rather like playing at titles, but we must not forget that, as we before remarked, to Mr. Furley, Captain Burgess, and Mr. Walford, we owe the first starting of our own National Society.

We will now pass on to the work of the Geneva Conference in 1863.

After long and serious consideration they resolved on a scheme, the details of which must be modified according to the Governments of various countries, and they decided on certain general principles,

such as the formation of Committees in different nations, to be placed in communication with their respective Governments, and that these Committees should in time of peace prepare for war.

They expressed a hope that Governments would grant protection to Relief Committees, and proclaim the neutrality of field and stationary Hospitals, as well as that of all volunteers, officials, and nurses, and of those inhabitants of the invaded country who should assist the wounded; and last, but not least, that of the wounded themselves, and prescribed that all workers should wear a distinctive badge.

At first the idea met with much opposition, and even ridicule, as "Utopian." The Prussian military doctors, during the Schleswig-Holstein war, declared volunteer aid incompatible "with vast military mechanism," whilst Dr. Diday wrote in the "*Gazette Médicale de Lyon*," 1865, "that to lessen the horrors of war encourages the scourge;" a broad assertion, under which lies a substratum of truth.

But the Geneva Committee worked on undismayed. National Committees were formed in Austria, Prussia, and Denmark, and were first called into action in 1864. But the official recognition of the work was still wanting.

The Geneva Committee ascertained that fifteen of the Governments of Europe were favourably inclined to the adoption of a treaty, relative to the treatment of wounded soldiers and their volunteer helpers, and they requested the Supreme Federal Council of Switzerland to invite the representatives of these Governments, to a General Congress, to be held at Geneva on the 8th of August, 1864.

Sixteen Powers accepted the invitation. They were Great Britain, France, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Greece, Sweden and Norway, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Hesse Darmstadt.

The delegates were twenty-five in number, and consisted of military and medical officers and members of the diplomatic service.

At the end of a fortnight the terms of a Treaty were agreed upon, which on the 22nd of August was signed by twelve delegates, empowered to do so, and four others signed later. Prussia signed in August, 1864, Great Britain in February, 1865, Austria and Turkey have more lately still, joined in the treaty; America has never done so. At the time it was under discussion she was involved in the terrible civil war between North and South; but an Associa-



tion for the "Relief of the Misery of Battle-fields" has been formed there, as an auxiliary to the original Geneva Committee of 1863.

The Treaty runs as follows. As it is not generally known, it will be as well to give it here entire, in the translation which was presented to the British Government for signature.

"Articles of the Convention for the Amelioration of the Condition of Wounded  
in Armies in the Field.

"Article 1. Ambulances and Military Hospitals shall be acknowledged to be neuter, and as such shall be respected and protected by belligerents, so long as any sick or wounded may be therein. Such neutrality shall cease if the Ambulances or Hospitals are held by a military force.

"Article 2. Persons employed in Hospitals and Ambulances, comprising the staff for superintendence, medical service, administration, transport of wounded, as well as Chaplains, shall participate in the benefits of neutrality whilst so employed, and so long as there remain any wounded to bring in and succour.

"Article 3. The persons designated in the preceding article may, even after occupation by the enemy, continue to fulfil their duties in the Hospital and Ambulance where they serve, or may withdraw, in order to rejoin the corps to which they belong. Under such circumstances when these persons shall cease from their functions, they shall be delivered by the occupying army to the outposts of the enemy. They shall have the right of sending a representative to the headquarters of their respective armies.

"Article 4. As the equipment of military Hospitals remains subject to the laws of war, persons attached to such Hospitals cannot in withdrawing carry away any articles but such as are their private property. Under the same circumstances an Ambulance shall, on the contrary, retain its equipment.

"Article 5. Inhabitants of the country who may bring help to the wounded shall be respected, and shall remain free. The Generals of the belligerent Powers shall make it their care to inform the inhabitants of the appeal addressed to their humanity, and the neutrality which will be the consequence of it. Any wounded man entertained and taken care of in a house shall be considered as a protection thereto. Any inhabitant who shall have entertained wounded men in his house shall be exempted from the quartering of troops, as well as from a part of the contributions of war, which may be imposed.

"Article 6. Wounded or sick soldiers shall be entertained and taken care of, to whatever nation they belong. Commanders-in-Chief shall have the power to deliver immediately to the outposts of the enemy soldiers who have been wounded in an engagement, when circumstances permit this to be done, with the consent of both parties. Those who are recognized after they are healed as incapable of serving shall be sent to their country. The others may also be sent back on condition of not again bearing arms during the continuance of the war. Evacuations, together with the persons under whose direction they take place, shall be protected by an absolute neutrality.

"Article 7. A distinctive and uniform flag shall be adopted for Hospitals, Ambulances, and evacuations. It must on every occasion be accompanied with the national flag. An arm-badge (brassard) shall also be allowed for individuals



neutralized, but the delivery shall be left to military authority. The flag and arm-badge shall be a Red Cross on a white ground.

“Article 8. The details of the execution of the present Convention shall be regulated by the Commander-in-Chief of belligerent armies, according to the instructions of their respective Governments, and in conformity with the general principles laid down in the Convention.

“Article 9. The high contracting Powers have agreed to communicate the present Convention to those Governments which have not found it convenient to send plenipotentiaries to the International Conference at Geneva, with an invitation to accede thereto. The protocol is for that purpose left open.”

[Here follow the signatures of the Contracting Powers].

The result of this Protocol was that in 1854 numerous Committees were formed for the Relief of the Wounded, and all conformed to the resolutions of the Geneva Committee.

The next step was taken during the Paris Exposition of 1867, when a Conference of Delegates from all the European Societies, and of friends interested in the cause was summoned to meet in Paris. There was also in the Exposition a special department for the exhibition of various articles used in the service of the wounded, and for Ambulances and Hospitals, such as tents, stretchers, ambulance waggons, medicine-chests, surgical instruments, ambulance equipments, &c., and discussions were held as to the best way of carrying out the Geneva Convention. They also proposed certain modifications and amendments to the Articles of the Treaty, which were to be submitted to the Governments of the contracting powers for their sanction.

The Conference was presided over by Count Serurier, and was attended, amongst others, by M. Moynier, Professor Langenbeck, and Professor Longmore.

The principal points were the extension of the Convention to naval warfare and to the persons and material of Neutral Societies, and also to procure certain advantages with regard to the burial of the dead on the field of battle, especially their identification and the means of communicating with their relatives.

Another Conference was held at Berlin, in April, 1869, which was attended by 162 delegates from almost every state in Europe. England was officially represented by Professor Longmore. Captain C. J. Burgess and Mr. Furley were also present. Various details were entered into, especially regarding the action of Societies of Help during peace.

Another Conference was summoned to meet at Vienna, in

August, 1871; but when that time came, the day of theory and preparation had passed away, and that of action arrived, and the Conference never took place.

The Danish war of 1864 was the first during which the Red Cross Societies came into action. In January of that year the *Cologne Gazette* called upon the Volunteer Associations of Germany to furnish warm clothing for the troops marching northwards; and this, though the legitimate province of these Committees, as it was of the American ones during the civil war, was not a work for Neutrals.

A Central Committee was formed at Berlin, assisted by provincial Committees in different parts of the kingdom; a celebrated physician, Dr. Guilt, was sent to the seat of war, and a large depôt established at Flensburg; forty-six local Committees were formed, and Colonel Malakouski was placed in charge of the material sent in from all quarters. There were special Committees to take charge of the sick and wounded whilst travelling; and a sale was held of souvenirs from the battle-fields, the profits of which were devoted to the widows and orphans of the fallen.

The Prussian wounded were very few in number, but there were a great many sick. The Hospitals became overcrowded, and, at the request of the Society, the men were transferred to private houses, and the great mortality ceased.

Various Societies were formed in Austria, at Vienna, Prague, Gratz, and Linz. There was a very large one at Hamburg, besides the Committee of the Rauhe Haus, which sent sixteen volunteer assistants to the field, under the direction of the Knights of St. John, commanded by Count zu Stolberg Wernigerode.

M. Vandeveldt tells us that Denmark was equally energetic and charitable. A central Committee was formed at Copenhagen, with Sub-Committees for special departments, such as clothes, provisions, bedding, and tobacco; and they gave relief, not only to the wounded, but to the widows, orphans, and friends of the dead, and to the civilians who suffered from the Prussian invasion. We find that after peace was restored, the Berlin Committee did not cease from its labours: in April, 1865, it was specially placed under the patronage of the King and Queen, and in April, 1866, it received a charter of incorporation. It was thus in a position to respond instantly to any appeal; and it certainly is singular that whilst the Austrian and Italian Committees ceased their functions, three

months after the peace, as their respective regulations prescribed, the Prussian one, on the contrary, laboured to perfect its organization and increase its funds.

What far-seeing politician or prophet had a fore-shadowing of the short but terrible war, so soon to break out? Was it that terrible "M. Bismarck," to whom the French ascribe powers of prevision almost more than can be accounted for by any amount of mere human talent and sagacity?

However this might be, the Society was too soon again to be called into action. Peace was declared in October, 1864; but all through that winter and the ensuing year things looked stormy, and both Austria and Prussia prepared for war. In May, 1866, the Prussian army was mobilized and the reserves called up. In June, Schleswig Holstein was finally taken possession of. On the 15th of that month Prussia declared war against Hanover, Hesse, and Saxony; and on the 20th, Italy did the same against Austria and Bavaria.

No formal declaration of war was made by Prussia to Austria, but her intention to commence hostilities was communicated later to the Commanders of the Austrian outposts.

The Society in Berlin now appealed for aid to all Prussians. Every class immediately responded with gifts of money and material. Medical men volunteered their services in Hospital or at the front, and Sisters of Mercy, both Catholic and Protestant, were summoned from all parts to act as nurses.

The Central Committee had its head office in the celebrated street of Berlin, "Unter den Linden," with branch offices for the reception of contributions, whilst local Committees were formed in the principal cities.

The Order of St. John came forward to aid in the work under the direction of Count Stolberg and his brother Theodore. They took possession of the vacant barracks, and fitted them up as Hospitals. They established dépôts at the railway-stations near the seat of war, and appointed agents to distribute comforts to the sick and wounded. They also organized a regular company of "Krankenträgers," or "Sick-bearers," who should go upon the field of battle and carry off the wounded in their litters. A Knight of the Order was placed in command, assisted by ten civil surgeons, and accompanied by two ambulance carriages.

Count Stolberg was appointed by the Government, Commissary



General and Inspector of voluntary Hospital service in the Prussian army.

Many interesting details are given in a Report sent in by Surgeon-Major Bostock to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department, Sir James Gibson, which will be found amongst the Reports for 1867.

Langensalza, fought on the 28th June, 1866, was the first battle which called on the resources of the Prussian Society. The news reached Berlin at 5 p.m. of that day, and by midnight three special convoys had been despatched by Count Stolberg, laden with members of the Society, Surgeons, Nurses, Dressers, and every requisite of instruments, medicines, provisions, and clothing for 1500 wounded.

They reached Langensalza at day-break. It was in the hands of the Hanoverians, but Surgeons of both armies were working hard amongst the wounded, with very little means of help. The timely aid was therefore most welcome.

The greatest and most terrible battle of this short fierce war, was that fought at Konigratz, on the 2nd July, but which we know better under the name of Sadowa. There were 40,000 wounded of both belligerents, for the retreating Austrians had left their men to the care of the victor.

It was three days and nights before all could be removed from the field, and even then, it is to be feared, many were left to die there. And this was unavoidable, for the battle took place when the trees of the Maslowed wood, which was near at hand, were in full leaf, and when, as we are told in an Appendix to Captain H. M. Hozier's "Seven Weeks' War,"—

"It must be remembered every piece of rising ground was covered with thick wood or high standing corn, that down by the water-courses the long grass and bulrushes rose tall in all their summer luxuriance. The wounded invariably, if possible, crawled under cover after Königratz, and sought by the brooks for water to quench their thirst, or in the trees and crops for shelter. The 'Krankenträgers' had to beat carefully over every yard of ground which lies between Horonowitz and Nechanitz, between the Bistritz and the Elbe, a space of nearly forty-five square miles, over which they had to search for, and carry to the Ambulances many thousands of wounded men, Austrians and Prussians alike; and there are but 1900 of these men with the whole Prussian armies."

It was indeed a gigantic task, and nobly done; and if it failed here and there, if every poor, crushed, helpless soldier was not discovered in time to save him, who can wonder?



All the slightly wounded were removed, as far as possible, from the seat of war.

The Society was equally active in Bohemia, Bavaria, and on the Danube, as well as in Saxony, and Wirtemberg, where the Queen took the lead in the good work.

Austria had only her own wounded to nurse; and though she had not then signed the Geneva Convention, they were well cared for. A society of ladies, under the Princess von Schwarzenburg, received the wounded in Hospital, and took entire charge of them; whilst a patriotic Society of gentlemen was formed under Prince Colloredo Mansfeld, and was organized on the plan of the American Society.

One very large Hospital at Vienna was nursed by ladies, under the superintendence of Madame Ida Schmerling; but when the cholera broke out, the courage of all but two gave way, and they left. These two were Madame Anna Stolz and Mdle. Pelz; and, as Captain Brackenbush says (who relates this fact in his lecture on "Help to the Sick and Wounded"), "their names deserve to be recorded."

One interesting feature of the Red Cross work in Prussia was, the reception and entire support of a certain number of wounded men by private persons. Count Stolberg received 150 at his chateau in Bohemia. A Berlin banker erected a temporary hospital of twelve beds, which was placed in a garden behind Dr. Langenbeck's hospital. It was admirably constructed. Canvas was tightly stretched over a strong wooden framework; a verandah of about a yard in width ran round it, shut in when necessary by canvas blinds; and the whole was raised on a platform three feet above the level of the ground. The ventilation, it is said, was perfect. Eight hundred were nursed in the Castle of Nachod, once the property of the Wallensteins, then of the Piccolominis, and now of Prince Auersperg, of Prague.

The Hospitals in Berlin were very crowded, and many cases of gangrene occurred; but the worst were placed in tents and in the temporary Hospitals, where plenty of fresh air could be had, and the mortality was not great.

The expense of nursing by the various sisterhoods was paid by Government or the Relief Committees; and both Catholic and Protestant sisters and deaconesses were to be found in every Hospital and Ambulance, together with ladies who had volunteered their services.

The railway communications which existed formed an easy means of transport; and besides this the country was traversed by good roads, so that the country waggons could be employed.

After Sadowa no less than twenty-eight villages and detached farms were occupied as Ambulances. Most of these places were dirty, close, and unsuitable, having no sanitary arrangements. Here, therefore, gangrene and pyæmia were very fatal. To relieve the over-crowded rooms, the wounded were placed outside during the day, and taken back at night; but though this was probably the best plan that could be pursued, yet it must have been productive of much pain and inconvenience to the poor fellows, besides subjecting them to the chance of a sudden chill.

Cholera broke out at one time amongst the Prussian troops near Brunn, where 1400 died of it, and afterwards amongst the army at Prague, where 8000 were attacked.

The nearest approximate to the numbers of killed and wounded in the Prussian army during this war is given by Mr. Bostock:—

Prussians killed and died of wounds . . . . .	3,964
„ died by disease or accident . . . . .	4,792
„ wounded . . . . .	16,191

Of whom 278 were officers who died, and 611 officers wounded. The total of deaths being 8756; a heavy total for so short a war as was that of 1866!

Nearly 14,000 wounded Austrians fell under the care of the Prussian Society, which well fulfilled the task thus imposed upon them.

During the war the Society expended 80,000*l.*, and distributed stores of three times that value.

We must now glance at the work in Italy, but of the central Societies we hear very little detail, or of the work at the seat of war. Probably this is owing to the exceeding difficulty of correspondents obtaining permission to go to the front, and that the abuse had not yet commenced, of men assuming the Red Cross badge and nominally forming part of some Ambulance, simply that they might be in a position to hear and see all, which, at the commencement of the war of 1870, it was supposed no mere newspaper correspondent would be able to do.

Captain Brackenburgh tells us that when Italy joined the Geneva Convention a Central Society for the Relief of Sick and Wounded Soldiers was formed at Milan, and when war broke out branch

societies were formed at Bergamo, Como, Cremona, Pavia, and elsewhere. Thus all was ready, and Custozza was the first battle which tried their mettle.

A capital Ambulance service was formed, and the supplies sent were good, plentiful, and regular.

A large committee was organized at Florence, and we read of the invaluable assistance rendered by the Society during the campaign, but in comparison with what was taking place on the side of the Alps, the work was not of very great importance. There were only about 1000 wounded at Custozza.

On the 4th July there were 1000 wounded men and 50 officers in the Civil Hospital, and in the church of St. Lawrence at Brescia.

We have, however, fuller particulars of the work done amongst the volunteers commanded by Garibaldi.

Mrs. Chambers, the President of the Ladies' Committee for affording aid to the Garibaldian wounded, went out herself to superintend.

The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing in that journal, of the dates of July 23rd and 26th, says that typhus had broken out in the Hospitals, and many of the nurses (women of the country) refused to attend upon them, though they were mingled indiscriminately with the wounded, and the miserable state of things amongst his wounded was frankly stated to General Garibaldi by Mrs. Chambers.

The General himself was wounded in this campaign,—sad to say it is believed, by one of his own men.

A battle occurred at Bezzica, and here too the field Hospitals were in a most disgraceful state. We read in the *Daily Telegraph* of July 28, that five hours after the wounded were brought in no Surgeon had arrived.

"They were simply brought in and left to die. No food, no drink, no bandages, no attendance—at least from those who should have waited on them. For the first two hours the only assistance rendered to the sufferers was by Mrs. Chambers and another English lady, the wife of an Italian officer. These two alone rendered aid; the former tore up a portion of her own personal apparel to form bandages and at her own expense purchased food and drink for them, and then, aided by her friend, bathed and bandaged the wounds of the men. The curate of the village then came to her assistance, and called upon his parishioners for aid, and presently rough pallet-beds were brought in, and some of the women of the village tendered their personal services, but for four hours no Surgeon arrived. Up to to-night no food or drink has been received by them, except that purchased by this English lady. The Hospital in the lower village was in the same state."



The writer goes on to blame most severely the head of the medical staff of the Garibaldian army, and suggests that the ladies of Milan would have done well to have organized a staff of Hospital nurses, and not have left the wounded to the care of strangers.

What can speak more forcibly than this of the necessity of volunteer aid, not only in Surgeons, Nurses, and stores, but in sending to the seat of action men and women with energy, brains, and money, to step into the breach when the hour of trial comes, as no mere Sister of Mercy or Surgeon would do.

The wounded accumulated in the hospitals near the seat of war at Cafaro, Anfo, Vertan, and Salo, were all gradually sent on to Brescia in mule-carts, with straw laid on the bottom, and green boughs to form an arbour above them.

The efforts of Mrs. Chambers and Doctor Brandina at last changed the condition of the Hospitals in these places. Doctor Brandina was a civil practitioner of considerable fortune, who had come at his own expense to aid the wounded Garibaldians. The Government had done very little for the poor fellows, and almost every comfort had been purchased by Mrs. Chambers, acting for the English Ladies' Committee at Milan. Mrs. Chambers, however, purchased a splendid ambulance waggon to carry five wounded men, which afterwards was highly commended at the Paris Conference. There was a great deal of fever prevailing from the heat of the weather.

It is evident that had it not been for the courage and devotion of Mrs. Chambers, far greater suffering and mortality would have ensued; and it is just where, either from over-work or neglect (as in this case), that the regular medical service breaks down, that volunteer aid comes in, and needs all the assistance which money and stores can give; whilst it avoids the error of aiding to relieve the just burden of labour and expense, which rightly fall to the lot of each belligerent—an error which attained to gigantic proportions during the last war, from a want of due consideration and appreciation of the circumstances which occurred—an error, which must be avoided in future, unless we would have Red Cross work disliked and distrusted by all lovers of peace.

E. M. P.

L. E. Mc L.



## PEERLESS.

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I PROMISED once to bring my fair  
 A present from the neighbouring city,  
 A jewel for her flaxen hair,  
 Or, "like her sweet self," something pretty.  
 They show'd me turquoise; not a blue  
 Would match the azure of her eye;  
 And trinkets; I was out of cue  
 For ornament that gold could buy.

Rash promise! Soon 'twas proved, my taste  
 Essay'd a hopeless choice to task it;  
 And so, returning home, I placed  
 Within her hands an empty casket,  
 And whispered, "There, I've done my duty;  
 Though treasures in it—very few, are,  
 Yet, open it, you'll see a beauty,  
 Yes,—something just as fair as you are!"

She did so: "Empty, I declare!"  
 But, straight, as she the lid inspected,  
 A lovely face look'd out, for there  
 A glass reveal'd her own reflected.  
 I took her hand; "Forgive me, pretty,  
 For laying such a trap to catch you;  
 There's nothing like you in the city,  
 'Tis but the mirror that can match you!"

## THE DREAM OF THE "UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS" OF 1776:

A REVIEW OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY AND ITS FRUITS<sup>1</sup>.

BY ROBERT GRANT HALIBURTON, F.S.A.

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A FEW months ago it seemed a hopeless task for a colonist to appeal to the people of the mother country against the Alabama Treaty. It was generally imagined that it was a financial and diplomatic success; and the fact that it sacrificed the rights of Englishmen abroad, and ignored the minor consideration of national honour, was far more likely to be appreciated by Canadians, who knew that, as far as they were concerned, it was both a humiliation and an injustice. As the exorbitant demands of the American Government have shown that our concessions have been unwise and, what is worse, unprofitable, thousands may now feel some desire to know something of the history of British diplomacy in the New World, which at the end of a century has produced such unwelcome and unlooked-for results. The following observations therefore, originally intended only for Canadian readers, may interest Englishmen, as showing the view which those who know most of the Americans take of the Alabama Treaty and its results. The fact that since this article was written, a Canadian minister has warned his countrymen that the aim of British statesmen is soon to be attained, and that a separation of the New Dominion from the Empire is at hand, gives a practical interest to the following sketch of the history of that policy of dismemberment that is about to reap its first fruits.

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<sup>1</sup> This article was written several months ago for publication only in Canada. As it opens a new page in our history, it is believed that, as a Colonial review of the past century, it will be interesting to the British public. It is from the pen of a son of the late Judge Haliburton.—Editor of *St. James' Magazine*.

It has been urged, that even if the Washington Treaty is a sacrifice of colonial rights, as an atonement for British wrongs, it is our duty to submit, for the honour of the empire. Let us see if this is the case.

A century of British diplomacy has taught us to regard the arrival of English statesmen with the same dread that heralds in the coming of the cholera or the approach of an earthquake.

A country larger than Prussia, extending nearly in a direct line from Maine to Vancouver's Island, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is the monument of their generosity and of our misfortunes.

Lord Stormont, in criticizing the exploits in 1783 of our first Plenipotentiary, "that very extraordinary geographer and politician, Mr. Oswald," says, "There was prefixed to the article a very pompous preamble, setting forth that those treaties were the best observed where there were *reciprocal advantages*. He was for a long time at a loss to understand the meaning of those words. But at last he discovered that they meant only the advantage of America. In return for the manifold concessions on our part, *not one* had been made on theirs. In truth the American Commissioners had enriched the English language with several new terms and phrases. 'Reciprocal advantages,' for instance, meant the advantage of one of the parties only; and a regulation of boundaries meant a cession of territories."

That Mr. Oswald was more affectionately regarded by American statesmen than by ourselves may naturally be inferred. The astute Dr. Franklin, who had successfully hoodwinked him, bears this equivocal testimony to his merits as a diplomatist:—"The truth is, he appears so good and so reasonable a man, that though I have no objection to Mr. Grenville, I am loth to lose Mr. Oswald. He seems to have nothing at heart but the good of mankind and putting a stop to mischief."

What a charming field for an unbounded philanthropy, from which none but colonists were likely to suffer! It appears, however, that he was in his dotage. "Mr. Oswald, as an old man, seems now to have no desire but that of being useful."

We can well imagine what was the fate of our fisheries when entrusted to such a benevolent diplomatist. They were given away without any equivalent whatever.

The subject of the American fisheries came up, but was very generously and summarily disposed of. When Lord North sarcastically suggested, that, merely "as a show of this boasted reciprocity," the right to enjoy the exhausted fisheries of the

United States should have been *pro formâ* secured, Lord Shelburne made a very startling reply, which would well repay the attention of our Commissioners and of the public:—"But why have you not stipulated a reciprocity of fishing in the American harbours and creeks? I will tell your lordships. Because we have abundant employment in our own. Would not an American think it sordid in the extreme, nay, consider it *bordering on madness*, to covet sterile wilds when we have fertile savannahs of our own?" If such was the deplorable condition of these fisheries a century ago that none but a lunatic would ask for them, it is to be feared that time has not very greatly enhanced the value of such acquisitions.

The writer recently visited an American fishing district, and was told of a village of two hundred houses that had entirely been deserted by its inhabitants; and he passed through another where fishing had been abandoned for shoe-making, and the people had been driven to make *soles* where they had formerly caught them.

The deterioration in these fisheries has given double force to Lord Shelburne's objection, that we must be demented to wish for them. Our Commissioners, however, seem rather to have inclined to Lord North's view, that they should have been secured, if "merely for a show of this boasted reciprocity."

Anticipation is always better than reality; and an imaginary privilege, even though slightly lunatical, is better than none at all. The treaty, therefore, establishes our claim to these fisheries and to Bedlam. Surely Goldsmith must have had a prescience of this treaty when he provided a precedent for our diplomatists, by sending Moses as a Commissioner to Wakefield fair, and by bringing him back with a gross of green spectacles.

The navigation of the St. Lawrence has been secured to the Americans for ever, while its equivalent, a similar right over Lake Michigan, expires in ten years. The "manifest destiny" of the Munroe doctrine, to which our Commissioners have bowed, knows no limit but the Continent and eternity.

The Canadians are tenants by sufferance, or at most can only claim a life interest, and ten years, it is to be hoped, will see them out. Even Dr. Cumming's faith in the unpleasant proximity of the end of all things has hardly tempted him or his followers to exchange freeholds for yearly tenancies. But had he been appointed one of these Commissioners to dispose of Colonial rights, what a sore temptation it would have been to him to have triumphantly vindicated his belief in the great tribulation coming! It is evi-



dent that our Commissioners, in limiting our future, must have taken either Mr. Munroe or Dr. Cumming as their guide.

In justice to Mr. Oswald it must be admitted that when he returned to England he set an excellent example to succeeding diplomatists. Having heard at last a little of the vast extent of the territories and the rights which he had benevolently sacrificed, he made all the amends in his power—*he wept!*

“He gave to misery (all he had) a tear.”

A similar contrition on the part of our Commissioners would, no doubt, be gratefully received as a graceful tribute to distress.

When the Canadian Parliament meets much that has been kept back will be submitted to the public. The fullest information as to American trade has no doubt been long ago collected, and will be accessible. The American fisheries have been secured. Such an important step was evidently not taken in the dark. We may therefore hope to be supplied with trustworthy information on one all-important point, “What opening for industry in boots and shoes will be supplied to us by the American fisheries?”

It may, however, be admitted that the settlement of the Alabama claims was in a great measure ensured by the one-sided reciprocity which characterizes this treaty, and that it is our duty to waive our interests and our rights for the sake of the empire.

It has been already shown what we have hitherto done in that way, but there were even more serious sacrifices imposed upon us a century ago, which rise up in judgment against those who have forgotten them.

The Jacobites suffered much, but it was nothing compared to the privations and neglect with which a grateful country has repaid the United Empire Loyalists and their descendants for their fidelity.

In 1783 a treaty was signed with successful rebels, in which no amnesty was secured for those who had for more than eight years fought through a weary civil war, and had risked their lives—their all—for the English Crown. At the merciless fiat, *ite capella*, more than fifty thousand scapegoats of British diplomacy, men, women, and children, were driven into the wilderness.

The flower of the wealth, the intellect, and the refinement of the old colonies, these “Refugees,” as they were significantly called, comprised the Faneuils, the Sewells, the Delanceys, the Robinsons, the Brentons, the Barclays, and a host of other well-known names, for even one of their enemies has admitted that all the giants went

forth with the Tories. A few of them rose again to the surface, and won a place and a name abroad; but the great mass of them, consigned to poverty, were lost to the world and to the memory of men in the solitude of the backwoods. The neglect of them by diplomacy seems to have been infectious, for even history itself has forgotten and ignored them.

" Unwept, unknown—all lost in endless night!  
The sacred bard was wanting <sup>2</sup>."

If Christianity dates back to its year of grace, and the Mahomedan recalls the *Hegira* of the Prophet, Loyalty in the New World has also its epoch; but its *Hegira* is the flight into the wilderness, and its "Year of Grace" is "The Year of Famine."

In one instance a temporary and fruitless stand was made against the isolation of solitary exile. In vain more than twenty thousand of these United Empire Loyalists strove to build up a city in Nova Scotia, which they called Shelburne. Few of them were fitted to be pioneers in a new country. Most of them had been brought up to comfort; and many of them, gentlemen by birth, had been reared in luxury. Accustomed to the gaities of fashionable life, they tried to revive some of the pleasures of better days by holding their weekly assemblies through the long and weary winter months, and thus earned for themselves, among their republican neighbours, the derisive name of "the dancing beggars."

Their useless and needless sacrifices were rewarded by exile—and their exile was consoled by contempt. "Thou sellest thy people for nought, and dost not increase thy wealth by their price. Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us."

But a worse enemy than contempt was awaiting them. The evil day drew near, and the *Hegira* was at hand. The town, besieged by want, surrendered to starvation; and poverty, like a strong man armed, entering in, took possession of their homes, and bade them begone. The fiat was obeyed. The scape-goats went forth, and were lost in the wilderness.

The forest has long since resumed its sway over the deserted town, and there are few traces of it left to tell the tale of the "dancing beggars" and their fate.

It is difficult to recall, except with indignation, the thankless, and, so far as we can see, the useless sacrifices which these United

<sup>2</sup> Horace, Ode iv. 9.

Empire Loyalists underwent; nor is the writer ever likely to forget them, for every time he signs his name in full, it recalls one of the most touching episodes of their history.

The peace of 1783 saw three orphan sisters thrown upon the world, in the wilderness of New Brunswick. Their father had sacrificed a large estate, and had fallen at the head of a regiment which he had raised. They had passed through the horrors of a shipwreck in midwinter, only to find their mother a frozen corpse, and to hear too soon that their only brother, Robert Grant, had fallen a victim to the exposures which he had undergone in his father's regiment. A relative and a namesake of his, the writer has inherited with his name, the memory, and what is of greater moment, the lessons of his misfortunes.

Since his death none of his kith or kin had ever been inside an American University, until last summer, when remembering the fact, while attending the International Trade Conference at Boston, the writer was tempted to remain a few days, in order to be present at the annual dinner at Harvard College.

On that occasion an Englishman, in addressing the immense assemblage that was present, alluded to the Treaty of Washington, and dilated in most abject terms on the beautiful spectacle which it afforded of a great nation voluntarily abasing itself, and acknowledging its errors. "Be 'umble, and you'll do."

A whole century seemed to rise up to protest against such a humiliation. The flight into the wilderness, the Ashburton Treaty, and a host of equally agreeable reminiscences were recalled, and with them a more recent picture of Canadians mortally wounded at Ridgeway, lingering long enough to hear on their death-bed of the thanks of the British Government—thanks not to them, but to a country that had suffered lawless miscreants to openly arm and drill, and to march with noisy rejoicings against us in open day, amid the plaudits of the multitude.

Here was a treaty which forced us, an innocent people, to pay for the St. Alban's robbery, an outrage committed within the United States, in time of war, by American citizens, while repeated Fenian raids, invasions of British territory by American subjects in time of peace, were passed over in silence. Let Englishmen say and think what they like, Canadians can only regard that silence as an insult alike to the living and the dead. Such an outrage did the writer feel this treaty, and this boastful avowal of our humiliation to be, that though a loyal man, and the descendant of United Empire Loyalists, he was forced to avow that he was not an



Englishman, but a native of the New World; and that he never felt greater pride in being a Canadian than he did at that moment, for knowing that we, at least, had done our duty to the Americans, he could stand up there before them, and thank God that he came from a country that had no apologies to offer to them.

What a commentary on this avowal was the memory of that young Loyalist, who having returned, at the end of a fruitless war, to his college, was doomed so soon to leave it to die—to die, too, with the conviction that the lives of his parents and himself had been thrown away, and that he had little to console him in his last moments but the tears of Oswald.

A hundred years had passed away, and the spirit of British diplomacy, still unchanged, had forced a kinsman and namesake of his, in the face of the past and its traditions, and in the presence of the American public, to thank God that he was a colonist, and that he was not an Englishman. Is it any wonder that such an episode should have left behind a painful misgiving, that the century about to close, with its disunion and disruption of the English-speaking race on this continent; its civil war of 1776; its flight into the wilderness; its year of famine, and years of exile; its sacrifices, surrenders, and neglect; its Fenian raids, and its Washington Treaty—had been *a mistake*.

This visit was not a fruitless one. It had taught a bitter, and perhaps a wholesome lesson. The history of a hundred years rose up, and pointed to the present as a judgment upon the past. If the reward of loyalty had been injustice, had not loyalty itself forgotten to be just? We had remembered only that we were sons, we were blind to the fact that we were brothers also. In the excess of our fidelity to the traditions of the Old World, we had ignored the ties that bound us to the New; and had treated our brother colonists, who had shaken off the trammels of British diplomacy and misrule, and had become a great nation, as aliens and enemies. *Our loyalty to the crown had swallowed up our loyalty to the race.*

"If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it."

The first instalment of the penalty our ancestors paid with their estates, and with their lives. But the sins of the fathers have been visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation; and even at this late day we find ourselves invited to become the scapegoat of the Alabama story, and to go once more through



the monotonous process of being sacrificed for the sake of the empire.

*Occidit miseros crambe repetita.*

If we have no alternative but to submit, we must tell the world that this is to be the last page in the history of British diplomacy in our affairs. What a century of it we have had! What a beginning—the tears of Oswald, and the year of famine! What an ending—the Washington Treaty!

An American Indian ratifies a compact by appending to it his *totem*. Our *totem*, the king of beasts, we tacitly assume to be very appropriate. But times change, and the British lion is fast becoming a grim satire upon us, and like the British colonist, is being innocently mixed up with very questionable proceedings. Was it right to append the lion to the Washington Treaty? I simply ask, in common justice, was it fair to the lion?

The spirit of the age, or rather *the want of spirit of the age*, requires that we should substitute a much more appropriate symbol, a *lusus naturæ*, a native of the seashore, that is well known to the student of nature. It is made up of numerous long limbs attached to a very diminutive body. But it is a rare prize for the *aquarium*, as it generally baffles the collector, for when it is alarmed, it seeks safety in *dismemberment*, and the disappointed naturalist finds nothing but fragments of its limbs floating on the water.

British statesmen have adopted the stupid creature, if not as a symbol, at least as a precedent. Having loosened the ties that bind us to the mother country, they are ready, at the first note of danger, to dismember the empire, and to cast off the colonies.

The laws of society stamp the crime of self-murder with infamy, but there is no penalty for national suicide.

It would seem that this treaty is intended to be a parting gift, a farewell souvenir of British rule. The old flag, for which we have fought so often and so well, has ceased to wave over us, and only lingers for a time at Halifax, the port of departure. The British troops have followed the flag.

But the old world is consoling us by an equivalent. A special order of knighthood, that of "St. Michael and St. George" has been created for colonial politicians. It is a gratifying honour; but it is puzzling to know how it can be adapted to the democratic communities of the New World, that, so far from having any reverence for ancestors or for family pride, are rather disposed to "rejoice in that the man of low estate is exalted, and he that is high

is brought low." In such matters this is a country of universal equality, where prescription and exclusive privileges are rudely invaded by the masses. The very savages have caught the infection. Miemac squaws have been known to speak of themselves as "ladies," and of their red lords and masters as "gentlemen!" We cannot expect that knighthood itself can long resist the spirit of the age.

Her Majesty is not the only source of honour. A Spanish order of knighthood is to be the reward of Canadian statesmen for having indirectly aided Spanish despotism in its efforts to crush the gallant colonists of Cuba. In the eyes of Spain to be born in the New World is a crime, every Creole or colonist being disqualified from ever holding any post of trust under the government. Even the sons of Spaniards cannot be trusted, for only the natives of old Spain can tolerate her iron rule.

Though the colonial history of England has never been stained by the cruelties and oppression that from the days of Pizarro to the present have stamped the name of Spain with infamy, yet the very same aim and end have inspired the policy of both countries. The results have been diametrically opposite, dismemberment and the rule of the sword, but the secret source from which they have flowed is the very same—the principle of self-interest.

For nearly a couple of centuries Great Britain looked upon her colonies as being merely profitable preserves for her commerce. The famous "Colonial System" created by the Navigation Laws permitted none but British merchants to deal with us, and we were forced to ship our products to them only. Nor were we permitted to manufacture even a nail or button for ourselves, or to buy from foreigners. It was simply an undisguised system of commercial slavery. How utterly our rights and interests were ignored is proved by a singular fact. The oppressive Act passed in the reign of Charles II., that declared that "no commodity of the growth or manufacture of Europe" should be imported into the colonies except what was laden or shipped in British ports and in British vessels, the first step towards cutting us off from commercial intercourse with all the rest of the civilized world, was actually entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Trade!"

The language used seems to imply a paradox, until we remember that the framers of that Act, as well as the authors of every subsequent statute affecting us, had no other end in view but the encouragement of British Commerce, and looked upon the colonies in the same light and with the same interest, as the farmer regards his turnips and the drover his bullocks.

The utter selfishness of this statute is so naked and undisguised, that its innocent title, like the scanty costume of the savage, does not pretend to conceal the truth. Its unconscious nudity disarms criticism, and makes even indecency decent.

Hereafter, when Australian protectionists, or rather "the coming man," the New Zealander of the future, having discovered that the British mind is essentially bucolic and agricultural, shall have prohibited the people of the then dis-united kingdom from mechanical or manufacturing pursuits, and from using the products and commodities of Europe except, what is entered at Otago, and shipped in Maori bottoms, let him remember the primitive simplicity of former ages, and playfully give his legislation the pleasant title of "An Act for the Encouragement of Trade."

Though Britain became a mother country "for the encouragement of Trade," she may perhaps be betrayed into a slight weakness for her offspring. But commerce is less sentimental. It begot the colonies because they were likely to pay; and it is dismembering the empire because it does not pay.

Hinc generandi amor, et moriendi contemptus.

Nations, as well as individuals, are apt to find that commerce is a good friend to prosperity, but a broken reed to a falling cause. Once already history tells us that a great empire was built up by commerce. But we also learn that it failed, in the hour of trial, to ward off the doom, *delenda est Carthago*. New Romes, yet in their infancy, are rising up in the Old World. It will soon be time for Carthage to set her house in order.

Free trade has tried us by the ledger, and finds that we are not likely to pay. The world, therefore, is open to us, and we are at liberty to leave the Empire as soon as we can conveniently do so. Its policy of dismemberment is the very same that dictated the "Act for the Encouragement of Trade;" and that is devastating Cuba by fire and sword. It is an old friend with a new face; but it is a greater tax upon our patience, as it assumes the mask of liberality, and, while cutting loose the unprofitable ties that bind us to the Empire, it throws upon us the burden of gratitude for its generous concession of freedom to new nationalities.

Spain finds that Cuba does pay, and she is prepared to shed the last drop of blood of the colonists and of her soldiers to make it pay. The murderous struggle which has resulted in such misery to the unhappy Cubans is likely to bring us a rich harvest of mediæval honours. Stern justice may compel us to enforce our



neutrality laws, even against our sympathies; but there is no obligation on us to accept any honours from the Spanish Government, or to disgrace ourselves by the favours of a despotism that is degrading humanity.

It is our misfortune rather than our fault that we are beginning so bravely with foreign orders. The first is for opposing Italian patriots in their efforts to work out an United Italy; and our next, for our "prompt action" in helping to crush the gallant Cubans in their hopeless struggle. What would have been the consequence if the United States had suffered foreign titles to be accepted by its citizens? To settle the Alabama claims the British Cabinet might have spared the nation from doing penance by proxy, and might have relieved us from the necessity for giving up to the Americans for ever the right to the navigation of the St. Lawrence. The difficulty could have been amicably arranged by making a baron of every hero of Tammany, and dukes of all the notabilities of Washington. Gladstone, in this way, could have effectually popularized the House of Lords, and have killed two birds with one stone, by settling old scores with the Yankees and with the Aristocracy.

The colonial statesmen who laid the foundations of the republic remembered that this farce had been long ago played out by the Chiefs of the Red Man. The Continent had been once already bartered away for the beads and baubles of the Old World. The example was not forgotten. The memory of the cocked hat and coat of paint of the happy savage was preserved, not as a precedent, but as a scarecrow and a warning.

Orders of knighthood, fortunately, are not the only ties that bind us to the Mother Country. There is still another left to us. "If an Englishman," says Sir George Cornwall Lewis, "is to preserve a vestige of sympathetic feeling towards his own countrymen as such, he should certainly never see them out of England." Colonial criticism is evidently assumed to be more lenient; and the British Government therefore entrusts to an appreciative people an "Englishman out of England"—a Governor-General. The ordeal which awaits him is a very easy one, for the amenities of a century of British diplomacy have developed in us "sympathetic feelings" that are wanting in Englishmen themselves, and that are almost equal to any trial. His duties, which are light, are to draw the large salary which we supply, and to practise among us the frugal virtues of official seclusion. He has to discreetly temper all exuberance of loyalty on our part—a difficult task, for colonial loyalty has an embarrassing exuberance, and a vitality that defies



control. Nothing apparently can kill it. It thrives on exile and starvation. Snubbing, patronizing, and neglect only call forth its energies and its gratitude; and cold water cannot drown it. But its patience, like that of a long-suffering, and long-eared animal, may be overtaxed, and some slight tact is needed in silencing and repressing, and especially in killing it.

We are therefore occasionally reminded, in a very affable way, that when we wish to change our allegiance (alliance, or allies, or whatever we may wish it to be), no difficulty whatever will be thrown in our way. It is not a hint for us to go, for that would be inhospitable and unkind. We are merely now and then shown the door, to convince us that it is not locked, and to make us feel at home.

The least return we can make for such distinguished courtesy would be to reciprocate the compliment. We prefer to compensate him with the more substantial, and probably not less acceptable reward of \$50,000 a year, being double the salary that is paid to the President of the United States. He would, however, be a bold man, who would, for five times that amount, venture to play the same *rôle* among the Americans. Nothing but our long-suffering loyalty and the mercy of Heaven could have made it such a safe and agreeable experiment.

But he is merely fulfilling his mission, and must not be blamed for the mother country and the colonies being at cross purposes, and for there being a slight divergency in our views. The secret of the difficulty we can easily divine. That dream of the United Empire Loyalists seems to have proved a will-o'-the-wisp that cost them their fortunes and their lives, and that has placed their descendants in a false position.

A century ago the mantle of the Old Jacobites seemed to have fallen upon our ancestors. Loyalty to the Crown was the first duty of man; and rebellion was a grievous offence, not only against the King, but also against "the King of Kings." The State was a unit, and the colonies merely component parts of it. In the dim future, they saw a united empire, that, strengthened and cemented by time, was destined to overshadow the world. It was a pleasant dream, and had it been shared in by others it might in time have become a reality.

But while we have been claiming that we were British subjects, not as a matter of favour, but of right, for no people ever more dearly earned a title to their nationality than ourselves, the Mother Country has looked on the matter from a very different point of view. The empire was comprised within the limits of the United

Kingdom. The colonies were merely offshoots, a numerous family whose future could safely be left to the chapter of accidents. In her eyes we had arrived at manhood without having undergone the preliminary process of having been weaned.

If the ordeal so long postponed had come rather hard on us, this surely arose from no weak fondness on her part; of that she never was accused. She had never taken kindly, or even patiently, to maternity, and had never pretended to disguise her feelings on that point. Each fresh addition to her family, so far from having been hailed as a grateful olive-branch, had always been bewailed as a melancholy accident; and instead of returning thanks for it to the Giver of all good things, she had only devoutly wished that it had been her neighbour's quiver that had been so richly blessed instead of her own.

The time has now come for disunion and dismemberment, and the spirit of the old Loyalists, like Banquo's Ghost, returns to reproach us. That dream of a "United Empire" has risen from the dead, and claims once more to be a living issue. That such an idea will soon be realized by the whole English race is, as we have seen, daily becoming more and more improbable. Each succeeding Cabinet, content with the present, refuses to do any thing in this matter for posterity, for "what has posterity ever done for them?" and damns the future of a great nation with "after me, the deluge!" Instead of our statesmen taxing our public spirit and our patriotism by the troublesome problem of a United Empire, these labour-saving machines are sending us rejoicing on a downward career of dismemberment, that is as easy as it is effectual.

With such an answer to the dream of the United Empire Loyalists before us, a protest on our part against the folly of the councils of the Mother Country might almost be excusable. We may at least indulge very safely and very sincerely in a regret that she shrinks from the costs and perils of supremacy, and "that she hath no strong rod to be a sceptre to rule. This is a lamentation, and will be for a lamentation."

"This is merely a debit and credit affair after all," said one of these economists to a Canadian at a commercial meeting in London. "What does your Province pay? If it brings 1000*l.* a year we may keep it. If it costs us that amount it must go." "I am not prepared," replied the colonist, "to answer your question; for the way you have put it is somewhat new to me. The idea, however, is very old, and has been already acted on. You may have heard and perhaps may have admired the man, who was so mean that he cut off

one of his feet to save himself in shoe-leather. The experiment proved highly successful. For the rest of his days he never needed more than one boot; and that boot carried him to his grave more cheaply and expeditiously than a pair ever could have done."

Our economists have thrown this man in the shade. Life is only a matter of debit and credit account, and does not pay. Its balance is vanity and vexation of spirit. National life is equally unsatisfactory, and is terribly expensive. But a panacea has been suggested that has the double merit of being an effectual remedy, and a good speculation. The nation is advised to cut its throat to save itself the cost of living.

But the writer must not forget that he is not an American. He is not even an Englishman; he is only a colonist, and is trespassing on forbidden ground. "You protest as well as remonstrate. Were I *critically* to examine your language I could not admit your right, even individually, to protest against any legislation which Parliament may think fit to adopt in this matter." Such is the salutary lesson which a very distinguished British Minister has taught us. But he has also taught us another and a far more important lesson, that a century, that beginning with the amiable Oswald and ending with the Washington Treaty, has not even earned for us the empty right to "protest as well as to remonstrate," has been a slight mistake. A very trifling change in our destinies a hundred years ago would have made a very great change in the language of his homily. But a little reflection will suggest some sources of consolation.

If "Praise undeserved is satire in disguise," British diplomacy has been a cruel satire, not only on the nation, but also on, what is more desirable, the Americans. Never was the principle more triumphantly vindicated, than "a little civility goes a very long way." The Government of the United States has paid a dear penalty for having repeatedly allowed the Fenians to invade the Dominion, and has been bitterly reproached by the obsequious thanks of timid servility.

In this matter we may feel proud that we, as Canadians, can thank God that we have no apologies to offer to the Americans, and no protests or remonstrances to submit to British Ministers for critical examination. Even if we were disposed to intrude advice, the precedents before us are not encouraging. A hundred years ago, Dr. Franklin, at the Bar of the House of Commons, protested against the policy of dismemberment, and was denounced as a thief and a robber. He proved to be a prophet, and the old colonies



were lost to the Empire. But that was only a paltry piece-meal proceeding, but a first step, towards national disintegration. It has needed a century to develop a comprehensive scheme of dismemberment by which the interesting problem suggested by Dr. Franklin may be solved, "how a great nation may be made into a very little one."

If Englishmen are unwilling to face the future, and turn to the ledger as their guide, we cannot be expected to forget that dream of the past that cost our ancestors so dearly. Never was an idea so indelibly stamped upon the history of a country. To such an extent has it entered into our daily life, that "United Empire" has been abbreviated into "U. E." for popular use. The titles to lands in Ontario date back to what are still cited in courts of law as "U. E. grants." To claim to be descended from a U. E. family is like an Englishman's boast that his ancestors "came over at the Conquest." The very grave has claimed not only the dreamers but also their dream; and "U. E. graveyards" are the honoured resting-places of the Loyalists and their descendants. As philanthropic diplomacy stripped "the refugees" of all their worldly possessions, they had little to bequeath to us but the lessons of their misfortunes. If the writer has fearlessly recalled them, he may be pardoned for doing so. The right which he has claimed is his only heritage from a U. E. family.

It is to be feared that there is at present but little to encourage us to look across the water in our aspirations for national unity; but we may hope at some future day we may, by a reunion of the English race on this continent, pave the way for a grander and a wider union.

The pole-star of the United Empire Loyalists of 1776 was loyalty to the Crown, and it led them, as we have seen, to disunion, to exile, to sacrifices, to humiliation. The watchword of the United Empire Loyalists of the future must be "Reunion of the Empire," and "Loyalty to the Race."

Such, then, is the answer which the history of a century of British diplomacy gives to the question, Are we called upon "for the encouragement of trade," to atone for British wrongs by the sacrifice of Colonial rights? If we must submit to such a demand, let us at least take good care that ratification of the Treaty is to be the last of a century of sacrifices, and that it must be an acquittance and discharge for ever, a pledge that we have earned at least our commercial emancipation.

Most sincerely it is to be hoped that the Treaty will be ratified, not because it is just, or what we had a right to expect, or because



British diplomatists are entitled to any favours at our hands, but because it affords us an opportunity of closing a century of discord and disunion, by "burying the hatchet," and by making a friendly concession to a kindred people, who, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are not only our nearest, but also our only neighbours. Descendants of the Old Colonists of 1766, who, wiser in their generation than the United Empire Loyalists, refused to be sacrificed "for the encouragement of trade," they are now a great nation.

Nature, which has, by ties of blood, united us to our kinsmen who are near us, and to a mighty Empire that is afar off, has divided us from the latter by an obstacle which nothing but the omnipotence of Parliament can remove. We need a statute to abolish the Atlantic Ocean, with its long and costly voyages, and its heavy taxes on trade for freight, commissions, &c. The impropriety of such an obstacle is so apparent, that our commercial policy refuses to recognize its existence. It is, however, difficult to ignore the fact that *dissociabile æquor* divides us from the Old World; and that as markets are generally profitable in proportion to their proximity, nature itself has made our brothers across the line nearer and more desirable customers than the mother country across the sea. Heavy taxation, high tariffs, and old family feuds may neutralize the influence of geographical affinities and of ties of blood; but time will change all this.

We are on the threshold of another century, and must mould our future by the warnings and the lessons of the past. No one who reads the signs of the times can fail to see that we are on the eve of great changes, and perhaps in time of a "*New Departure*" in the history of the English race on this continent. Already the beginning of the end is at hand. The Old World is bidding farewell to the land, and to the dream of the United Empire Loyalists. While instinctively we are clinging to her skirts, the last hold on them is slipping from our grasp: and when the last British soldier is called upon to do a last act "for the encouragement of trade," by furling the British flag, and carrying it away with him from our shores, he will leave us a *nation*.

While British statesmen are doing so little to realize the idea of a United Empire, and so much to render it impossible, there is an unexpected source of hope from a quarter whence we might least look for it, from a new and mysterious influence that during the past few years is every where making itself felt and obeyed. The tendency to a reunion of races is suddenly developing itself throughout the civilized world in an inscrutable and irresistible

way; and language is exerting a new power on the destinies of nations. That it must ultimately make itself felt among ourselves we cannot doubt. The language of commerce is now the English tongue, a fact that was strongly impressed upon the writer during a recent visit to St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, St. Eustacius, St. Bartholomew, St. Martin's, and other colonies in the foreign West Indies, where the Danish, Dutch, Swedish, and French languages have been swallowed up by our own; those islands being English communities in every thing except in name.

The English tongue is now more or less spoken throughout a large portion of the civilized world, and more than one-half of the commerce and shipping of the world is controlled by the English race, the United Kingdom, in point of tonnage, standing first, the United States second, and the British Colonies third, the new Dominion alone ranking next to France as a maritime power. A reunion of the English race may well startle us by its magnitude and its grandeur, for if realized, it would dwarf the greatest nations of antiquity, and become one of the wonders of history. Nor need we believe that the problem is a hopeless one, or that the language which has elsewhere accomplished such marvels will be powerless to reunite the wide-spread branches of the English race by its influence. In our day the magic power of the German tongue has realized the dream of a United Germany, while Austria is torn asunder by the tendency of its Slavie and Germanic races to gravitate east and west towards their kinsmen. As barbarism is elevated into civilization, its tribes and clans are merged into nations. The nations of civilization themselves seem about to realize a new stage of development; and their future seems destined to be regulated, not by trade or geographical boundaries, or historical traditions, but by a voice that, coming to them from the very cradle of their race, seems destined to revive on a grander scale the very same rivalries that marked the early history of the world. Is there not reason to believe that future contests for supremacy will have a wider and grander theatre, that the wars of the Titans will be revived, and that a struggle of the races is awaiting us?

In looking forward to the future of the English people, we may have little to hope for from the aspirations of our statesmen, but we have much to expect from the spirit of the age and from the example and influence of other races. When we see languages that have no past national history to appeal to breaking down the barriers that a thousand years of rivalry and division

have built up, we cannot believe that the English tongue, that is identified with the birth of liberty, and with the growth of commerce and civilization, has in one short century of disunion lost its virtue; nor can we suppose that it alone is unable to re-echo the voice of the reunion of races which has gone forth among the nations, and which nature itself seems to have learned at this late day—"those whom God has joined let no man put asunder."

With much in the past to discourage us, we need not despair that in the future the hopes that for a century have slumbered in "U. E. graveyards" will yet be fulfilled, and that we are destined even in our day to realize that dream of the Loyalist—a United Empire.







THE OBSERVANCES OF MAY-DAY.

[See page 189.]

## THE CRAVENS OF CRAVENSROFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE."

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### CHAPTER XXXIV.

CAPTAIN ELLERTON had lingered to the utmost limit of his time with Maud Craven, so that he had scarcely enough left to snatch a hasty luncheon and drive to the Bracebridge station.

"The Captain would soon knock up the bays, if he were to take a few drives out of them like this," Lord Ellerton's coachman thought, as he whipped his horses up a hill which he had no time to ascend more leisurely, while Lord Ellerton himself was saying inside the carriage,—

"It will be an awkward affair if you miss the train, Hugh. You had no business to be running about the country until the last minute."

"Never mind," Ellerton answered carelessly; "Jones won't let me miss it. It will all come right."

"That's always your logic, Hugh," his uncle answered. Then, abruptly, after a pause, during which his nephew lighted a cigar, "Whom did you see at Ayrefield?"

"No one at all. I did not go quite to Ayrefield; I met Mr. Poland on the way, and he told me they were all out."

"So you went to Cravenscroft."

"Yes, I went to Cravenscroft," Ellerton said, in the same indifferent way. "I saw Miss Craven; her father was gone to Bracebridge on business."

"Business has been a long while dead at Cravenscroft. I wonder what he is gone about."

"I don't know," Ellerton answered.

Except a formal inquiry as to his health he had made of Maud, and a formal adieu he had left for him, Mr. Craven or his affairs



had never crossed Ellerton's mind, save that he thought in a general way, when Graham announced his absence, that he was very well out of the way. Young lovers are apt to be selfishly indifferent, therefore when Lord Ellerton was curious regarding the business of a man, to whom Ellerton had been so wonderfully anxious to bid farewell two hours since, he showed a grand carelessness, lighted his cigar, and smoked away while he thrust his head out of the window, to gauge by his eye the possible distance they had to travel before they reached Bracebridge.

"It's very inconvenient living so far from a station. I wish the line was open to Cravenscroft village," he observed, as he drew in his head.

"It will be, next year. They would be levelling down by Cravenscroft itself now, if Mr. Craven were not holding out about compensation. They want more land than was in the original agreement, a place to build sheds on, or something for the works, only temporary I believe; but Mr. Craven won't let a stick go up, until they have paid down what he asks."

"Perhaps that's what he has gone to Bracebridge about," Ellerton suggested.

"I was thinking so myself. Some of the directors may be down to-day. However, I'll see Craven to-night."

"You go more to Cravenscroft than you used," Ellerton hazarded, on premises drawn from his uncle's ready announcement of seeing Mr. Craven as if it were a thing of course.

"One must go somewhere in the country when one's alone, and I have nowhere else to go to. Sir Richard Ayre's a fool," Lord Ellerton answered with contemptuous candour. "The Hopes are too far away, and the Muskins are out of the question. Friendly dropping in there, would be a thing impossible. Then there are the Allens, but a man can't go to a parcel of ladies."

Ellerton laughed.

"Mrs. Allen would be expecting you to make one of her daughters a countess. Good God! I wonder which of them a fellow would choose to escape from hanging."

"You should not be so uncivil, Hugh. Miss Allen admires you immensely; she told me lately you were like one of Byron's heroes."

Ellerton laughed outright.

"She did not define which, did she?" he asked.

"I did not probe her to define," Lord Ellerton said, looking out of the window on the straggling muddy main street of Bracebridge, up which the horses were going at a quick trot.

"Just in time," Ellerton cried, leaping from the carriage the moment it stopped, and running up the steps under the stuccoed front of the railway-station.

"A through ticket to Southampton; I can catch the train at the Wycherley junction at four?" Ellerton remarked interrogatively, as he gathered up his change.

The man nodded assent, and slapped down his wooden slide. There were no more tickets to be had for that train; our reckless young dragoon had scarcely saved himself.

"I am sorry to say good-bye, Hugh," Lord Ellerton said regretfully, with his elbow leaning on the open carriage window.

"I am sorry too. I should much rather remain here than go to Malta," Ellerton answered, and then he added after a pause, "I can't understand why they refused me leave. Naseby told me it would be all right when I saw him in London, and you see it was all wrong."

Lord Ellerton shifted his arm uneasily on the carriage window, and his eyes wandered from his nephew to the railway official who was fastening the door prior to starting the train.

"Yes, so it seems," he said, and then, as the guard's whistle sounded, and the train gave the first slight jolt, he leant towards Ellerton, and added in an under-tone, "I say Hugh, it was very good of you to make time to bid me good-bye. Travelling is expensive and all that, so I'll put a few hundred pounds into Coutts' to your name; you can draw it at discretion.

"He's a brick!" Ellerton said inelegantly, as the train crept from the covered platform to the open lines, and for the first time in his life he felt a qualm of conscience touching those small deceits, which had been his daily bread for some years of his life.

He had come from Germany at speed, for sake of a farewell with Maud Craven, and his uncle was rewarding the feat as an attention to himself, by paying money down for it, a generous loosening of his purse-strings which his half-thoughtless, half-penitent nephew felt he ill deserved.

"I'll not touch a penny of that money, and more I'd write him the whole truth from Malta, only for Jane," he thought, his penitence waxing stronger as the distance from home lengthened; and

floating visions of that promise of marriage in spring-time to which he had committed himself, loomed up before him. "My bachelor days are numbered," he thinks within himself as the train stops at a petty station to take up a few second and third class passengers, with whom he has no concern. By Jove I wonder what kind of a husband I will make—a model to all Mainshire, if we ever get as far as Mainshire, or any where off those cursed Malta rocks. Hang poverty! I wish there was no such thing in the world. If one could even get away to Italy, or leave to vegetate at Vienna, or at Baden. Baden's not a bad place in the season. It's cheap living abroad, although not cheap enough for us, and I am afraid Jane will make things go crooked with my uncle."

He might be quite sure of that, if it were in her power. Jane Ellerton was not the woman to make things smooth, to throw oil upon the turbulent waters where her own wishes had been betrayed. She had not loved this man for nought all the days of her life, and she will not give him up without a battle. She has not sat trembling under the lavished allurements of experienced beauties, to fall down before the guilelessness of Maud Craven. In her hungering passion she has knelt upon her knees before God, and prayed rash prayers for Ellerton's love. She has dared to carry the leaven of her earthly aspirations on her lips, and pray for their accomplishment as men pray for salvation, as condemned criminals would pray for life, if prayer availed them.

Her madness had such hold of her that she never saw her sin. Maud Craven, kneeling under the shadow of the gloomy velvet curtains of her bed, with her face bent down upon her hands, praying for the safety of the absent voyager, a blessing on the lover whose coming is to make the spring-time glad, does not pray with the fierce fervour, with which Jane Ellerton offers up her unrighteous petition.

Driving under the linden-trees of Baden, promenading its out-of-season ball-rooms, sitting by the drawing-room fire talking to her aunt, Jane Ellerton's head runs only on one theme—Hugh Ellerton. He has been the *ignus fatuus* of her life, who has kept her single at twenty-three, and she will wait for him until the end. She will sit by her fading watch-fire, until the light goes out, and the dull dawn breaks on its grey ashes and charred wood.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE dull December light looks duller; the haze of a grey mist rising vaporous from the damp lawn and turbid lake stream, as Maud Craven stood watching the vanishing carriage which brought her lover from Middleton.

When the roll of the departing wheels died in the distance, Maud turned from the window with tears in her eyes, and a throbbing pain in her head, to take refuge in her favourite leathern chair, whose great back used to tower above her wicked old grandfather's head in former days, and curled herself up there beside the fire to wait for her father's return from Bracebridge, and think of Hugh Ellerton.

She might have been there five minutes, she might have been there half-an-hour; she could not have told which, when the library door opened, and Peters came in with a tray on which lay a piece of cake and a glass of wine.

"Here, my child, I have just brought you a taste of something to peck at, to keep you up until master comes. I suppose he'll scarcely reach here until dinner time," Peters said as she approached.

Maud said she supposed not, and told her to put the tray down on the table. She was not hungry just yet.

Peters laid down the tray, and stalked over to the fire.

"Not hungry!" she said, peering with sly curiosity at Maud's half-averted face. "I've no notion of your not being hungry, Miss Maud, at going for three o'clock in the day, and you not eating a bit since breakfast. Such a fire as you have, too! I wonder you're not perished."

"I ought to have put on some coals, but I forgot," Maud answered, helpless to do any thing but wish her tormentor absent.

"You put on coals, Miss Maud! No, but you ought to have rung for Graham to put them on. I never saw such a fire; I'll make a bit of a blaze, it will look more cheerful like," Peters said, dashing the poker through the coals with a will.

"I hate a blaze, it hurts my eyes," Maud cried, putting her hand over them on pretence of shielding them from the sudden light; but, in reality, to hide the traces of her hot tears. But Peters was not to be baffled.

"Why, my goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, staying her hand, which was outstretched towards the coals, "I do believe it's crying you are, Miss Maud. Was there ever such a foolish child! Is it because your papa is out, or you are lonely, or what?"

Maud sat bolt upright, facing the blaze she had shrank from a moment ago.

"I hate to be pryed after, and teased," she said with hot cheeks. "You are a most annoying woman, Peters."

Peters calmly stooped and put coals on the fire.

"Now, Miss Maud, you are getting into one of your tempers, the Craven temper," she said, flinging the scoop back into the japanned coal-scuttle. "I never saw a Craven that hadn't it, only the master. I'm sure if a gentleman saw you in such a passion about nothing, it wouldn't answer."

Maud shook her head in very impatience.

"I don't care about gentlemen," she said.

"Nor I either!" Peters answered, in half-sullen, half-sarcastic assent: "if they are all to be such as we have had here to-day."

"Peters you must not attack Captain Ellerton," Maud answered decisively; "he is papa's friend, and my friend."

"For your papa's friend he is well enough, but I don't see what you have to do with him. He's not just the sort of friend for you;" and Peters wound up her sentence by a half-inaudible remark touching "lambs and wolves."

"Did you quarrel with Graham, Peters, that you have come up here in such a nasty humour to plague me about Captain Ellerton, who won't be here again these hundred years? He has gone to Malta."

"It's a fine thing that he is. It's a pity the Queen or the Prince, or whoever it is that is over the army, doesn't catch up a lot more of them, and send them to the same place, instead of letting them loose on the world, to bring trouble into respectable families. Oh, I knew one of them, not an officer of course, but they are all much the same in the way of being blackguards, but a sergeant, a fellow with stripes on his arm, and foolish-looking ribbons flying from his cap, who came down this way recruiting. It was in your poor mamma's time, before you were born. Well, at church or somewhere, he made the acquaintance of a pretty little girl we had here then as housemaid, and he used to come courting her night after

night, sitting down in the servants' hall, and eating and drinking whatever he could lay his hands on. There was plenty going here in those days, the more the pity. Well, of course we all thought he was going to marry her, as simple country folk would think, who weren't up to the scheming ways of such rascals, when, behold you, one morning all of a sudden, without a word of warning, or a good-bye, or any thing, off he marches his men, increased in numbers by one of our grooms and a stable-man, in the early light, before any one hardly was astir in the village. He was a fine handsome-looking young man, there's no doubt about it, and poor Mary was uncommon fond of him, so fond of him that she never did a bit of good, nor held up her head after, but pined away all the winter, and died in the spring-time. Ay, I remember it well, Miss Craven, dear, as if it was only yesterday, and I have never liked the sight of officer or soldier since, except poor Mr. Charles."

There was not much pathos in Peters's nature; she was not ready with tears, nor prodigal of false sympathy, quick to weep and lament with every one who told her a pitiful tale. But when she talked of the pretty girl who had been her favourite, above all the Cravenscroft household, and of her false soldier lover, her voice quivered, and the tears stood in her eyes. Tears of pity for the dead, and tears of fear lest the mistress she loved so well, should fall a victim to the devourer.

These soldiers, so cruel and so false, one of whom had made a broken heart in Cravenscroft long ago, had come about the house again, not in the humble attraction of stripes, and recruiting-colours, but in the shape of a dashing captain of dragoons, who flew for higher game than stout suppers, and a pretty housemaid. A man whose beauty was a snare, and his attractive pleasantness seductions of the devil, who had clad his servant in a scarlet coat, and sent him forth to betray womankind promiscuously, to charm all who would listen to his charming. A vain, godless man, as Peters often described him to Graham, who was ripe in all the wicked ways of London, a city of iniquity in Peters's mind, and who was no more fit for such a sweet young lady as Miss Craven, than he was for canonization.

Poor Maud, the tears were in her eyes for the housemaid's broken heart, for the love which had brought her down to the darkness of the grave. God grant her own foolishness may not cause them to flow for her own sorrow, Peters prayed inwardly, as she wound up



her little tragedy, then she bent down to Maud, saying, with an unusual tremble in her voice,—

“Ay, it was a sorrowful story, Miss Maud, dear, but it all came out of a sinful giving up of oneself to loving a man too much. There’s a great sin in that, Miss Maud, and the Bible tells us the wages of sin is death. I was young that time myself, but it gave me a lesson, and I knelt down by Mary’s coffin, and prayed that I might never love a man as she loved that soldier.”

Peters had got quite close to Maud, who still sat upright in her chair, not angry now, but with one of the sudden transitions common to her, subdued into an almost quivering interest. Peters’s figure, tall and gaunt, now standing straight up, now stooping towards her with her thin outstretched hand, looking bony and brown in the flashing firelight, and then the thrill of pity in her voice, the nameless pity for the dead, and for the living, when she talked of that deep love, which had given all, and lost all, of the soldier lover marching away in the grey morning, of the prayer by the coffin to be saved from the sin of absorbing love.

The lesson was all for her; the sermon was all for her. Peters had wakened up that old story, and that old prayer, to warn her off the sunken rocks on which another’s boat had foundered. She was dreadfully nervous to-day, with the nervousness which lies equally between tears and irritation. Peters’s belligerent opening made her angry; Peters’s tragic story made her tremble.

“Ah! Miss Maud, it was terrible. It came to me as no trouble has ever come to me since, except the troubles we had here; though they were little to the life that man had on his head. I wonder did he ever know it, and if he knew it, did he sleep the worse of it.”

Maud drew a long breath, half a shudder and half a sob.

“Peters, it was very horrible,” she said. “Oh, why did you tell me this dreadful story to-day? and how could you pray such a strange prayer by the poor girl’s body?”

The bony brown hand came down gently on Maud’s shoulder.

“My darling child,” she said, “it was a good prayer. It kept me out of the wickedness of thinking more of man than of God. I was young and foolish, and I might have gone ahead like Mary, after my own ways, but the Lord heard me, and gave me sense not to take a man for his beauty or his smooth tongue. There’s no good ever comes of such marriages as them. When I did marry, I

married for none of them things ; but I just picked out a good sensible man for myself, and I never knew an hour's trouble as long as he lived."

"But your husband must have picked you. You could not pick a husband, Peters."

"That's all a wrong notion. They pick us after a sort, but then don't we pick them when we turn out the bad and take the best? I had more than one looking after me in them days, not may-be that it was all for myself," she said, modifying her boast a little, "for my mother, who was housekeeper here in the old gentleman's time," meaning Maud's grandfather, whom Peters always designated "the old gentleman," "left me a good penny when she died. And men are like vultures, Miss Maud; they always follow a carcase."

"I suppose your husband was a vulture too, Peters?"

"Suppose he was," Peters answered, quite unconcerned. "He was none the worse husband to me for that. If he took me for my money, I took him because I knew he was the man not to drink it up in gin, or to set up an inn on it and go to smash, as one chap wanted to do. 'No,' says I, 'you won't; there's inns enough in Cravenscroft, and Bracebridge too, and I, who have been reared in a gentleman's house all my days, won't come down to standing in a bar; so I took Peters. He was a steady man, a widower, without children, who had a snug little farm on the estate, which he made bigger when he got money to stock it, and his sister, a nice sensible woman, helped him to take care of it, because I had to come backwards and forwards to your mamma. If he hadn't consented to that, he might have gone his way, because nobody living would have parted me from Cravenscroft. The farm prospered and grew, and when Peters died, my son stepped into as nice a place as any one need wish, whereas had I gone on my own foolish notions, and married some one without a penny, and only good for spending, William might be going a soldiering now, or be a carpenter maybe, down in the village, working like a horse for daily pay. Miss Maud, dear, the Lord blesses prudent marriages, and He blessed mine with a great blessing."

"Ah, poor Mary had no money, Peters, or the soldier might have married her," Maud said, with her head full of the young housemaid.

"Very likely, and spent it all in the canteen, or playing cards.

Soldiers all play cards. There may be grand games for such as Captain Ellerton, but the cards come down to the men by bad example, as drinking and scheming, and lying to foolish girls, comes down likewise."

"Peters, you are unreasoning. I don't know why you hate all the people I like," Maud exclaimed, with a return of the impatience which Peters' pathetic story had killed. "You don't like Miss Ayre, and you don't like Captain Ellerton."

"I hate birds that are all gewgaw feathers," Peters answered, falling down upon metaphor. "I like sensible people, whether they are men or women, and I'm sure Miss Ayre's not sensible, making herself the talk of every one last year, riding about with that Marchmont over the county, and now taking up with another man, and dressing and capering till she gets the silly creature to marry her. Ay, little he knows, little she knows!"

"I don't believe she wants to marry him, Peters."

"Then why does she drive him here and there in her phaeton, I'd like to know? Why does she have him down at Ayrefield, and wear his presents, if she doesn't want to marry him? 'It's pretty, isn't it, Mr. Craven?' she says to the master the other day, holding out a whip; 'that is Sir Henry's gift,' as brazen as brass. Ah, the ladies are altered since my young days! Instead of being shame-faced or bashful, they talk about their lovers to every one they meet on the high road."

"But papa knows that Miss Ayre is engaged," Maud put in, in defence.

"Of course he does; such a grand thing as that's not to be made a secret of. There was not so much boasting at Ayrefield about Mr. Marchmont; and now Lady Ayre is telling the people lies, and saying, 'Poor young man, Mab was very wrong to mislead him,' when there's them that say, it was him misled her."

"I do not believe it," Maud cried warmly; "I never will believe it so long as I live. If ever there was an honest lover it was Philip Marchmont."

"Amongst them be it," Peters said indifferently. "I don't think there will come much good out of this fine match. Miss Ayre's just like a tricky horse—there's no saying which way she'll kick."

"Ah, Peters, if you only knew her, outside your prejudices!" Maud said pleadingly. "She is so fond of me, and so good to me; when she is married I am to go on a visit to Kingslands."



"Ay, that's something like, Miss Maud," Peters answered, visibly softened. "There will be plenty of estated gentlemen about Kingslands. Shropshire is a rich county, I hear."

"Peters, how you do go on," Maud answered pettishly. "I had better pray to the Lord for a rich husband, as you prayed to be saved from a lover."

"It's ill making a mock of prayer, Miss Maud; and my prayer was heard and answered."

The woman had strong faith in the acceptance of her strange petition; and as she looked down into Maud's face, the strength of her great faith shining in her eyes, touched the girl's conscience.

"Peters, I was wrong," she said, with quick repentance. "But I am lonely, and out of sorts, and you have made me nervous with that story. What made you tell it to me to-day?"

"It was just a parable that came into my head," the woman answered evasively, not daring to say she thought the parable had struck home to her listener. "But take your wine, Miss Maud, it won't be worth the drinking," and Peters held out the tray to her young mistress.

Maud took the offered wine, and sat slowly sipping it before the fire, with her eyes on the red coal, long after Peters had left the room. Her thoughts wandered hither and thither, to Mab Ayre, to Mr. Marchmont, to the vexed question of bridesmaids and wedding favours, to the far stretch of sea—blue and tideless—over which the mail steamer would soon carry Hugh Ellerton, on whose faith and fealty Peters had cast the shadow of doubt; not real and tangible doubt—the doubt which stands bare and undisguised without the shadow of sophistry—but the doubt which trusts and fears.

The story followed her like an evil dream; the story of the dead housemaid, and the lover so crafty and so false. He had said such things as men of his class say to homely maidens. The homage of such men may be roughly flavoured, their caresses may be rude, but the soul that will lie in homespun and moleskin, would lie in broad-cloth or superfine linen. This man did not speak smooth things, and prophesy deceits because he was a poor man, but because he was born into the world a liar and a cheat. The soldier had been a cupboard courtier, who eat largely of the liberal cheer of the servants' hall, and planted the Queen's colours in the cap of a groom or a stable-help; a man, who stole away like a thief in the

night, and left the woman who believed in him to die ; a man who, like his betters, could boast his conquests over bivouac fires, or in the idle talk of a midnight guard-room.

But Ellerton was not like this. How dare Peters come to her with that dreadful story, that "parable," as she called it, which made her shudder as no parable of Holy Writ had made her shudder before. Do what she would she could not shake the impression of the story off her mind ; it sat on her like a nightmare ; it repeated itself in the red fire embers ; it seemed enacting in the dimness of the gathering twilight. The march in the grey dawn, the woman waiting for the lover who never returned, and dying for want of that on which she had cast her soul.

Did she, Maud Craven, of Cravenscroft, wrapped up in her half-naughty, half-careless pride, ever think she would find tears ready to flow over the humble loves of a housemaid and a foot-soldier ? But then the tale had such a pathos and such a horrible approach to analogy with herself. She too was a woman who watched and waited for a soldier lover, but he would come to her again ; over land and over sea, from Malta or the world's end.

Ah, there is the sound of wheels on the gravel. The library is all alight, and as she stands in its wide doorway to welcome her father back, where are all the visions bred of darkness and *ennui* ?

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

PINS are dear, gentlemen ; pins are dear. If you want to marry a fashionable young lady you must be content to allow such a sum for the purchase of pins as would make the salary of a first-class Treasury clerk at the least. These expensive bits of pointed brass are not to be had out of the 300*l.* a-year gentlemen, whom even middle-class maidens are beginning to hold cheap.

It is only men of mark who can come down to the perfect satisfaction of mamma in the matter of pin-money, and the satisfaction of papa regarding the jointure. The first step of a rich lover, after the grand one of the proposal, which always takes the young lady who has been watching for it along with dear mamma for a month at least, unutterably by surprise, is to guarantee to his intended wife an allowance sufficient to secure her fine clothes as long as he

lives, and in the event of his death, an income which would go far to secure her a second husband if she were minded to take one.

All good things in the way of pin-money and jointure, are only to be had in their best from a liberal-handed man of unencumbered estate. The churl or the embarrassed are different fellows to deal with; but a rich young man like Sir Henry King, very much in love, a young man who has not had his grasp on the reins long enough to reckon with the experience of older hands, how much he can spend himself, and how much a girl like Mab Ayre will be likely to cost him, is the very man for fathers and mothers to rejoice in, and the Ayres, husband and wife, did rejoice in him.

"Harry, my boy, I know you are liberal," Sir Richard had said when they talked over the projected instructions to the law-givers. "You'll not stick at five thousand a year in case Mab survives you. As you asked me the other day what my wishes were, I mentioned the matter to Lady Ayre, and she thinks with me that you had better not say less than 5000*l.* a-year."

"What does Mabel say herself?" Sir Henry asked, as he stood with his back to the breakfast-room fire, his brawny shoulders leaning against the mantelpiece.

Sir Richard spread out his right hand, and looked at his fingers meditatively.

"Well, one seldom talks to girls on business, but as this affair so specially concerns Mab, I did try to say a word about it, but she closed my lips at once. 'Sir Henry will do what is right, papa,' was all the satisfaction I could obtain from her."

"For Mabel's sake I wish to God I could make the five thousand a-year ten," cried the delighted young idiot. "Five thousand a-year jointure, and two thousand five hundred a-year pin-money. Will that do, Sir Richard?"

Seeing he could make no objection to so generous an offer, Sir Richard said it would do. That diplomatic lie he had told of Mab's carelessness about her settlements, and her reliance on Sir Henry's honour, had gone far to open the purse-strings of her very vain lover, who was a man exceedingly fond of himself, and exceedingly fond of glorifying all belonging to him. His wife should be amongst the best dressed women in London next season, he had determined in his own mind, when he named that liberal sum for her adornment. His wife must have no stint in the matter of silks and laces, Genoa velvets, or ten-guinea bonnets.



"I hate the idea of throwing a woman into the meanness of debt, by straitening her resources too much," Sir Henry said, with his back still leant against the chimney-piece, and his eyes fixed on his colossal limbs, as if he took immense pleasure out of their inspection.

In the plenitude of his self-conceit, this brawny Hercules imagined himself a miracle of manly beauty. The sort of fellow about whom women lose their heads and their hearts together, as Mab lost hers. Mab, who was so very disinterested, that he did not grudge her the two thousand five hundred a-year, which enabled him to vaunt himself a little to his future father-in-law. "I hate the idea of throwing a woman into the meanness of debt," he said, "by straitening her resources too much." And then Sir Henry looked up from the contemplation of those burly limbs of his, for a nod of approval from Sir Richard. "Mabel is a girl to whom dress is a necessity; she is a girl to flourish in the very centre of society, and if I could not afford to see her shine there, I should never have dreamt of her at all."

"Not much good if you had," was possibly Sir Richard's thoughts, as he sat thrumming with his fingers on his knee, and listening, for Sir Richard was not much of a talker at the best of times.

"I could never fancy Mabel dressed in striped prints, and amusing herself with a cottage flower-garden," Sir Henry went on, with another complacent glance at his long legs.

Certainly, no one who sees Mab Ayre from her mother's point of view, sitting in the luxurious drawing-room at Ayrefield, and looking very handsome, with blue ribbons in her light hair, her fair skin set off by the contrast of her dark cloth morning dress, which was relieved by its rich Indian pattern, could think of contradicting Sir Henry's opinion, that in striped prints, and cottage flower-gardens, the girl would be incongruously out of place. In the gorgeous parterres of Kingslands, laid out under the tasteful directions of a costly landscape-gardener, Mab Ayre will be at home. In the dazzle and glare of London society, court drawing-rooms, and Belgravian balls, she will be at home too. That horrible vision of the Hampstead villa, its mean grass-plot, dotted with paltry evergreens, and the poor little drive round which a carriage might find its way by going in at one narrow gate, and out at the other, at the idea of which the very grand servants, with whom Lady Ayre recruited her

household during the season, would put their tongue indignantly, and contemptuously in their cheeks.

The vision of this dreadful villa and its dreadful master, was beginning to fade from the mind of this good mother, who had worked out instead, the gorgeous parterres, and rich domain of Kingslands for her nearly lost lamb.

The man was gone abroad, that dangerous man whose propinquity made her heart tremble, when Mab stubbornly refused to marry Sir Henry at the early date for which her mother manœuvred, through her lover's eagerness. Lady Ayre's mind was easier. Her dear friend and ally, Lady Wallace, whom Mab once mentioned to Maud Craven as being at the Opera with her, and bringing Sir Henry in her train, had given Lady Ayre this pleasing piece of intelligence. He had been ill in autumn, and had gone to spend the winter on the continent, and perhaps he might die there. Strong-looking men were very often suddenly cut off. Lady Ayre herself had known cases where young men, who looked as stout as mountain ashes to-day, lay in some noble burying-ground to-morrow. Marchmont might be like one of these, only lacking the noble burying-ground—he might rest in some "God's acre" in a foreign land. It would be a very pleasant way of winding him up and having done with him. As long as he was alive and well, and Mab unmarried, Lady Ayre was in deadly fear of some fall coming to her golden scheming, and she was truly happy to hear of his winter's sojourn abroad. Before he came back in spring, if he ever did come back, Mab would be at Kingslands.

I do not say that Lady Ayre actually prayed for this man's death, while she sat with Lady Wallace's letter carefully stowed away in her pocket, and watched Mab's bent face, which was stooped over a drawing she was copying from a sketch of Strasburg Cathedral. I do not say that Lady Ayre prayed for Mr. Marchmont's death, but she owned to herself that she would be very glad of it. She had waded through falsehoods because of him, and made her dearest friends wade through falsehoods likewise. She had sent a fast crony of hers to Mab with the story of the West Indian heiress, whom Lady Ayre knew well existed not for Philip Marchmont, but for his brother. With deep cunning she had not mentioned the tale herself, until Mab heard it from another quarter. Then she threw in her bolt. "It reached me from one or two directions, but I did not speak of it, because I fancied at first it

might not be true, and even if it were true, you might imagine I was prejudiced, as I did not approve of Mr. Marchmont for a son-in-law."

After that matters hastened to the desired end. Mab saw Marchmont at the Opera, playing, lover-like, with the tassel of the girl's opera cloak, and she cut him dead, when he tried to speak to her in the crush-room. He called at the house, and she was denied. He called again and again, and was refused admittance; after which he wrote her a letter she never received, a letter which was read in Lady Ayre's dressing-room, and consigned to oblivion in the flame of her lamp.

"He sees my eyes are open, he dare not excuse himself, he dare not look me in the face," had been the conclusion to which Mab came, through tears of burning pride. Then had ensued the usual ending to broken courtships,—Mab sent back her lover's presents and letters. Her father gave the packet into Marchmont's own hands, but what passed at the interview Mab never asked, never heard, except that he demanded and received his daughter's letters in return. They came to her in a little package, together with a ring she had given Marchmont off her own finger, in the halcyon days when she believed and was happy. The ring Mab put out of sight, the letters she thrust in the fire.

"How many letters did you write, dear—are they all there?" Lady Ayre, who was present when Sir Richard sent in the parcel, said, laying her hand on Mab's arm to arrest her purpose.

"You don't think he is so fond of me as to steal one?" Mab had laughed bitterly as, despite her mother, she cast the letters on the fire.

"No dear, but men are so treacherous; he might steal one for boasting sake."

"'Men are so treacherous.' Are you not married to a man, mamma, or is papa a god, and the rest some lower genus? If Mr. Marchmont is mean enough to boast, he can boast by word of mouth. He can say he jilted me, and who can say he did not? He can say he made a fool of me, and who can say he did not? Perhaps he is boasting now, and men are listening to his boasting, or he may have begun to boast long ago. He may have shown her those letters, and pointed me out across the Opera-house as the foolish writer who believed in him. God knows. It may be a good way to woo a half-caste, to show her a pure white woman



whom you are willing to give up for her dusky sake." And then Mab, full of jealous wrath and passionate pride, had gone up to her own room, leaving her mother to watch the glittering sparks die out amongst the ashes of her burnt love-letters.

From the time Mab's engagement became publicly known, the thought of Marchmont brought shapes of dread to Lady Ayre's mind.

Suppose he really had stolen a letter, and chose in a fit of desperate jealousy, and desperate revenge on Mab and Mab's lover, to enclose it to Sir Henry King. A letter of reproach to Mab herself was a lesser evil, of which she stood in fear. She might watch the postbag, and purloin any suspicious letter addressed to Mab; but Sir Henry's correspondence was out of her power.

There would be something mean and dastardly in Mr. Marchmont's enclosing Mab's letter to his rival, but the fact of its being mean and dastardly, was beside the question; the matter was, would he do it? There is no man so doubtful of truth as a liar, no man so suspicious of his fellow as a cheat, so there was no woman so fearful of plots and counterplots as this woman, who had been plotting and counterplotting herself.

She had hurried Mab out of London, as soon as she saw Sir Henry King was sufficiently in love to follow. She would have kept Mab's engagement a secret if she could, until the last hour, only that tongues babbled of it, over which she had no control. Before his engagement was forty-eight hours old, Sir Henry King had not only told his valet, but he had blazed it abroad through Sir Gregory Muskens. "He had better go and tell Lord Hillier," Lady Ayre had said to Sir Richard, when she found the old knight in possession of the fact, while Sir Henry said himself, "It was as well to let such fellows as Poland know the game was up, and he, Sir Henry, the winner." But for Mr. Poland the game was not up, for, until the last hour he stayed in Mainshire, he came to and fro to Ayrefield, rode his horse by Mab's carriage, or accompanied her on the flute, when she was pleased to play favourite airs for his delectation, with a perfect ignoring of Sir Henry's presence, which would have made him kick him out of the house if he dared; but he did not dare, there was a look in Mab's eye sometimes when he hinted an objection to Mr. Poland's attentions, which might have made a less glorified man than Sir Henry, suspect her of a half-wish to pick a quarrel with him. Whether

the suspicion ever did strike him, or whether it did not, he certainly gave her no cause for the quarrel. If ever an impatient man was truly patient with a woman, he was patient with Mab Ayre. He cursed Poland in his heart, and petted the girl whose encouragement lured him to Ayrefield.

There was a sort of chivalry in those days about Sir Henry King, which his closest friend would not have given him credit for. If the time came when he did that which was not chivalrous, when his anger was fierce and cowardly, let the better part of him which showed out in the early days of his betrothal, win for him a softer judgment than might otherwise be accorded him.

Mab carried things with a high hand during Sir Henry's days of probation. She flirted with Mr. Poland in spite of her mother, because she knew well Lady Ayre dare not violently contradict her humour. "They will let me do just as I like until spring," she calculated, "and then for bit and curb. That is the time when I shall begin to learn the true meaning of that man's ferocious underlip." After which complimentary thought about a lover, who was even then in the breakfast-room promising to pay down gold and silver for a girl who was despising him in the drawing-room, Mab looked up from her drawing and asked abruptly,—

"Mamma, how long does Sir Henry King intend to stay at Ayrefield?"

"I do not know, my dear; he speaks of going to London as soon your papa and he have arranged about the settlements. He wishes to see his lawyers. I am sure we shall all be very sorry when he leaves," Lady Ayre answered quietly, but ill satisfied at heart at the aggressive tone of Mab's question.

"There! I have made the spire too sharp," Mab said, turning her drawing round so as to catch the light from a side window, "one can't see to do any thing these dark days." Then she laid down her sketch, and propping her elbow on the table, and her chin on her hand looked intently at her mother. "Mamma, I wonder papa is not jealous of you, you are so wonderfully fond of Sir Henry King. Poor man! are you not afraid to trust him amongst the lawyers?"

"Mab, you are in one of your disagreeable humours to-day. It is very injudicious of you to sneer against so generous a lover."

"No I'm not sneering; I was only thinking that a gentleman must be wonderfully simple, or wonderfully obtuse of feeling, who

could boast the strength of a lady's attachment to him to a third party."

"Mab you are talking riddles. Who boasted of your attachment, and to whom?"

"Sir Henry King did to Lady Muskings, by way of a hit at Mr. Poland, I suppose. Now, if I ever know him to mention my name again in his maudlin, after-dinner bragging, I shall break with him at once."

"Mr. Poland told you this, Mab."

"No, mamma, Mr. Poland did not, but Miss Muskings did; foolish Miss Muskings, who tells every thing."

"I shall give a hint to Sir Henry, my dear; I am sure he spoke thoughtlessly, but for God's sake don't break with him, or you are done to all intents and purposes. If you ever wish to marry at all, don't get your name into a second fracas."

"Well, let Sir Henry hold his peace. Every honest lover is reticent about such things," and drawing over her sketch, Mab began thickening the point of her spire.

Then it was that Lady Ayre, looking at Mab's face, and thinking of Lady Wallace's confidential letter sleeping in her pocket, felt it would be a most desirable thing if Mr. Marchmont was well out of her way.

Her success had such a sandy foundation, Mab was so terribly difficult to deal with, that there was no saying when she might take it into her head to set fire to the edifice, whose graceful peristyle, and fretted roof Lady Ayre had been at such pains to erect.

Mab would do goodness knows what desperate thing, if she once found out the trick which had been put upon her. Her blood was not milk and water, but warm red blood, which would be almost certain to break out into such hot rebellion as would make her say dreadful things to the mother who had lied so zealously in her cause, and tell dreadful truths to Sir Henry King.

By any means short of murder Lady Ayre would be glad to be rid of Mr. Marchmont. That very inconsiderate young man had cost her a great deal of trouble, and would cost her a great deal more if Mab got an inkling of the truth.

People had really no business to bring poor men into country neighbourhoods, where intimacies were sooner formed than in great cities. A girl's partner at a London ball might never see her



again; but a man in a country house within a ride or a walk of a woman he took into his head to admire, was a very dangerous neighbour. If young Hope chose to cultivate college acquaintances, and his family thought fit to encourage his sister's idea of marrying a man with five hundred a-year, that was their affair. The match was a poor one even for Miss Hope, who was not half so handsome as Mab; but to introduce him at Ayrefield, to lure Sir Richard into inviting him to dinner, was a piece of impudence for which Lady Ayre never has forgiven, and never will forgive the Hopes.

For three whole weeks she, Lady Ayre, had been so overseen as to encourage the young man's visits, under the impression he was the son of Mr. Marchmont of the Dell, who would have been a very good match indeed for her dear Mab, and then to discover he was only Mr. Marchmont's nephew when it was too late. That error was the only false step Lady Ayre had made in her life, and she might have gone on in her blindness weeks longer, only Mr. Marchmont himself, finding the mistake she laboured under, enlightened her. It certainly was very gentlemanly and proper for him not to pass under false colours, which she will believe to her dying-day were hoisted for him in a bit of ill-natured fun by Agnes Hope. The great evil which had accrued from it she has been able to overcome; she had fought the battle against him with the very weapons she dreaded in the event of a reaction, Mab's impulsive pride.

Lady Wallace's letter had gone far to give her present peace of mind. Marchmont dying, or at least ill and away, and time going on surely to the day of Mab's marriage—the day when discovery, if it came at all, would come too late.

It is December now; a December of white snow and keen frost. The Ellertons are back from Baden, and Lady Jane, with a strange dislike to Middleton, has induced her father to spend his Christmas at Ferndale, where her aunt is to join them in the spring. Hugh Ellerton is at Malta, doing duty as aid-de-camp to the Governor, flirting a little with the Governor's daughters, and despatching his promised letter by the mail to Maud, who has watched the Cravenscroft bag almost from the day he started to the present hour.

His letter came at last—a warm lovely letter—telling such news of the voyage as he thought would interest her. A very long letter indeed, from a very indolent correspondent, whose pet idea was, we remember, that telegraphing was less trouble than writing. But

this letter, with the thin foreign paper crossed, "in order," as Ellerton laughingly remarked, "to get the most he could for his money out of the Postmaster-general," showed no sign of a tired hand. Like most good talkers, Ellerton was a pleasant writer, when he thought fit to lay aside an indolence which generally confined his letters to a few lines. Now he had laid it aside, and gossiped pleasantly of his voyage, of Malta scenery and Malta society; of the Governor's daughters, concerning one of whom he said, "There never was a girl so formed for a confidante. She has such pretty sympathetic ways, that a fellow feels he must open his heart to her whether he will or not. So you know, darling, I feel I must talk to her about you. May I?" Then near the end he said, "Write soon, dear, and tell me all the Mainshire news. How does Miss Ayre get on with Sir Henry King? They tell a queer story of him here. He put in his yacht at Malta last season. He was off on a cruise, it seems, between the time Parliament broke up and the time we saw him at Ayrefield, and amongst several eccentricities of temper he had one notable burst, by which he gave rough handling to a Maltese sailor he had engaged to replace one of his own men who fell sick. The Maltese offended him somehow, for which he struck him violently, and sent him back in a shore-boat. He would have been up before one of our civil courts here for the offence, only he weighed anchor and ran. I am afraid Miss Ayre will have a troublesome customer to deal with, notwithstanding his money. It would have been better for Lady Ayre if she had set her cap at some poor devil like me. In the full belief of my uncle's immediate marriage, how the old lady used to watch me like grim death for fear I would devour her darling! Ah, *ma belle*, when the day of my devouring comes, I shall devour something tenderer than Miss Ayre."

What did Maud do with Ellerton's letter? Did she put it in a silken bag and hang it round her neck? Did she hide it in her bosom, or sleep with it under her pillow? I cannot say; but she certainly did what all young ladies in love are bound to do—she sat down and answered it.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was nearly the middle of December. Sir Henry King had gone to London to see his lawyers, after receiving from Lady Ayre

the gentlest of motherly hints about his unwise talk to Lady Muskings.

“Mab is foolishly sensitive,” Lady Ayre had said, with one of her false smiles, “and we must yield to her a little.”

“Certainly, why not?” Sir Henry assented. “Although I am sure I meant nothing, Lady Ayre. I did not, upon my honour. They were quizzing me disgracefully at Woodlands, about my being fond of Mabel, and I did say something of its not being all on one side. I meant it more as a hit at that rascally Poland than any thing else, and then that——” Here there was a pause, “d——d old woman,” he was going to say, but he remembered himself in time. “That—that—old woman, must needs make mischief.”

“Another cup of coffee, Harry?” Lady Ayre said softly.

They had fallen into that affectionate way of talking to Sir Henry at Ayrefield, and Lady Ayre dropped out her words, “Another cup of coffee, Harry,” with the tone of a loving mother anxious to see a favourite son enjoy a good breakfast, and then, as Sir Henry handed her his cup, she added, with another deceptive smile,—

“Mab is very shrewd, and when she mentioned it to me she said she thought, if you did say any thing, you meant, as you say, to annoy Mr. Poland.”

Lady Ayre’s cunning failed her for once. Sir Henry grew very red in the face, and threw down the knife with which he had been spreading preserved partridge on toast.

“Damn it!” he said, utterly forgetful of himself this time, and of Lady Ayre too. “Then that is the head and front of my offence?”

“No, no, no,” Lady Ayre protested, very much frightened. “I assure you no; your speaking of her to Lady Muskings, which Miss Muskings foolishly repeated, was what vexed Mab. Its being a stroke against Mr. Poland rather excused it.”

“Ay,” Sir Henry answered, half sullen, half appeased. “Well, hang the fellow, he is gone, and he had better not put his Jew’s nose in the way of my fist again.”

Never before had Lady Ayre seen her intended son-in-law give any positive exhibition of the evil temper men credited him with. She had seen him once somewhat angry with a groom, and once somewhat impatient with a restive horse, but the anger had been



restrained anger, and the impatience restrained impatience. But now she saw him sitting at her own table, his swarthy face reddened, his "ferocious under-lip" thickened with passion, and profaned by a curse, while he talked of striking his fist in the face of Mr. Poland, with the freedom of a street rowdy. For one horrified moment he seemed no better to her than a prize-ring bully, but the next the natural disgust of the lady was merged in the ambition of the woman.

"Mab can tame the savage blood in him; she has managed him admirably so far," was the way in which Lady Ayre smoothed things to herself.

Ah, mother, cold and cruel, how could you sit there with the horror not yet out of your own eyes, and calm yourself with such sophistry as that? How could you persuade yourself that a girl of Mab's wayward temperament, a girl who loathes this man before she marries him, will become transformed either into a wise guide, or an obedient slave, by the charm of a golden ring, and a wreath of orange blossoms.

No sailor on board his yacht, no groom in his stables, could beat Sir Henry King at a volley of oaths, or a string of hard words, when the devil was upon him, an event of by no means rare occurrence, as his valet could tell, if he had been disposed to extend his confidence from the housekeeper's room, to the drawing-room. In these respects, there had been a notable improvement in him since he had come to Mainshire. The restraint of Ayrefield had been at least temporarily beneficial. He did not dare to swear at the Ayrefield grooms if a stirrup-leather was too short, or a bit too tight in a horse's mouth as he swore at the grooms at Kingslands. He wished to keep a fair face and a good character, before Mab's servants and kinsfolk.

He was cunning enough to know that with all the advantages of his wealth, Sir Richard Ayre, who dearly loved his daughter, would hesitate to give her to a man who cursed like a trooper of dragoons, or was seen cutting a dog or a horse savagely with a riding-whip. Wherefore, until that morning, when the demon of jealousy sprang up within him, Sir Henry had been wonderfully mild of temper during his stay at Ayrefield. Partly because he was more at peace with every one on account of his successful courtship, and partly because he wished to stand well with his future connexions, Sir Henry King had neither raged nor sworn since he came to Ayrefield until he broke out before Lady Ayre.

With Mab he had been always patient—wonderfully patient—considering that in many ways she tried him to the uttermost. No later than last Sunday, the day before he left Ayrefield, he had meekly borne a wound inflicted by her on his *amour propre*.

One of the few religious scruples Sir Richard Ayre indulged in, was a scruple against harnessing his horses on a Sunday, in consequence of which the Ayrefield family attended divine service on foot. On this special Sunday Lady Ayre having encountered the rector as they came out of church, invited him to luncheon at Ayrefield; and Mab, out of one of her strange whims, actually walked all the way home with the stout old parson, leaving Sir Henry to escort her mother.

“Mamma has such a friendship for you, I thought she would like a *tête-à-tête*,” Mab had answered, when Sir Henry ventured to remonstrate.

“I would rather have your love than her friendship, Mabel!” Sir Henry said, putting his huge right arm round Mab’s neck, who was sitting on a sofa, over the back of which the baronet was leaning.

“Ah, I sell my love by the ounce, whereas mamma gives her friendship by the pound!” Mab laughed, as she rose from her seat to rid herself of the unwelcome arm, at which moment Lady Ayre entered the room, and seeing a little cloud on the young baronet’s face, asked jestingly what they two were quarrelling about.

“Sir Henry is jealous of Mr. Dawson, poor dear old man,” Mab said good-humouredly; “now, if I am not to have a pet parson, he must not have a pet dog,” in allusion to a Newfoundland dog Sir Henry had brought from Kingslands, who, to the secret disgust of Lady Ayre, continued the free-and-easy habits he had learned in a bachelor’s house, by constantly following Sir Henry into the drawing-room at Ayrefield.

“If Mab makes a pet of the parson, do you make a pet of his wife,” Lady Ayre rejoined, laughing.

“Kingslands’ parson has a very pretty wife, Mabel; so take care,” Sir Henry said, taking up the jest with infinite good humour. But Mab, tossing her head a little at her lover’s mock warning, walked to the window.

That was Sunday afternoon. Sunday night they said good-bye in the music-room, after Mab had played Sir Henry two or three airs from “Elijah.” They had said good-bye, and he had kissed

her on the cheek, because when he stooped to touch her lips, she had turned her cheek instead—a burning cheek, scarlet with shrinking shame.

From day to day, from year to year, suns and moons rise and set on such dramas as that miserable drama at Ayrefield, with its shivering heroine in Mab Ayre, and the mother who never shrunk nor trembled, never but once, when the dramatic hero's black eye flashed, and his swarth face reddened.

Well, *n'importe*, Mab will manage him, things have gone too far to try back now, and set the world a-talking. Lady Ayre solaced herself for all that may be with such like comfort as that, while Sir Henry King was wrapping himself up for the journey; and Sir Richard Ayre, lazy lie-a-bed as he was that morning, just makes his appearance in time to wish his son-in-law "*bon voyage*" on the doorstep.

That was a week ago, now it is almost Christmas; and Christmas-eve Sir Henry is expected back again at Ayrefield. Mr. Poland has been gone ten days, after due farewells to all his friends, Mab Ayre especially, with whom he sat half the afternoon when he called to say adieu, despite the dead silence Lady Ayre preserved during his stay, and the very evident bore he was to Mab's lover, who all the time kept making his big dog snap bits of bread he cast close to Mab's feet, once even throwing some under Mr. Poland's chair, after which the dog plunged with such uncompromising eagerness, as nearly to upset that gentleman, by heaving him up, chair and all, on his back; at which excellent joke Sir Henry first laughed aloud, and then apologized after a fashion, which just saved the freak from being a positive affront.

"By-and-by, I'll call to see her at Kingslands," Mr. Poland declared to himself as he went down the avenue, "and I will see whether he will like me better there than he does at Ayrefield."

So this blessed marriage, with all the blessed consequences likely to accrue from it, comes floating nearer on the tide of time.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It wanted but a week of Christmas. Mab Ayre had driven over to Cravenscroft, and her ponies were shaking their bells before the door, while Mab herself was closeted in the library with Maud Craven.



Mr. Craven had gone to Bracebridge in a hired carriage, to meet an agent of the railway company. The company had come into his terms, and he was that day to receive the money from their agent.

Something like business had begun to show itself in Cravenscroft. In a month or two from now, when the frost begins to disappear, and the genial spring to open, Mr. Craven will have the London engineer down at Cravenscroft, and then will commence the reclaiming of the waste land by which the sea continually moans, and to whose dreary marsh the white gull goes home when he flies landwards.

Mr. Craven was away, and the two girls were sitting by the fire. Mab in her old favourite fashion crouched upon the fender, her long black silk dress lying over the hearth-rug, her hat tossed carelessly behind her, and blue ribbons wound through her thick soft hair, Maud close to her, talking and listening alternately, thinking through it all how very handsome Mab was looking, and how dearly she would like to be able to dress after Mab's becoming fashion. To have blue ribbon in her hair, and long rich dresses flowing after her when she walked. To carry such startling feathers in her hat, and rings of turquoises and emeralds, and diamond hoops on her fingers.

It was very fine to live in a house whose hall was slabbed with pure marble, and whose grand staircase was covered with scarlet cloth, which looked very showy indeed, although it had been dyed at Bracebridge. It was very grand to have a great library, so broad and long that shadows were always hanging round its distant corners; to have balustrades of carved oak to the scarlet-covered staircase; to have rooms full of gorgeous furniture, fit to meet the eye of royalty, who had promised once, and failed, to pay Cravenscroft a visit. Gilded mirrors, and amber hangings, and rich buhl cabinets are fine things in their way, and much to be admired when there are horses in the stable, and carriages in the coach-house, when there are servants in the servants' hall, and gay company sleeping under velvet hangings in the best bed-rooms, or flirting on the amber sofas; but now, when silver was scarce in Cravenscroft, and gold was scarcer, when no horses were in the stable, and no gay company in the drawing-room, when Maud Craven had to find her way on foot to the remotest confines of the domain, in place of driving in a pretty park carriage, drawn by pretty park ponies,

when gorgeousness was linked with desolation, and fading splendour went hand in hand with poverty, the union made the girl's heart sick. It made her captious and discontented; it made her, if not envious of the fairer destinies of other girls, at least yearn to be like them.

There was an innate love of luxury in Maud's nature; she desired to walk in smooth places, to see life in its fairest; she sat far off in the shade, longing for the sunshine. Looking back on the past glories of her house, and around on its fallen splendour, the curse on her life waxing hard, and the pride in her heart waxing hard likewise, until Ellerton's face and Ellerton's voice charmed away the demon.

When Ellerton spoke of poverty, he did not speak of it in bitterness but in sportiveness. He spoke of himself as a poor soldier, and impressed upon her that she must be a brave wife, content to share his fortune.

Then it was that Maud's longing for the wasted gold of her ancestors took a different tone. She wished for riches still, but not entirely for her father's sake or her own, but for Ellerton's. She longed for them that she might bestow them on him. She wished to see Cravenscroft restored to its pristine beauty, that she might bring it to him. Its grand old trees, its sweeping avenues, its far-off stretch of green park; all the beauty with which nature had endowed it so highly, would seem more beautiful if she could only bring it to him. But alas! between the wish and its fulfilment stood Mr. Poland, of Gracechurch-street, and Mr. Greystone, of Lombard-street, City.

Cravenscroft could never give her a dowry sufficient to make her gracious in any man's eyes. It could not even afford her ten thousand pounds, as Ayrefield could afford Mab; or the wardrobe, full of tasteful millinery, with which Mab decorated her showy beauty. Maud had longed to be dressed like the women whose laces, and muslins, and costly silks, had graced the fête at Ayrefield; but she longed more deeply still, since Hugh Ellerton had come a-wooing to Cravenscroft.

She would give much to meet him in spring-time, in a dashing hat like Mab Ayre's; she would like to be always dressed like Mab, to wear trailing silk robes like the one which Mab had on then, that contrasted so prettily with its chaste mauve trimmings; but above all Maud admired Mab's boots. I am sorry to say Mab was

somewhat fast in the matter of boots, and that Maud's taste was tainted by her friend's fastness. She was to have a day's shopping when her father got this money from the railway people. Miserable Bracebridge shopping, in drapers' shops, where farmers' wives and shopkeepers' daughters would share with her the attention of shop-assistants, with greasy hair and chilblained fingers—but still shopping, nevertheless; and Maud thinking of it, wickedly wondered to herself if Bracebridge could afford her the high heels and tall ancles, the dressy tassels, and superfine kid of Mab's well-fitting gaiter-boots.

Women in love and women out of love are all alike. They are equally fond of dress, and vanity, and nonsense. Those out of love dress for the men they mean to conquer; those in love dress for the man they have conquered. If Eve ate the apple to obtain fine clothes for her descendants, it must pain her to look down on so many of her daughters travelling out their pilgrimage in rags.

"So you won't go out to-day, Maud," Mab cried. "Do you really mean to tell me you think nursing your laziness preferable to a drive?"

"No, but you shall give me a drive to-morrow. I mean to go to Bracebridge to-morrow to shop, and you must come with me," Maud answered, with her admiring eyes on Mab's flowing black silk spread over the rug, and the wicked boots which peeped out under its edges.

"That will be nice. I never went shopping with you before, Maud, and I must make you buy all kinds of extravagant things," Mab laughed.

Maud reddened, that painful reddening where pride grows scarlet before a confession of poverty.

"I won't have much money, Mab; we can't afford to be extravagant at Cravenscroft."

"That's all nonsense. The less clothes a girl does with the less people will give her. I'd take a tree out of the park and sell it before I would do without good dress. And now that your papa is getting this money from the railway people, make him give you fifty pounds. That will do something, well laid out."

"Mab you are gone crazy," Maud cried, opening her blue eyes of wonder, in which there had been only visions of a ten-pound note.

"No, but you are. Who would ever dream of going shopping



on less than fifty pounds? You want a hundred things. This railway money is a godsend, and we have a right to spend god-sends."

"Papa would never give me fifty pounds."

"Then I shall have nothing to say to the shopping; you must take glum old Peters, who can look after the farthings, and see you don't pay half-a-crown too much for a bonnet, or a shilling too much for a hat. My genius would only expand beyond our resources, and I should get you into debt."

"I dare not go into debt," Maud exclaimed, with the air of a neophyte, half pitiable, half amusing, to the girl of the world who sat before her.

"You are such a baby, Maud. Do you suppose you can live here all your life without society, or do you think you can mix in it without dressing as it dresses? What on earth do you mean to do with yourself? Surely you don't intend to sit here until you grow a little grey old maid, gnawing your heart out for very bitterness."

Maud looked down again at Mab's boots. She thought she did know what she intended doing with herself, but she hid her secret behind a shy smile.

"You had better encourage George," Mab laughed. "You will get nothing half so good as George, if you stay here for ever. You could marry him without the help of the fifty pounds, but I much doubt that you will marry any one else. Cravenscroft is a dreadful dreary place, dear; even the thrushes are not singing here now." And Mab looked at the tall leafless trees shining with glittering icicles.

"I don't care about George," Maud answered, with a candour at which her friend was astonished, "and I shall never marry any man for his money."

"Ah, the glorious romance of poverty," Mab laughed contemptuously. "Have you found a hero to try it with, Maud?"

"I don't want to be laughed at," Maud answered pettishly.

"I am not laughing at you, Maud. I am only laughing because I believed in the romance of poverty once myself, whereas I now believe in the romance of riches—the tangible romance which surrounds fine houses, fine friends, and fine clothes."

"And because I cannot buy fine clothes you won't come to shop with me!" Maud cried in her pretty defiant way.

"I honestly could not, on account of my expanding genius. I repeat, I should only run you into debt."

"I never owed a bill in my life," Maud said, crouching before her friend's bolder spirit; "and I dare not dream of laying out fifty pounds. The idea is extravagant."

"Extravagant," Mab repeated; "the world applauds extravagance. It denies it, but it does. Men pretend to be frightened at great milliner's bills; but do the girls who fall into severe simplicity to please them succeed? Go into the world and see. It's very fine fireside talk; it even looks well in magazines and newspapers; but so long as girls look charming in a becoming toilette, so long as half of them are married through the aid of the milliner, so long will they dress. Maud, dear, you must come to Kingslands, if it were only for the sake of enlarging your mind. You must come with me to London in the season, too, and I will show you a woman who married on dress and credit, because the milliner thought she was handsome enough to secure a husband able to pay her bill. She has done it too, and the man who married her has actually paid for the plumage whose brilliance helped to snare him. You are a baby, who does not know the world; you must take some practical lessons from me by-and-by. Yes, *mon amie*, you must come with me to Kingslands, and to London when the season opens. But I have a chance for you now without London. I had a letter from Sir Henry yesterday, and he is bringing down a rich bachelor friend to spend Christmas at Ayrefield; he wrote for permission—a college chum—a very intimate friend indeed. Now, Maud, if we are to go in for a campaign together you must dress, and you must have that fifty pounds. I shall come over to-morrow and talk to Mr. Craven about it."

Maud laughed, and coloured.

"Mab, I am half ashamed of you; it's dreadfully gross to sit there speculating on a strange man's money."

"My dear, I have mamma for an example; she is speculating too."

"Is he richer than Sir Henry King?" Maud asked innocently.

"You don't suppose she is dreaming of a transfer? No such thing; she is dreaming of Raby. Raby, poor child, is to be schooled out of her childishness, and put into long dresses for the occasion. You may open your eyes, but it's true; the order went to London by yesterday's post, along with my answer to Sir Henry, and we

shall have Raby trailing about in sixty-inch skirts before a week is out."

"What does Raby say?"

"Raby is delighted, not with her possible match, of which she knows nothing, but with her long dresses. Mamma is not such a fool as to take the attraction of innocence off a girl, who is too young to substitute in its place the charm of coquetry. No, Raby's chance is to be left to her good looks and her own devices, aided by such underhand management as mamma can bring to bear."

Maud came out of her big chair and stood before her friend, her pretty head set with a haughty grace, the curved line of her lip, and the curved arch of her brow expressive of contempt. A beautiful scornful young girl, unconscious of the charming *pose* she had chosen, as she stood sideways against the light, with one small hand laid upon the mantelpiece, and one small foot—a lovely foot in spite of Bracebridge boots—resting on the fender.

"Mab, it is dreadful," she cried, in a burst of indignation. "I begin to think the great world is a very wicked world, and the people very wicked who are in it."

"*Ma belle, ma belle*, what a charming attitude," Mab laughed, half jesting, half admiring. "What would not a Terry or a Collas give for that little touch, if they could catch it after a week's hard work before the glass. You are lovely, there is no question or doubt about it," she cried, warming to the glow of Maud's beauty. Then she rose up, and going over to Maud slid her arm affectionately round her waist. "Maud, darling, you rail against the world and its wickedness; yet it is for that garish, golden world you were made; you mistake yourself if you think otherwise. Luxury is essential to you; the soft things of the world and its pleasant places are essential to you. You won't do for a heroine, in what I called a moment since the romance of poverty. Cravenscroft is very dull, and lonely, and miserable; but its dreary grandeur has nursed the pride in your heart, which all Mainshire says has been the Craven *bête noir* since Mainshire knew a Craven."

"And when did it not know a Craven?" Maud asked, her pretty face flushing, and her pretty attitude of hand and foot, and the proud poise of her head unaltered.

"When wicked Stephen was king there was no Craven, nor no Cravenscroft. Now, Maud, you may give that saucy set to your head, and that proud little clench to your hand if you like; but to



all things there has been a beginning, and to all things there will be an end. This pride will ruin you, Maud ; you must get out of this dreadful arid life, and these worse than arid memories ; you must go into the world like other women, and marry well ; you must marry well. You don't think it, Maud, but I repeat money is necessary to you. There is not a little girl in England who would more dearly love satins, and silks, and jewels. Did I not see the gleam in your eye while you held up the pearls Sir Henry gave me ? You may not know yourself, but I know you ; my sight is keener than it was when we two romanced in Ayrefield fifteen months ago."

"Then, you were marrying for love ; now, you are marrying for money," Maud said, with her hand still clenched into a firm little ball of a fist.

"And I would marry for love now, Maud, if I got the chance ; I would leave Sir Henry King to-morrow for Marchmont if I got the chance ; but I never will get it, so let it pass. I will marry Sir Henry, and you will marry a rich man with twenty thousand a-year or so, with whom you can afford to rejoice in the Craven pedigree, better than with some poor, good-looking fellow, who would probably come home to Cravenscroft because he dared not transplant you from its grandeur, to such a paltry paradise as he could afford. I have his picture before me : a dark man, not of an honest bronzed darkness, but a rich Spanish brown, which would turn sallow in the troubled air of Cravenscroft : a man, graceful of limb, who would play at country gentleman, by going about in a shabby shooting-jacket and gaiters ; who would let his hair grow and wear his beard long ; who would be for ever about the stables after his hunter, or about the kennel after his dogs ; or worse evil still, subscribing to a fashionable London club, and leaving you alone in Cravenscroft whilst he plumed his feathers in Piccadilly, or dangled after such pretty women as would accept his homage second-hand." And Mab laughingly wound her arm closer round Maud, and kissed her on the cheek. "You don't like the picture ; it is a horrible daub, so we'll shut it up, and say good-bye until to-morrow. To-morrow we shall go out and buy wonderful things in the shape of silks, and darling bonnets, and tasteful mantles, and I don't know how many *et ceteras*. Look out for me early, dear," Mab went on as she put on her hat, and gathered up her skirt in her hand preparatory to starting, with such careful gathering as to show her dressy underskirt, and those iniquitous tasselled boots, on

which Maud's eyes falling made her forget her pouts and the great pedigree of the great Cravens, in a more womanly ambition.

"Mab, do you think I could get boots like yours in Bracebridge?" she asked, with sudden resolve to know her fate.

"Bless your heart, no; we can get nothing in Bracebridge. We shall go to Clapton; I'll treat you to a first-class ticket," Mab answered, with her hand on the library-door. "We shall start early, and make a day of it."

After this unexpected announcement, which almost took away Maud's breath with delight, Mab made her way to her carriage, and gathering up her reins, nodded and smiled at Maud while her servant fastened her tiger-skin rug across her knees.

"You will please be careful of Jett, ma'am," the man said, with his hand to his hat; "she is a little put out by standing in the frost, and the bells are vexing her."

"Don't be uneasy, Robbins, she will do well enough; and as for the bells she must get accustomed to them," Mab answered carelessly.

"You had better let Robbins take the reins, Mab; he can drive from behind you," Maud said, coming forward anxiously to join in the discussion, and making the very suggestion the groom would have liked to make himself if he had dared.

"Nonsense," Mab said, impatient of the doubt thrown on her management of her ponies, of which she was not a little proud. "I shall do very well; I would not be afraid to drive Jett alone to Ayrefield. You can walk home, Robbins, if you are nervous."

Of course, Robbins, although funky at heart, declared he was not nervous. What groom in England could hesitate to spring behind so dauntless a mistress as Mab Ayre? And Jett, spinning down the avenue, was fain to own that the evil spirits which animate wicked horses were not strong enough in her that day to defy the firm hand Mab laid on her white reins.

"The Lord be praised, we got home safe this time," Robbins said to a brother groom, who was standing by when Jett was rolling round the whites of her eyes at him, as he unharnessed her from the phaeton; "but it will be a wonder if that devil don't give us a smash some day."

## THE DOLL'S VIGIL.

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"DOLLY, I'm tired, so tired of play,  
 Your cheeks with my tears are wet;  
 No one will look for us, though it is late,  
 For mother is slumbering yet;  
 Slumbering yet, though she loves us so,  
 But, Dolly, we'll go and see,  
 And if she can hear us, I know she will wake,  
 My dolly, for you and me.

"Dolly, our mother's asleep by this tree,  
 They cover'd the place with grass  
 For fear of the cold, and lest she should hear  
 The footsteps of people that pass.  
 Home I must go when it gets quite dark,  
 But Dolly, I'll leave you here;  
 If mother should waken, and see you, she'll know  
 We two have been wandering near.

"Oh Dolly, it's snowing, there's no one to care,  
 And oh, it is damp and chill;  
 Poor mother may waken, so Dolly, we'll stay,  
 And lovingly watch by her still."  
 Both mother and orphan were sleeping soon,  
 They heard not the wind's sad tone,  
 While drifting the snow o'er their resting-place,  
 Where Dolly was watching alone.

REA.



## THE OBSERVANCES OF MAY-DAY :

A ROUND OF MAYING.

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

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WHY should we not go Maying? Though the Helenas and Hermias of our time have ceased to “do observance to a morn of May,” is fashion to put out of court the dictum of a philosopher? and is Sir Francis Bacon’s suggestion (in whose time people gathered May-dew as a medicine) to be held as naught; that “he who would gather the best should gather it from the hills”—there it lay freshest, cloud condensed, and with least taint of earth in it; and every step to the high place indicated was one in the direction of health, to him whose small ailments were assuageable by so mild a medicament.

There is nothing in the fading away of the ancient custom, and the ancient faith in the medical and cosmetrical uses of May-dew, to hinder our belief in its efficacy to make a fair face, and in all the other sweet influences of the month, especially on the first day of it. We may rise early if it so please us, and listen to the matitutinal songs of mavis and blackbird, and the trillings of soaring skylarks, soaring and singing in the clear morning air; and now close at hand, now afar off, the cuckoo’s echo of his two-note song! Such music might even compensate for the loss of “gamesome pipe and rustic tabor,” and the glad voices of youths and maidens, who, altogether in ignorance of a goddess Flora and her Roman festival were wont to keep her *festa* in our English woods.

No need for us to make a journey over-night, like Mrs. Secretary Pepys, in order to advantage ourselves of the cosmetrical virtues of May-dew in Greenwich Park, or on Blackheath, had we desired it; we were already in the heart of the fair country, amidst springing hop-vines, and white cherry blossoms; and only imagine bathing one’s face in their fair clusters!

Here were the hedge-rows looking as they might have looked in the times of Chaucer, and Shakespeare, an "odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds," with "bees the little almsmen of spring bowers," every where busy in them.

Old people called it an old-fashioned season, and in sooth it was so sweet, and fresh, and flowery, in these country parts, as to make us regret that while nearly every village has its "green," the May-pole proper to it in ancient times has disappeared as universally as the stocks and cage, to which, alas! in the days of "Church-brewings<sup>1</sup>," and "high jinks," it not unseldom proved a handpost. There are two sides to every subject, and the flowery streamers we once saw pendant from the grey stone cross of a hill village in Derbyshire<sup>2</sup> (unconscious offerings to the unknown Lamia) had more of poetry in their faded reminiscences of "a sunshine holiday," than if we had beheld miners and weavers with their lasses in a ring, after the fashion of Teniers' boors and women, dancing their best about it.

It is time, like distance, that gives the enchantment of poetry to the old customs of the rough arcady of our forefathers, whose sports, to say the least of them, were rude as they were picturesque:—but about the season itself. There has ever been a changeless charm, a spirit of jubilant gladness, that, in more simple and demonstrative times than ours, broke forth into singing and dances.

"Mire is the entree of May  
The fowls<sup>3</sup> make miree play,  
Maidens singeth and maketh play,  
The time is hot, and long the day.  
The joliff nightingale singeth,  
In the green mede flowers singeth."

So sang the author of the "Romance of Merlin;" and the writer of "Morte Arthur" had anticipated these expressions.

"A mirie time it is in May,  
When springeth the summer's day,  
And damsels carols leadeth."

A triplet that, though silent on the subject of the May-pole, raises a procession of maidens to the imagination, and reminds us that Spring had its carols as well as Christmas. We have faded vestiges of them in those mild madrigals, and songs to May, that

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<sup>1</sup> For Whitsun Ale.

<sup>2</sup> Bonsell.

<sup>3</sup> Birds.

annually budded forth in the narrow, closely-printed columns of the "Gentleman's," and "European" Magazines; and which indeed are not wholly unknown to the periodical literature of our own times.

But to return to Kent, and the May-day we have in our remembrance. We were, as we have said, in one of its loveliest districts, a pastoral country in the foreground, through which, keeping it freshly green, a branch of the winding Stour meandered, doubling upon itself here and there, amidst meadows the rich flatness of which was only broken by groups of prevailing ash-trees, alder clumps, and willows dotting the river sides, and at long distances by an old grey cottage, or timber-framed farm-house, with red-tiled roof, and its surrounding stacks, barns, and white-cowled hop-oast.

Beyond were the hanging woods of Winchelsea Park, and the green curves of the Wye Hills showing, in the white scars upon their sides, the chalk of which they are composed. When the sun had shone out between the previous gusty April showers, pre-lusive, according to the old rhyme, of a flowery May, the lights and shadows on those hills were lovely, and so was the effect of the shifting mists which coquetted with their rounded heights and wooded hollows, and made unnumbered pictures of the self-same view.

But April had gone out and May come in, and thus we were in Kent on the first day of it.

Who would have talked of bringing home the May, which this fair spring had brought to every man's door, in such affluence of cherry and apple bloom, that garlands, however fine, would have looked poor dull things by comparison. Cottages, farm-houses, whole hamlets, all but the square grey church tower, or pointed spire, lay roof deep in a floral snow of cherry blossom, which the lightest breeze drifted out into the roads, making them white in places with the fallen petals.

Loving topographers have called Kent the garden of England, but the part of it in which we found ourselves, was, as it were, a garden within a garden. Wherever the eye fell on orchard, hedge-row, or meadow, it fell upon a feast of flowers. The most opulent images of the poets, Virgil's "full canisters," and the "heaped handfuls" of Horace, seemed parsimonious in sight of all this natural profusion. The light lines of Sir Thomas Campion in



"The Memorable Mask," came nearer to it in their liberal simplicity,—

"Now hath Flora robb'd her bowers  
To befriend this place with flowers.  
Strew about—strew about."

We will leave the breaking down of green boughs, and the indiscriminate raid on garden beds, to such simple representatives of the May-day customs of olden England as beset us on that May-morn, with rustic curtseys, and blushing smiles upon the hill-side road from "Old Wives Lees," whither we had been for the view of Chilham and its castle-keep, the fair, but alienated inheritance of the Diggs's. So fair, so hard to part from, that it is locally said a soldier son of the house could never gaze upon it but through tears. But this is beside our small *Mayences*! Two little maids about the age of Beatrice when Dante first beheld her, and like Beatrice, but in another fashion, keeping May-day. Two little maids bearing a flowery ark between them, suspended on a willow wand, and covered closely, as if it had been a religious mystery, with the whitest of Sunday handkerchiefs.

Whether the village mothers—burying their maternal jealousy for the day, like the key of Ladybird's house, "under the Grindle's stone"—had chosen them from all the other children "Queens of the May," we know not, but two fairer, fresher, sweeter little damsels of the true St. Gregory *non Angli sed angeli* type, it would have been hard to find out of Saxon England. And these, and such as these, simple votaries of a dead faith, with a dressed doll in a flowery wreath, is all that remain in these parts of the traditional ceremonies of May-day—ceremonies wide-spread as the Aryan race, and as ancient as man's gratitude to the gods for the return of the vernal season, of which the songs, the flowers, and the dance, were primitively the exoteric expression.

Like all the agricultural fêtes of the ancients, it was one of Nature's making—a season of recognized repose for the tillers of the ground and the tired beasts who shared their labours. The corn was green, the blossoms on the trees—nothing remained in the hands of man towards accomplishing the fruition of his hopes, but to invoke the blessing and protection of the Supreme Power, who, under so many names and with such varied circumstances, all but the most barbarous nations recognized.

The Sicilians are said to have introduced the *culte* of Flora to the

Greeks, who called her Chloris, a surname of Ceres, with whom they probably connected her. The Sabines also adored her, and brought her worship to Rome in the early years of the Republic. But the primary festivals of Flora are not to be confounded with the later floral games instituted B.C. 15 (some say 1613)—those wanton games, at which the very actors in them blushed and hesitated in the presence of the virtuous Cato.

In these later fêtes the simply religious and social purposes of the original festival, calling together by the sound of the *tuba* families and the inhabitants of scattered villages, to meet at a common altar in the act of sacrifice and praise to the gods, seems to have been lost sight of, and the rites to have degenerated to gross orgies. Yet it is interesting to trace in the May-day customs once common to this country, and still feebly lingering in parts of it, as well as throughout the continent of Europe, vestiges of the commingled fêtes of the ancients, proper to the month maintained by tradition and the holiday games of childhood and youth.

In ancient Italy the first day of May was specially devoted to Mania, or the Moon, "Queen of Heaven," and the mother of the Lares; but the fête of Flora was also continued on the first three days of the month. Some ten days previously the shepherds had held their festival—the fête of Pales, the protectress of folds and flocks. The fêtes of Proserpine and Ceres followed, and nearly all the intermediate days were occupied with the fêtes of various rustic deities, whose aid was sought on behalf of teeming nature and the growing crops. Hence certain rites proper to the worship of one divinity came to be traditionally involved with those appertaining to another, and vestiges of the ceremonies used at the gay festival of the goddess of the fields, and trees, and flowers, appear to have come down to modern times thus intermingled with fragments of others, and older ones. The blowing of horns and trumpets, that earliest mode of announcing a public festival common to the Jews and other eastern nations, and which is so frequently referred to by the Hebrew poets and prophets,—“Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, proclaim a feast!” and which awoke the inhabitants of Rome at the opening of the “Ludi Florales,”—has still a lingering echo on the hill-tops of the Isle of Man, where at the dawn of May-day the young men assemble with cows’ horns, and from the summit of Snafield to the Greeba hills, from Pen-y-pot to South and North Barrule, proclaim with the clamour of these

bovine instruments the advent of summer. Similar rites formerly took place at Old Sarum, and on May Hill, in Gloucestershire, and various other high places in England, within the memory of the living. It was the custom of the Romans, while the Floralia lasted, to clothe themselves, as Emerson says of youth, "with rainbows, and go brave as the Zodiac," in the most brilliant and varied colours, in imitation of those with which the earth is enamelled at this season. So also used the young women in the Isle of Man, when, in former years, they headed what was called the Procession of Summer; and so do the maidens in many of the German valleys to this day. The Romans decked their doors with green boughs, as the citizens of London did theirs from the days of Chaucer, nay long before it, to those of the Charles's; a custom adhered to in the villages of Bohemia, where the Maypole, the garland, and dances still obtain.

In Rome the young girls chose them a queen, crowned her with flowers, and bore her in a leafy litter, or chair, from house to house, demanding in her name largess from all they met. It was a pretty way of extracting what the French call *les étrennes*, and one which has had considerable success. In Spain, where the custom flourished when Gebelin wrote, and may still, for aught we know, it had given rise to the proverb, "*Quando las muchachas piden para la Maya*,"—"Whatever young girls ask for is always for the May."

In the Pays de Vaud the Queen of the May and her attendants are called *Mayences*, in rustic English, Mayers; there she has no chair, but goes from house to house with her crown of flowers, and, adds the author of the "History of the Religious Calendar," "*C'est un beau jour pour les enfans*." At this day in the Isle of Man, where, insignificant as it is, the Romans have left their mark, the little girls do as did their prototypes at Rome. They choose a queen, and decking her with ribbons and those flowers of innocence and spring—primroses, violets, and buttercups, visit the villages and farmhouses, with the inquiry if any one wishes "to buy the queen's favour"? (a bit of the ribbon she wears) a modest way of obtaining a small gratuity, the amount of which is subsequently expended on a feast for herself and her companions. The little maids of Athens had probably the same custom, which prevailed in other parts of Attica, where, clad in white and crowned with violets, they went about on the analogous feast of Chloris, singing the songs of spring-time and of May. Gebelin does not



give us the words of these songs, but on the other hand, he has quoted the songs of the swallow (*hirondelle*) and of the crow (*corneille*), whose coming was celebrated by the youths of the Isle of Rhodes, that land of roses, in which never day was so dark or cloudy but that the sun shone; and by those of Colophon, very much in the same way as their sisters, the *Mayences*, celebrated the fête of Flora.

At Rhodes the young men went in groups from house to house, proclaiming the arrival of summer from that of her winged har-binger the swallow. The schools were closed on this festival, in order that the children might keep holiday, and the people, for joy that the glad season of the year was at hand, gave liberally to the *Hirondellisers*. Listen to them singing,—

“She has come, she has come!  
 The swallow that brings the spring,  
 And the fine time of the year.  
 She has a white belly, black is her back,  
 If you would bring good to your house,  
 Give her some figs, wine, cheese, and corn;  
 The swallow will not disdain them,  
 She takes what you will give.  
 She is small and will not embarrass you.  
 Open, open to the swallow.  
 We are not grey-beards, but young men!”

One Cleobule, of Lendes, in the Isle of Rhodes, is said to have composed this song, and to have invented this mode of obtaining gifts. The song of the “*Corneille*” was chaunted by the young men of Colophon with the same object, and at the same time of the year.

But if May was thus welcomed on southern shores, we can *feel* the joy its coming caused the northern nations in the sweet names they gave it.

The triple-milk-month of the anti-poetical, ever-practical Anglo-Saxons was the “month of happy days” to the Icelanders; the “Variant” of the Swedes, the “Flower Month” of the Danes, the “Month of Pleasure” of the ancient French, and the “Bloje,” or “Bloom Month” of the Dutch; and peerless amongst these pretty epithets comes our own Chaucer’s “*fairé freshé May*.”

Fire, in the shape of flambeaux, was used both at the Floralia and at the fête of Ceres, when in imitation of the distracted goddess seeking amidst the flowery Sicilian plains her ravished daugh-

ter; the women with bare feet, dishevelled hair, and with lighted torches in their hands, wandered at nightfall upon the hills, and through the fields, calling aloud the name of Proserpine!

But for the mystic use of fire on May night—the carrying lighted brands round the fields, and the sheep and cattle folded in them, with the idea that it purified the air, and protected them from disease, witchcraft, the power of demons and the evil eye (a superstition not yet wholly extinct in the Highlands of Scotland, in parts of Ireland, and the Isle of Man), as well as for the antique practice of lighting great fires on this night, and dancing round and leaping over them, we must seek their origin in other rites than those offered to Flora.

These customs are wholly Arcadian, and did not, like the vestiges of the Floralia, impenetrate the towns; neither, though analogous to them, are they one and the same with those used by the northern nations in honour of the summer solstice. The blue smoke of the turf fires, or of the blazing gorse on the Manx hills and headlands, and on Highland mountain pastures, had their type probably in those of rosemary and savin, which the Roman shepherds lit immediately the sun set on the fête of Pales.

Pennant, in his “Tour of the Highlands,” describes a ritual almost identical with that of this antique worship, the lustral water, the libation, and the cake of meal, which, after breaking with some kind of invocation, and with their faces turned to the fire, the practical Highland shepherds made a meal of.

The cake offered of old to the rustic déesse Pales was of millet, and full panniers of the same grain, with milk, and ordinary meats, were supposed to propitiate her.

The prayer addressed to Pales affords so curious a picture in words, of the simple faith and fears of the pastoral people, for whom every wood, and stream, and tree, had its divinity, that we venture to translate it:—

“Pales! take under your protection the flocks, and those to whom they belong, that no evil may approach my sheep-fold at any time when I may imprudently pasture the sheep in a sacred wood, or that they shall meddle with a sacred tree, or grass growing above a grave! Or if at any time I should enter a sacred forest, so that the Nymphs and the god Pan shall be obliged to fly from my sight; or when with my pruning-knife I cut in a sacred wood some branches to give the leaves to a sick sheep,—accord me your pardon for these things, that I may not be punished; nor for having sheltered my flock from the hail in a temple formed by nature; nor for having troubled the water of your ponds.

Nymphs, pardon us, if sometimes our sheep have disturbed your limpid waters. Goddess, appease for us thyself, the Nymphs of the fountains, and the gods scattered in our forests, that our eyes may never perceive the Driades, nor Diana in her bath, nor Faun that walks at the hour of mid-day. Chase from us all maladies; preserve in good health the men, the flocks, and the vigilant dogs that guard them; that I may bring back each evening all my sheep in good condition, that none may fall under the cruel teeth of the wolf, that we may always have abundance of pasture, of leaves, and of water to wash them in, and to drink."

They prayed also for abundance of milk and cheese, and that their flocks might be rich in lambs, that the wool should not hurt the maidens who spun it, nor those who wore garments made of it, and they ended their supplications with the phrase, "Accept our prayers, &c., so that each year we may have the power to make a great cake in honour of Pales, the sovereign of shepherds." In order to appease the goddess they were to repeat this prayer four times with their faces turned to the east, then to wash their hands in running water, and to drink immediately wine and milk mingled in a large vase; and lastly, with a light foot to leap over a fire of blazing straw. Ovid tells us that the leaping over the fire three times, which is still done wherever the May night fires are kindled, was part of the prescribed ritual.

How these observances, proper to the 21st of April, came to be transferred from the Roman hills to the Scottish highlands, and elsewhere, and inextricably mingled with those appertaining to the Floralia, we must leave to the learned in these matters.

In the course of time and social transplantations, they did, however, come to be mingled, like the Morris-dance, Maid Marian, and Robin Hood, with the ceremonies of May-day. These latter were, comparatively, modern, and wholly English; but the Morris-dance which we once saw on a long-ago May-day performed in a London street by a set of youths in Lincoln-green, with clashing swords and bell-hung buskins, possibly preserved an unconscious reminiscence of the once sacred dance of the armed Saliens, whose movements were said to represent the revolution of the stars, and who danced in the streets of ancient Rome in honour of Mania the mother of the Lares, whose fête, as we have said, fell on the 1st of May.

It would appear from Spenser's charming description of May morning that the flower-dressings of May-day were not ignored by the Church, for after describing how—



“Young folks now flocken in every where,  
To gather May baskets and smelling breere,”

He adds,—

“And home they hasten—the postes to dight,  
And all the kirk-pillours eare day-light.”

Perhaps of all the pretty pictures of the bringing in of the May, that of old Philip Stubbs is the most picturesque. He always reminds us, in that famous denouncement of the May games, of those prophets who came to curse, but whose anathemas resolved themselves into blessings.

It is like a rustic picture of Birket Foster's, full of natural colour and freshness, and we seem to hear the shouts and clamour of the merry multitude, as the great tree makes the wain creak and oscillate, notwithstanding the “twenty or forty yoke of oxen, each with a sweet nosegay tied to the tip of his horns,” by which it is drawn to its intended site. We see the gay streamers, the handkerchiefs, ribbons, and flowery garlands with which he tells us in rather coarse terms they decked their “idol.” And it is no fault of his, if we fail to hear the shrilly pipe and tabor and blatant horns, with which the city apprentices, free on this morn to make as much noise as they pleased, awoke all “slug abeds” upon the line of the procession.

There was a consonance, then, between this half pastoral, wholly picturesque pageant, and the aspect of the city itself. In the narrow, rugged tortuous streets, with here and there a tree, and now a garden; in the quaint irregularity of the timber houses, with their high gable ends, pierced with tiers of low transverse windows, and overhanging galleries like the stern of an old Dutch Admiral ship, and as rich in carved festoons of foliage, and fruit, and flowers. Such architectural shapes, and such structures, lent themselves naturally to the adornments of May-day—there was an affinity between them, as if the dry timber responsive to the Spring had sprouted out afresh in the green boughs set at the doors—and the same fitness existed in the holiday itself, and the early out-of-doors habits of the people, as well as in the near presence of the woods, that fringed, as it were, the north-western suburbs of London.

But with the last of the Tudors the glory of the May-games departed. They were declining even previously, for Stow, who died in 1605, tells us that in his time they were not conducted with so

much splendour as they had been. Puritanism, which looked on all amusements with a sour visage, denounced the May-pole as Mr. Philip Stubbs had done, a "pagan idol," and all holidays papistical; and in 1644, May-poles were abolished by Act of Parliament. But sixteen years of "all work and no play," effected a counter revolution of feeling in the popular mind, and with the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, the tall and slender May-pole once more arose—the May-fair again revived—and, as if to give royal countenance to the flowery festival, the Duke of York was present at the inauguration of that famous one a hundred feet high, which stood upon the site of the present church of St. Mary-le-Strand, and remained there, till 1717, decked not only on May-days, but on every public occasion, with ribbons, flowers, scarfs, and flags.

Nor was Maid Marian, or Robin Hood, with his Merry Sherwood foresters, forgotten—still less the lord and lady of the May, or the traditionary hobby-horse and dragon: all the personæ of the summer pageant leaped into life on the rearing of its symbol, and once more the citizens of London "of all estates had their several Mayings." And the cowslip-tinted Kilburn meadows, and the Hampstead and Hornsey woods, were again laid under contribution for the making of crowns and garlands, and the decking of houses and the conduits.

Our artist has reproduced the scene at the high tide of its hilarity. Imagine the hurly-burly of the throng—the conflicting performances of the way-worn, bare-footed itinerant musician, and that of the light-limbed professional jocolator, who is enthusiastically taboring an accompaniment to his saltatory exercise. The roar of the dragon is at its loudest, as we can see by the pretty timidity of the dainty lady in the foreground, and the not over-delighted expression of her protector.

The broad-fronted, copious-looking individual with the bevy of thirsty souls about him—his head tonsured by the hand of Nature, if not a speculative vintner must be Friar Tuck himself! But it is round the May-pole that the revelry is at its highest. There the youths and maidens congregate: those dressed in their gayest, with, as some one has sung, "joy in their faces and boughs in their hands," and these in holiday attire, with nosegays in their bosoms, and their fair, bright faces all the fresher for their morning bath of May-dew. For with the restoration of the May-day festival

came back the old faith in that charmed prescription, and fashionable ladies Westminster-way, as well as the citizens' wives and daughters, were fain to make trial of its effects.

Thus the garrulous little Secretary of the Admiralty sets down in his famous "Diary," how Mrs. Pepys, on May-eve, had gone down to Woolwich, "in order to a little ayre, and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash the face with!" Nor did the innocent belief die out with the rites in which it originated, for on the 2nd of May, 1791, the *Morning Post* observes, in a gravely superior, if not repressive tone, that "yesterday, being the first of the month, a number of superstitious persons went into the fields and bathed their faces with the dew; under the idea that it would make them beautiful." We have had less sensible ideas upon the subject since then.

But behind the noisy revelry, the flowers, the dance, and the May songs, there lurked divers occult fears, so opposed to the spirit of the bright out-of-doors festival, that one is obliged to look about for a solution of it. The belief in the extreme activity of the evil principle on the first day and night of May, in the haunting presence of night-hags, demons, the evil eye, and the "good people," is probably foreshadowed in that expression in the shepherd's prayer to Pales, that they might be preserved from the sight of Faun or Driad, and which the marred rites of the Celtic peasants were supposed to drive away as effectively as the more elaborate ones of the Roman pastors. These superstitions were, of course, more ancient than the rites themselves, and in isolated places they are not yet quite extinct.

Few Irish peasants will be found without a bottle of holy water about them on this day; and mothers are specially careful to bring their children in-doors betimes, lest they should be changed or spirited away by the "*good people*." The children in the Isle of Man purchase immunity from this fear, by strewing the doorsteps and the sills of the windows with primroses on May-eve, an impossible impediment to the entrance of fairies.

As early as the times of Camden—and the superstition still lingers there—it was accounted a bad sign by the Irish to see a hare on May-day in the field where cows were grazing, or in the vicinity of barns or dairy. It was hunted with much eagerness,



under the impression that it was a witch who had assumed that form to

“Forespeak their cattle  
And bewitch their corn.”

It was probably as a purifier that fire in some shape or other was every where used in the post-meridian ceremonies of May-day. A singular and cruel custom, once common in the south of Ireland, and not wholly unknown there now, was that of tying *wisps* of straw to the tails of the cattle at night-fall, and then setting fire to them, causing the animals, in their terror, to rush frantically about the fields—a proceeding that, according to the popular superstition, very effectually put to flight all malignant airs, witch-spells, and evil spirits, that might lie in wait to do them harm.

In the Manx land, where, on the night of May-day, the gorse on every high hill and sea-washed headland is ablaze soon after sunset, we have seen crosses made of twigs of the rowan-tree<sup>4</sup> (and no farm is without one) laid in the thatch of the barns, over the dairy door, and tied to the manes and tails of the cattle with the same intention, and as a substitute for the now nearly exploded ceremony of carrying fire round the fields on this night, which was done by the native farmers not half a century since, and we were told, in 1869, was still continued by some of the old people.

It is pleasant to turn from these weird fears and obscure solemnities to the custom of Helston in Cornwall, which Warner, in 1808, described in his tour of that extreme county, that “creepeth out into the Western Maine,” as continuing in “all its innocent, gay, and unexceptionable features, the same as in the earliest times of its observance.” We allude to the singular and, we imagine, unique festival, locally known as the *Furry*, and which we gather from a notice in that valuable repository of clippings, tangled-skeins, and odds and ends of social and historical literature—*Notes and Queries*—is still annually held there on the 8th of May—the same day of the month by the way, as that on which the princely Queen Elizabeth rode from Greenwich to Sir Richard Buckley’s at Lewisham a-Maying, in 1602. For the out-of-doors enjoyment of the sweet month was by no means limited by our forefathers to the first day of it; from various sources we learn, that not only through May, but while the summer lasted, all classes took advantage of

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<sup>4</sup> “Witches have no power where there’s wood of the rowan-tree.”—*Old Ballad*.

the gaudy days of Nature's giving, and lived in closer communion with her than we of the present.

The "Furry" takes us back to those long-past times when people of all ranks shared in the festival of the Floralia, of which there can be no doubt it is a relic. Before the dawn of day such of the inhabitants as are not already on their way to the woods are aroused by those who are, with the sound of instruments and a chorus of song, in which one may catch such doggrel lines as—

"Robin Hood and little John, they both are gone to fair, O,  
And we will to the merry greenwood, to see what they do there, O!"

And singing thus, they proceed to the Grammar-school, where their appearance is the signal of a prescriptive holiday, just as that of the *Hirondellisers* was for the children of ancient Rhodes.

The next step towards the day's enjoyment is a house-to-house visitation, when, having levied a general contribution towards the expense of the sports, the crowd "*fades*," goes, disappears into the country, where, having gathered sufficient vert and flowers, they return, crowned with them, to the town, and preceded by a fiddle, dance through the streets, and so dancing into any private house they please. Warner tells us that "within the memory of man," the higher classes used to assist at these rites, *fading* into the country in the afternoon, and when they came back garlanded, dancing like the rest, and even observing the special privilege of the *Furry*, that of entering private houses. But the writer of the recent notice we have alluded to in *Notes and Queries*, distinctly states that "at noon a party of ladies and gentlemen begin to arrive from the surrounding country decked in summer attire and profusely adorned with flowers. They assemble opposite the town-hall, and, preceded by a band, perform a peculiar dance, known as the *Furry*, first advancing in double line, and then setting in couples; these evolutions are continued down the street, and in some places through the houses and up the gardens," so that it would seem that the custom only "within the memory of man," sixty-four years since, has been recently revived. Throughout the day snatches of the Helston May song, and its quaint refrain, may be heard above the music and mirth and jollity of the scene:—

"And we were up as soon as any day, O,  
For to fetch the summer home, the summer and the May, O,  
For summer is acome, and winter is away, O."

## TRANSATLANTIC BRITAINS.

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WHEN economists are steadily working out the dismemberment of the empire, and are desirous of severing the ties that bind the colonies to the mother country, it may be desirable to reflect on what the empire is likely to lose, and on what her commercial rivals are likely to gain by this threatened disruption. Were the colonies merely great grain or timber producing countries, their loss might be regarded with less anxiety, and we might be willing to trust to foreign sources for our supplies of food and wood in a time of war; but this is not the case. It is evident that there are colonies that are destined to become in time either the rivals of the mother country or a source of national wealth and strength to the empire.

A strange fate seems to have made us the owners of unrivalled commercial advantages on the eastern and western shores of the Atlantic and on the Pacific Coast. From Norway to the Cape of Good Hope the only important deposits of coal and iron on the seaboard are those of the United Kingdom. Coal, the great source of national wealth, is so bulky that it is unable to bear the cost of transport to the sea for commercial purposes; and even when situated on the seaboard, unless it can be utilized by being accessible, near some great highway of commerce, it is practically valueless as an article of export. Hence the extensive coal-beds of France, Germany, and Russia can never play an important part in commerce, except as respects the promotion of manufactures in their vicinity. The French Commission on the English coal-fields reported that nature had given us advantages which defy competition, and enable England to export her coal to the most distant countries on the globe.

Turning to the New World, we find the eastern and western outlets of the new dominion, Nova Scotia and Vancouver's Island, the very counterparts of the Mother Country in the posses-



sion of geographical and mineral advantages which are destined to be the envy and the admiration of less favoured countries.

From Alaska to Cape Horn there are no extensive deposits of coal and iron on the seaboard that can be compared with those of Vancouver's Island. At present, for the reasons already given, these mines are comparatively undeveloped. Australia, though so much more remote, is able to export its coal to San Francisco at so low a rate that Vancouver's Island collieries cannot compete with it. This state of things is temporary only. The Pacific Railway through the dominion of Canada will terminate at British Columbia, and will create an immense trade in coal as back freight to the various ports of the Pacific.

As Vancouver's Island possesses an excellent climate, unrivalled harbours, and coal-seams and beds of iron ore near the water's edge, it is clear that nature itself has stamped upon the map of the world the site of the future Britain of the Pacific. A few years only will prove what is even now to any reflecting mind a matter of certainty, that Vancouver's Island must become in time the home of a dominant race, that by their manufactures, commerce, and shipping must control the destinies of the Pacific.

It is, however, on the Atlantic seaboard of the New World that nature has especially favoured us. We find there a country that has natural advantages such as are enjoyed by no other part of the world.

Like Britain Nova Scotia is the only part of the Atlantic seaboard which possesses extensive deposits of coal and iron. From the Labrador to Cape Horn we find no country that in this respect can ever claim to be a rival, Virginia being its only competitor. Like Britain it has excellent harbours near its beds of coal and iron ; but in the extent of its coal deposits and in the value of its iron ores it far surpasses the mineral wealth of the mother country. The vertical thickness of the workable coal-beds of the Pictou Basin is considerably over one hundred and fifty feet, one seam alone ranging from thirty-six to thirty-nine feet in thickness, being the largest bituminous seam in the world. It is underlaid by another twenty-two feet, while there are overlying and underlying seams ranging from three feet to twelve feet<sup>1</sup>. Immense undeveloped beds

<sup>1</sup> The total vertical thickness of the Pictou coal seams described by Sir. Wm. Logan in his recent Report, is over 170 feet. As it is not impossible that some of the small upper seams may prove to be identical, a deduction has been made,

of iron ore are to be found a few miles only from the coal-fields, some of which are of a quality second only to the best Swedish brands, a fact already testified to by Fairburn and other authorities.

In addition to iron ore as a source of future wealth we have underlying these beds of coal immense deposits of fire-clay, equal to the very best that are to be found in the mother country. Nothing but time and capital is needed to create on the Atlantic seaboard of the New World a rival of the Staffordshire "black country," and a competitor of the busy ship-yards of the Clyde.

But there are geographical advantages that are enjoyed by this Transatlantic Britain such as can be claimed by no other country on the habitable globe. Bulky products such as coal and pottery are valuable when they can be utilized to supply freights, and this only can be the case where they are situated near some great highway of commerce. No one can look at the position of Britain, which nature has made the janitor of the German Ocean, without seeing that she possesses peculiar advantages for controlling the trade of the north of Europe. Let us imagine, if we can, the outlet of the Mediterranean also in the British Channel; and let us extend the United Kingdom across Europe, and imagine its eastern limit to be Constantinople; let us also conceive gold-mines, as well as unlimited deposits of coal and iron, at the two extremities of such a vast empire, and we can form some idea of the geographical and mineral advantages of the Dominion of Canada, which has a Britain at its eastern and western outlets, between them unlimited prairies that will yet rival the wheat-growing provinces of Russia, and vast virgin forests of timber that are almost inexhaustible; combine with all these advantages fisheries on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts that make the harvests of the sea almost as rich as those of the land, and we may form some conjecture as to the great future that awaits such a country.

If this view is correct, it is surely deserving of the attention, not only of European capitalists, but also of British statesmen. Already the foolish policy of dismemberment is loosening the ties that bind the empire together. When we give up half of North America, we shall be resigning not only a Britain on the Pacific, but also a country on the Atlantic that far surpasses the Mother Country in

which is probably more than ample, as the oil coal, and all the seams under three feet, have been omitted from this calculation. Nothing approaching this thickness of coal is to be found on any other coal-field.

mineral resources, and in geographical facilities for commercial pre-eminence. This is no idle dream, but a matter of fact which can be demonstrated in a few words by a reference to the map of the New World. We find the eastern extremity of the dominion of Canada projecting far out into the Atlantic, near the two great highways of Western commerce, one of which, from the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, passes near the southern coast of Nova Scotia, while the boundless wealth of the West is gradually finding an outlet in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which washes the northern shores of that province. The completion of the Intercolonial, and the European and North American railways makes Nova Scotia the eastern outlet of the Continent, and Halifax will ere long become the port of embarkation for Europe and the point of transshipment, especially for continental lines of steamships. Why they have not already turned the coal deposits of that province to good account must be a matter of surprise. Were it only a question of the cost of fuel, the gain to them would be immense. But there are other equally important considerations that should not be lost sight of. The supply of fuel necessary for an Atlantic voyage is so bulky that the space for freight is greatly diminished. Every ton of coal that can be spared represents a ton of freight that can be turned to account. It is manifest, therefore, that the double saving, both in the cost of fuel and in the available space for freight, will in time be inducements to utilize the coal supplies of Nova Scotia, and will lead the owners of these steamships to possess their own collieries and to ensure an ample supply at the lowest possible cost.

Until very recently the mines were held as a monopoly under a grant to the late Duke of York. An arrangement was effected a few years ago by the Provincial Government by which a considerable portion of the coal-mines of the province were transferred to them, and were thrown open to private enterprise. Unfortunately before much capital could be introduced into the country to develop these new mines, the American Government imposed a duty of \$1.25 per ton on imported coal, which acted as a damper on collieries that had been partially developed, and discouraged the formation of new companies. The pressure of the Free Trade party is yearly becoming more and more effective, and a few months, or a year at most, will see the obnoxious tax remitted. At present it is a grievous burthen on the people of the Atlantic seaboard, who



are heavily taxed by the monopolies that are ruling the Republic with a rod of iron. This commercial oligarchy has none of that prestige that is connected with a landed aristocracy. The latter have a stake in the prosperity of their country, the former have no interest in the people, except so far as the ledger indicates their willingness and their ability to pay tribute to "the powers that be." The days of these gigantic monopolies are numbered in the United States, and when the burthens that are crushing manufactures and starving the consumer are thrown off, an enormous market will be thrown open to Nova Scotian coal, and American and British capital will flow in to turn the neglected mineral resources of that province to good account.

This depression therefore in mining enterprise is merely temporary, and its termination will witness a rapid rise in the price of available mining properties, and Nova Scotian coal will enjoy almost a monopoly along the seaboard of the Eastern States, except when brought into competition with English coal. Thousands of persons, and several lines of railway, that are now forced to use wood, will be enabled to obtain a cheaper and a better fuel at a far lower cost. Ere long Transatlantic steamships, American consumers, and lines of railway in the Eastern States will depend on Nova Scotian collieries for their supplies of fuel <sup>2</sup>.

Independently however of all these sources of future development there is another that alone is sufficient to ensure a great future to the mineral deposits of Nova Scotia. The enormous cereal wealth of the West seems almost to baffle sober calculation. It is increasing so rapidly that it overcrowds its outlets, and

<sup>2</sup> It would seem by the following passage in a letter received from Nova Scotia, that even the local demand exceeds the supply. "We have had a coal-famine here. The Mayor applied to the General, who could do nothing, but referred him to the Storekeeper at the dockyard, where they are now issuing coal, and Halifax is now burning Welsh coal. But they have only 700 tons there, which, it is said, will not last until we receive some by rail or vessel. A number of steamers have lately put in for coal, which Cunard and Co. have, fortunately, for the credit of the place, been able to supply. To crown all, the railway has been blocked up by snow, and when it is open, Hoyt will be unable to sell his coal to the town for some time, as he has to supply American contracts. Seeton's wharf is to be the depôt for the sale of coal from the numerous mines of which Gisborne is manager. Coal is now \$12.50 per ton." It is a singular fact that there has also been a coal-famine in Montreal. In the United States there have been similar complaints, but as long as a duty of \$1.25 is imposed on imported coal, the people must be at the mercy of Pennsylvanian monopolists.

Western trade is clamouring for a direct highway by water to the ocean. At present New York, through its enterprise, is enabled to grow rich through its railways and its Erie Canal diverting Western trade from its natural channel. Massachusetts is spending its millions on the Hoosac tunnel, to tempt some portion of the wealth of the West towards New England. The West is the Eldorado of the New World. Its merchant princes see that they are paying black mail to New York, and wish for some direct water communication with the ocean. This is supplied by the circuitous course of the Mississippi, and by the more direct line of the Canadian lakes and the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence. They are urging that the locks should be enlarged and the canals deepened, so that propellers of 2000 tons may find their way, without breaking bulk, to the ocean; and the Canadian Government is taking steps to afford the necessary accommodation to Western shipping. Already propellers find their way from Toronto to Pictou in Nova Scotia. But there is an era in Western trade about to be opened that has not been thought of by Western traders. Supposing that every bushel that finds its way to Europe should be shipped through Canadian lakes and the St. Lawrence, only one-fifth of the products of the vast harvests of the West finds its way to Europe. The remainder is consumed at home, one half being needed by the populous States on the Atlantic seaboard. Hence the utmost success that can be aimed at by Canadian statesmen is to divert one-fifth of Western trade into the St. Lawrence.

A little energy only is needed to throw open a far more important branch of Western trade to the water highway of the New Dominion. When a lake-propeller reaches Pictou, it may safely pass through the Straits of Canso and reach Halifax on the southern shores of the province, but there its voyage must terminate. The voyage thence to the Eastern States needs an ocean steamship, and is as formidable as a passage across the Atlantic. The cost and delay of such a transshipment are such that the Erie Canal, and, above all, American lines of railway, would be less costly, and certainly far more expeditious.

But Nova Scotia, which, as has been stated, is a peninsula standing far out into the Atlantic, is connected only with the Continent by a narrow neck of land that divides the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the Bay of Fundy, and that is formed of alluvial

soil. Hence rock cuttings can be almost entirely avoided. The construction of a ship-canal therefore for a few miles only would enable lake-propellers to pass into the Bay of Fundy, the waters of which are navigated by American river-steamers that, with their high deck saloons, are almost precisely similar to those that are to be seen on the lakes of the West. There would be then nothing to prevent a lake-propeller from loading at Chicago and reaching Boston in a few days without breaking bulk, and without the necessity for transshipment. The route by the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy, from Chicago to Boston, would be simply a coasting voyage.

Such an outlet, it is clear, would defy all competition, and would become for all time to come the great highway of Western commerce.

The future which such a trade would throw open to the coal mines and other deposits of Nova Scotia it is hard to estimate. At present the objection to Montreal as a point of transshipment is, that there is nothing to send back to the West as return freight. Extend the voyage of lake-propellers, and they would not only secure at the Eastern extremity of the Continent, and at the most remote outlet of its railway system, emigrants and the manufactures and products of Europe and of the Eastern States, but they would also utilize the coal and pottery, and, if necessary, the extensive marble deposits of Nova Scotia, to replace the bulky articles that constitute the export of the West. We should find Nova Scotian coal utilized in the same way that England employs her supplies of fuel. Every propeller, going West, could always rely upon an ample supply of coal, pottery, &c., to complete its return cargo; and as British coal is still shipped to Quebec, past the shores of Nova Scotia, the latter would be enabled to send her coal to the far West, as ballast or back freight, at a price that could defy competition on the part of the adjacent collieries of Illinois.

So vast will be the trade that will be supplied to Nova Scotian coal-mines by the demands of the enormous traffic that would be directed from the West through the St. Lawrence, that even if there were no demand for coal for the lines of steamships connecting with Europe, and if the American markets of the Eastern States were closed, there would be an abundant outlet supplied by the trade of the St. Lawrence, and the markets of the New Dominion, and of the Western States that would be thrown open to us.



In connexion with this great water highway, and along its whole extent, from Lake Michigan to Halifax, we have the Intercolonial Railway, as an auxiliary rather than as a competitor, affording an outlet during those winter months when the water highways of the Continent are closed by ice. The very same causes which will lead to a vast development in the exports West, of coal, pottery, &c., apply to this railway. *Herapath's Railway Journal* has pointed out that the use of prepared peat for railway fuel will be greatly restricted by the importation of Nova Scotian coal. The downward freights by the Intercolonial Railway will be grain and other bulky articles; the upward freights will be of a very different description, such as European manufactures, and passengers. Hence there will be no freight for return trains, which will have to go back empty, or will be forced to carry back Nova Scotian coal, pottery, &c. The Intercolonial Railway therefore will be able to supply the West with Nova Scotian fuel at such a low rate, that even the moderate cost of Hodge's patent peat will fail to enable it to become a successful competitor.

The construction of the North Pacific Railway, and the proposed line through British territory, will tend still further to swell the vast trade that is destined to find its outlet at Nova Scotia.

It is difficult to estimate the magnitude of the commerce that will yet find its way through the waters and along the banks of the St. Lawrence. Though only in its infancy, the grain trade of the West is so vast, that a trifling saving per bushel on the freight of Western produce would be such an immense sum in the aggregate, that it would suffice in a few years to defray the cost of the Intercolonial Railway.

## MODERN CORRUPTIONS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

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IN the papers of Dr. Alexander, the Bishop of Derry, on Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetry, which appeared recently in our pages, this critical writer complains of the growing corruption of our style, and laments that "there is no form of verbal heresy which does not lurk in the highest quarters among our people with so much laxity of literary conscience." He instances as some of the "vilest" words, "endorse," "reliable," "talented," "allude to," and "celebrity" (in the sense of a celebrated person). About this last word "celebrity," we think this critical Bishop is in the wrong. The word itself is not an invention of a new word, such as "reliable," or "talented," but merely a new application of an old word, on a well understood principle, not only of the English language, but almost of all *civilized* languages, using as they do the ABSTRACT for the *concrete*, as for example, in the legal term "*Justice of the Peace.*"

Most of the present corruptions of our language may be traced to America, and much of it to vulgar journalism and British provincialism. To America, however, we must trace the greater part of the corruption which has recently befallen our language.

As there are some millions of German emigrants—not of the highest class—scattered over the thirty-one States of America, baking bread, keeping stores, travelling for orders, selling lager beer in almost every town, it cannot be a matter of surprise that the English language of America has become, to a considerable extent, tinged with the darker shades of the German tongue. In such expressions as "bully landmen," so common in the States, we see a significant combination of American slang and German, "bully" being equal to fine, brave, as "a bully man;" and landmen being German for fellow-countrymen. To German influence we attribute "lam," and to "lambaste" (to beat), and the common Americanism wheeze (for German witty) in the sense of a *pun*.

Some of our readers will remember the joke of the nigger minstrel at Christy's. "Why is an asthmatic man the funniest of all the doctor's patients?" "Because he is full of *wheezees*!"

Nothing is more striking in the current language of America than the habit of increasing the number of passive participles, and of employing them with the syntax of the adjective, hence such expressions as "very satisfied," "very pleased," "very delighted," and "I am very rejoiced" (a vulgarism which actually showed itself in a recent issue of the *London Times*, in a sentence declaratory of the fact that "the nation will be rejoiced.") It has also become common in America to drop the article in "Community," "Congress," "Government."

Many of the most recent Americanisms are highly imaginative, formed as they are on metaphorical principles. Take these for example: "Shell out," in the sense of paying from one's own purse is a metaphor drawn from the opening of the shell to extract the fish. "Mudsill," as a term of reproach, applied by the Southerners against the Northerners, meaning the very *dregs of the lowest strata* of society, from mudsill—the beams which underlie the "*sleeper*" on a line of railway, applied figuratively, first, to the lower classes, upon whose labour the upper classes rest in security and wealth. "To come out at the little end of the horn," meaning to be unfortunate in a speculation of any kind, has been traced to the fairy story of a pigmy or elf, which being imprisoned in a cow's horn, was foolish enough to squeeze through the little end of the horn, instead of passing through the larger aperture by the mouth. Then, "to bet one's pile," which means, to stake or risk all one's wealth, or to make the greatest of all sacrifices, is a term from the gambling-table, and originally was limited to staking all one's money, heaped in a pile on the gambling-table.

In America, language, like every thing else, is on a *big* scale. Schools are "academies" and "colleges;" holidays are "vacations" and "recesses;" boys are "young gentlemen;" servants are "helps" or "clerks;" wives are "ladies;" letters are "epistolary advices" or "communications;" much larger is "a nation sight bigger;" a good deal is "a nation deal."

The following expressions we think peculiar: "To rush it" (to perform a bold action). "To happify," "to fix" (to settle a matter). With the singular expression "to ring" (facts into a person's mind), we may compare our own indigenous expression, to keep "ding-



donging" at a person. It is a singular fact that English and American telegraph clerks employ the letters "O. K." to denote that a message sent is "Oll Korrekt" (all correct); an expression that arose in this way, according to Dr. Leland's account. In New York, about the year 1845, one district was distinguished by a banner bearing this strange device: "The Fourth Ward, O. K." Next day every body who had seen the sight neglected business to compare notes with others as to its signification. At last the public bewilderment rose to such a height that one individual, more curious than the rest, resolved to beard the author-sphinx in its den. He went to the secretary of the "Fourth Ward Democratic Committee," who, surprised at such ignorance, loftily exclaimed, "The old Fourth having got tired of stale mottoes, has, for novelty's sake, adopted a commercial one from our leading merchants. Don't they say, when they would affirm that a clerk can be implicitly relied upon to produce a balance on the right side, 'Oll Korrekt'?" The banner-painter acted up to his instructions in the way we have seen.

With American corruptions of our pronunciation we need not here concern ourselves, though some of these are very curious, as "chile" for "child," "hull" for "whole," "nawthing" for "nothing," "s'pose" for "suppose," "pint" for "point," "sassy" for "saucy." As a rule the weak preterite is preferred to the strong preterite, hence the vulgar use of "growed" for "grew," "throwed" for "threw," "knowed" for "knew," "freezed" for "froze," and even "seed" for "saw." The verbs "transmogrify," "cahot," "honeyfogle," and "high-falutin" are all indigenous to American soil, as well as the "chunk" (of bread) for a "piece." "Hadn't ought" is used for "ought not," "had have had" for "has had," "got to get" "got to go" for "must get," or "must go," "to get shet of" for "to get rid of," "it taint so" for "it is not so." The prepositional adverb "up" is very commonly used with all sorts of verbs; hence a school is said to "take up" for to "begin," a man is said to be "used up" for "exhausted," to be "picked up" for to be "deceived," and "cracked up" to be "praised," and to be "fixed up" to be "dressed" or "ready;" to "sail up" to "prosper," and to "sing up" to "flatter." What would Shakspeare, or Milton, or Hooker, or Addison have said at such pollutions of the well of English undefiled by the infusion of streams so muddy?

Another mischievous source of the corruption of our noble

language is to be found in the fine writing of vulgar journalists, who adopt the most devious way possible of making an obvious statement, because they are under the impression that simplicity of speech must be bald and coarse, and that to paraphrase by long words is to adorn one's ideas with the graces of rhetoric. These writers describe poultry as "an interesting assortment of the feathered creation." Women are with them "that moiety of the population wont to be termed the gentler sex." A man is always "a personage," "a notable," "a party," or at the least "an individual." The dinner-table is "the festive board." Boys are "the juvenile portion of the community." A house is "a residence," or "an edifice," or "a mansion," or "a palatial erection." As we see in a leading daily, a shop is "an establishment." One of our most attractive writers makes a good fling at this nonsense by an exquisite paraphrase of the proverb "When the cat's away, the mice will play," after this fashion: "In the absence of the feline race, the mice gave themselves up to various pastimes." "Old birds are not to be caught by chaff" is by the same cunning hand journalized into "Feathered bipeds of advanced age are not to be entrapped with the outer husk of corn."

Journalists do much mischief to the purity of our style by their licentious use, or rather abuse, of *metaphorical* language, but few of them have, we fancy, gone quite so far as Sir Boyle Roche, who is said to have given utterance to the following abuse of metaphors: "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat, I see him floating in the air, I hear his stealthy footstep, but, depend upon it, I shall yet nip him in the bud."

A few years ago we read in the columns of a new evangelical journal that "the *Rock* is *launched*," and in another of equal pretensions, that "Custom, like the hydra-monster Credulity, when coupled to ignorance, must be *exploded*, and sent to seek its baneful retreat among the haunts of superstition, and the mountains of error, no more to make its appearance in the fruitful valleys of heaven-born science, amongst the illuminated sons of wisdom." Another vehement Protestant journalist writes of Popery in this wise: "A burning passion for priestly dominion is its chief feature; this ardent, indomitable passion is the hidden spring from which its power *flows*." Here is a singular confusion of fire and water—"in ruin reconciled," let us hope, with Milton. A like confusion, however, may be noticed in Earl Russell's "Memoirs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht,"

where we read, "There is a period in the history of Europe when every commotion on its surface was occasioned by one cause deeply seated, like the *internal fire* that is supposed to have produced the earthquake at Lisbon, and like it, breaking out with violence in one place, and making itself felt on every part of the globe. Then came on the Reformation. From 1540 to 1649 the Reformation was the *great lever* of Europe." We fear then that neither the writers in low-class journals, nor yet the Americans, are the only corrupters of our tongue, who

" With gilt and jewels cover every part,  
And hide with ornament their want of art."

D. C. L. (OXON.)



## THE FALL OF THE ANGELS.

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The account of the origin of sin, the fall of the angels, and the creation of the human race, in the Buddhu Guadma's Doctrine, is one of the most beautiful traditions on the subject to be found in the whole range of classical or Oriental literature. The allusions to sin having been caused by the use of food, to the sons of God having come down to earth and to a deluge, all point to the same primeval traditions which are preserved in sacred writ.

HIGH o'er the deluged earth, the tide  
 Rose up from the realms of night,  
 Till the waters danced at the golden gates,  
 And joyously hailed the light;  
 And the lotus<sup>1</sup> gleam'd on the murky waves,  
 As pure as the drops of snow,  
 So fair, that the Dewas<sup>2</sup> wond'ring gazed  
 On these waifs from the world below,  
 And long'd to seek for that unknown land,  
 Where the fragrant lilies grow.

Then they bade farewell to heaven, and made  
 Each lotus cup their bark;  
 And their rays lit up the sunless void,  
 As stars when the moon is dark.

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<sup>1</sup> The lotus, a species of lily, was a sacred emblem not only in ancient Egypt, but also throughout the whole of Asia. Its use as a secret symbol of revolt among the Sepoys will be remembered by the reader.

<sup>2</sup> A demigod—or subordinate Deity.

Like an infant clasp'd to its mother's breast,  
As they floated o'er the deep,  
They drank long draughts of the lilies' breath,  
Till they felt earth's odours steep  
Their senses in strange drowsy dreams ;  
Then they wondering sank to sleep.

They slumber'd on, till the waters fell ;  
Then earth appear'd once more,  
A lonely isle, that bloom'd amid  
A sea without a shore.  
There was no sun to guide them there ;  
No stars appear'd in sight,  
But the rays of heaven around them streamed,  
And the Dewas' path was light.  
Where'er they went, the daylight came ;  
Whene'er they left, 'twas night.

Wild with delight, they roam'd afar,  
Oh, the new-born earth was fair !  
Ah ! little they dreamed, as they wreathed its flowers,  
And drank up its odorous air,  
A change was stealing o'er their forms,  
They were breathing lust and hate ;  
Alas ! that folly was learned so soon,  
And wisdom learned so late !  
Burning with new-born wild desires,  
They longed for food—and ate.

They ate, alas ! and were gods no more.  
They felt their radiance fade ;  
And the darkness gathered o'er their heads,  
In a deep'ning murky shade,  
That shut from their eyes Nirwana's<sup>3</sup> gates.  
Too late they strove to fly ;  
Their idle pinions long before  
Had dropp'd from their wings. The sky  
Could only be reach'd through the gates of the grave ;  
They first must learn to die.

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<sup>3</sup> Heaven, or paradise.

Then they trembling raised a wail of grief,  
So loud, that to heaven it rose,  
Where each long lost Dewa's voice was heard  
Mourning its human woes.  
Though the gods gazed down through the viewless void  
They wept, and watch'd in vain  
For those wand'ring lights ; their glimmering rays  
Were never more seen again.  
But the gods still mourn for the Dewas lost ;  
And their tears are the drops of rain<sup>4</sup>.

R. G. HALIBURTON.

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<sup>4</sup> This idea is borrowed by the writer from the New Zealanders, who believe that Heaven and Earth were once one, but were separated. Heaven still mourns that event, and its tears are the drops of rain.



## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

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## CHAPTER III.

## MARIAN'S REVENGE.

VALERY STUART was seven years of age; a bright, self-reliant little creature, but altogether too precocious; able to read and enjoy books far beyond her comprehension, in the odd way not uncommon with imaginative children. Fortunately for the proper development of her faculties she was physically very strong, and had any quantity of superfluous energy, so that daily exercise and amusement in the open air kept her from growing morbid and mentally unhealthy, as a more delicate child would have done.

This sunny, happy disposition proved a great blessing, for, pretty and interesting as she was, no one except Hetty Flint had ever really been fond of her from her babyhood until now. The wistful, eager face reminded John and Susan Brent so constantly of their misery and shame, that, in spite of their efforts, it was a relief when circumstances rendered it necessary for them to give up their charge. The child found a pleasant home under Miss Conway's roof, but through all these years the lonely spinster had not been able to divest herself of a sentiment similar to that which oppressed the other two kindly souls. She was heartily ashamed, and strove religiously to overcome the feeling, but never a day passed that some look or gesture did not recall her brother Philip so vividly, that a woman who tried less hard to do right would have positively disliked the poor innocent for keeping fresh in her mind those bitter memories which it was the study of her life to forget.

The consciousness of this half-repulsion induced Miss Dorothy to indulge Valery after a fashion which would have drawn down her severest condemnation in the case of another. Unaccustomed to small people, she scarcely understood how different this child was from most of her age, and did not dream that in

allowing her to pore over books of which she ought not to have heard the names for years to come, or fostering her early marked artistic talent, she might be doing the tender nature irreparable injury. But the spinster had no perception of the little soul's visionary tendencies. Bold and courageous enough in most things she was singularly timid and reticent in regard to her thoughts and fancies, and never talked of the strange imaginings which already filled her mind. The only passionate fit of sorrow she had yet known was caused by Miss Dorothy stumbling on her first attempts at portraiture, and unwisely exhibiting them to the rector and his sister.

Of course every body in the neighbourhood knew whose daughter Valery was; but such histories lose their interest as rapidly as every thing else, and Lucy Stuart's mournful story was already half forgotten. She still lived, tenderly watched as ever by the loving hearts about her; but she was considered hopelessly insane, and only her constant attendant, Hetty Flint, perceived how often gleams of memory steadied her distraught brain. From listening to her wandering, fragmentary talk, Hetty had a clearer idea of the poor creature's past than was possessed by any other human being; but she never repeated, even to Mrs. Brent, a syllable that she learned or imagined from those long conversations held while she and Lucy sat together in the shadowy upper room whither Susan seldom intruded.

Miss Dorothy resided usually at the Hermitage; but though the farm was only twelve miles distant she had never visited it in all these years—it could only bring added pain to the Brents and to her. She sent Valery once, but Susan did not ask to have her come again. The child was only between four and five years old at the time, and nobody dreamed how clearly she remembered the details of that day. Hetty Flint alone knew that the little guest strayed up-stairs and saw her mother; of course no more conscious of the relationship between them than was poor Lucy, who smiled at the new comer, and asked Hetty if she too could see the angel God had sent to bring sunshine. She often saw, or fancied that she saw—let us not try to decide which—such visitants, and would inquire of Hetty if they were not visible to her also. On this occasion the impression upon the sufferer's enfeebled mind was no deeper than that left by the phantoms of her delirium—if phantoms they were.

The autumn previous to Valery's seventh birthday Philip Conway and his wife returned to America, bringing with them a little

daughter born across the sea. Miss Dorothy was in town for a few weeks in winter, called thither by some business, and her brother came to the house, composed and *insouciant*, as if they had only parted a few days before, and parted the best possible friends. In spite of her stern judgment of the crowning sin of his life; in spite of her contempt for the manner in which he had wasted and flung away golden opportunities of distinction in some noble career, Miss Dorothy loved the man still, and while in his presence could not entirely resist the wonderful fascination wherewith he subdued his severest censors.

"I thought you would rather like to see me, Dor," he said, beginning to laugh and jest as her eyes filled with tears, in order that he might avoid the least approach to a pathetic scene. "You didn't send me word you were here, and I suppose most people would have remembered their dignity; but you know I never was troubled with any."

"I am very glad to see you," Miss Dorothy answered; "I hope your wife is well."

"O, Fairy is never very well," returned he, carelessly; "she's fond of little illnesses—they amuse her, and don't trouble any body but her doctor and her maid."

"Is that Mrs. Conway? I thought her name was Marian," said Miss Dorothy, unable exactly to keep the peace.

"I always have to give every body a pet name," said he; "and you know Marian was awfully pretty; she's faded somewhat now—these American girls go off so fast."

"And you have a little daughter," continued Miss Dorothy, hesitatingly.

"O, yes; she's a marvel, too. I am dreadfully fond of her," returned Philip. "Why, she'll be four years old in the spring! I'm getting as ancient as the hills, Dorothy; it's horrible to think about."

"If you were as near forty as I am you might moan; but for my own part I'd rather grow old."

"You always were the oddest woman in the world, Dor," cried Philip, in astonishment; "but you look about the same as ever."

"You mean, I never looked young—slight wonder."

"I suppose you live as much like a hermitess as usual," said Philip hastily, afraid the conversation was approaching dangerous ground.

"Yes; I have Lucy Stuart's child with me," replied she abruptly.



He changed colour for an instant, and his eyes sank, but speedily recovered his self-control, and said carelessly,—

“That’s better than living alone—it will keep you from growing old.”

Miss Conway had determined long before never to be angered into another harsh speech toward him, so she made no answer whatever.

“I must send Cecil to visit you,” he continued; “she’s a spoiled little thing, but very pretty. I suppose you’ll not come to see me? It’s a pity you and Marian cannot hit off better; but I never interfere between two women.”

“I should like to see your daughter,” she replied, ignoring the latter part of his sentence. “I shall only be in town a week longer, so you must send her soon. I’m always in of a morning.”

There was a little more desultory talk, then Philip went away. His face began to show signs of wear, and, handsome as it still was, it saddened Miss Dorothy to see the change, and know that his reckless, dissipated habits were the sole cause.

The spinster had no idea that she should ever set foot in her sister-in-law’s dwelling; but it was only two days after his visit that her brother came again in great haste. The child had been taken suddenly ill, and Marian was as eager as he that Miss Dorothy should go to her at once. She did not hesitate for an instant; Philip was nearly mad with grief and fright; he could feel with terrible acuteness for a time, and was more helpless and absurd than the weakest woman. Miss Dorothy stayed several days and nights in the house, and between him and Marian it certainly seemed that she must go distracted. They raved, wept, and quarrelled; Marian had hysterics; and finally Miss Dorothy’s patience gave way, and she treated them both to a lecture so severe that they were fairly shamed into behaving rather more sensibly. The child’s illness only lasted a short time, and as soon as she was better Miss Dorothy went away. Marian rushed, without warning, into one of her brief spasms of admiration, pronounced her sister-in-law an angel, and vowed that she should love and worship her for ever—a theatrical outburst which Miss Conway estimated at its exact value. After her return home she received letters from Marian begging her to come again, really anxious to cultivate the spinster’s acquaintance, simply because she found it difficult to do so. But Miss Dorothy was too wise to be deluded into any attempt at friendship; she knew that if she were to accept one of the numerous invitations Marian might indulge in a perverse fit, or a jealous fit, or a hys-

terical fit, and insult her outrageously before she had been forty-eight hours under her roof. So she made the excuse that spring had come; she was a farmer, and very busy; there could be no visits thought of until the planting season was over at least.

Marian owned a beautiful country seat on the Hudson, some thirty miles distant from Miss Dorothy's home, and was seized with a whim to pass a portion of the summer there, writing again to her sister-in-law to inform her of the fact, and threatening to descend upon Miss Conway some fine day, since that was the only means of seeing her. But Dorothy had no idea she would remember the plan; probably the frivolous creature's love of change would drive her away from the quiet in less than a month to make the round of the watering-places in search of fresh excitement, and Miss Conway devoutly hoped that this might happen.

But one beautiful July afternoon, as Dorothy sat in her favourite room, which commanded a view of the winding road to the entrance of the grounds, she saw an open carriage drive rapidly up, and in it Marian, the nurse, and Cecil, with the odious Swiss man-servant perched on the box.

Miss Dorothy mentally repeated a hearty refrain from the Litany—in too disturbed a frame of mind to savour of irreverence—but got up resolutely and went to meet her guest with such courteous hospitality as she could manage. Philip was not with her—that was one comfort—the two together would have been more than she could endure! But the child—little Valery—she might make her appearance at any moment—what would Marian say? All these thoughts flashed through Miss Dorothy's mind as she walked down the hall; then her usual determination rose to put an end to her troubles. It was Marian's own fault; she had come knowing perfectly well that the girl was there, for Miss Dorothy had not hesitated on several occasions to speak of her during the days she had been with her relatives in town. If Marian would be friends she must grow accustomed to the sight of Valery—she had known the truth before she married. These rapid reflections gave an added stateliness to Miss Conway's demeanour, as she marched out on the broad verandah in haste to have the meeting over, for it was a habit of hers to face any difficulty as speedily as possible.

"Here I am, you perceive!" cried Marian, with a girlish laugh that did not go well with her faded prettiness. "I told you I should come—and here are baby and nurse, and Pierre Joseph—you must take us in—and I do hope you've some sort of a maid who can

do my hair, for I've sent Léontine and all the other servants on to Saratoga with the big boxes—see how thoughtful I am!”

Pierre Joseph, looking like the Wandering Jew in a livery, opened the carriage-door, and Marian had kissed her sister-in-law, stepped on her dress and torn it, told her she looked older and greyer than ever, scolded the nurse, fretted at Pierre Joseph, issued many conflicting orders, and all in less time than most people would require to breathe twice. The only things she was not lazy about were talking and going into tempers.

“Well, don't you mean to say you are glad to see me?” she continued, not having stopped speaking long enough for her hostess to utter a salutation of any description. “Nanine, you'll let Cecil fall—I never saw such a careless woman! O Pierre Joseph, where's the brown bag? What a pretty place you have here, Miss Dor—I wish you could see Elm Hill—it would make ten of this.”

Miss Dorothy gave up trying to speak, and remembered that at least the small woman's garrulity prevented any necessity of telling fibs, which she must certainly have done if she had attempted a speech about the pleasure of receiving her. She busied herself with Cecil, who talked an odd mixture of French and English, almost incomprehensible to every body except her nurse, and was too clamorous for bread and butter to care about making acquaintance with new relations.

“I dare say she'll not kiss you,” cried Marian; “she's the strangest child—unless people are pretty she never will go near them.”

Cecil had struggled out of Nanine's arms, and was walking toward the entrance-doors; she stopped short and gave her mother a mischievous, rebellious glance.

“Will kiss her!” cried she. “Prettier zan you!” and ran and put her hand in Miss Dorothy's.

“O you bad, bad child!” returned Marian. “O you wicked, unnatural thing! That's the way I'm treated! Just let me find out who teaches my own child to speak to me in this way!”

She divided an angry glance between her sister-in-law and the nurse, while Pierre Joseph smiled in serene contempt at a little distance, congratulating himself on the fact that his mistress was so anxious to retain his services that he never came in for a share of her ill-temper. Marian was preparing a flood of tears, and to avoid this scene, Miss Dorothy turned a deaf ear and said,—

“Come in, come in! You must be tired to death—we'll have luncheon at once. I think it is a pretty place, Mrs. Conway,



though, of course, Elm Hill is much finer ; but I'm a solitary old maid, and don't need a great deal of room."

She could not help smiling at herself for trying so hard to keep the silly creature in a tolerable mood, and was glad to think that at least they were not likely very often to meet. She got Marian into the house, and presently the faded beauty was all smiles and affection again.

"You haven't said you are glad to see me," cried she. "If you don't say so I'll drive straight back to the station."

Miss Dorothy smothered a sigh ; she hated to tell a fib, but there seemed no escaping one now.

"I should be very sorry if it was necessary to make that declaration, Mrs. Conway," said she, rather jesuitically. "Will you go up-stairs before luncheon?"

"No, I'll just throw my hat off here. I'm dying for some tea, or wine, or lemonade—any thing." Then the divesting herself of her jaunty head-gear and outside wrap set her off on a new train of ideas. "How do you like my dress?" she asked. "They've just sent me a great box from Paris. I would have brought it to show you, only it ruins things so to pull them about."

Miss Conway's attire was always confined to black or grey silks, and the subject of toilettes interested her perhaps the least of any in the world. It required an effort not to demand upon the instant if Marian supposed her as tremendous a fool as herself, that she began such nonsense. But the spinster was on her best behaviour, so she praised the marvellous French costume, and got away from the matter as fast as possible.

"How is Philip?" she asked.

"Oh, just as he always is," returned Marian, "as aggravating and provoking as he can live ! I wanted him to come with me, but he got up a trumpery excuse about having promised some club men to go to the Adirondacs. I've no doubt he's at some mischief ; but I'll find him out—I always do."

This before the servant and the child. Miss Conway was too much shocked to attempt any answer whatever. Cecil, busy making friends with a beautiful Maltese cat, caught her father's name, and called,—

"Papa—papa—*si beau*—love papa—love, love !"

"O dear, yes," moaned Marian, "she just worships him ! What a tiresome child you are, Cecil ! That dress looks as if you had worn it a week."

The little creature was tricked out after the absurd fashion in

which I am ashamed to say American mothers are famous for arraying their offspring, and Miss Dorothy could not greatly blame her when she pouted her lips and answered,—

“Don’t care! don’t care!”

“Tut! tut!” said her aunt, feeling it necessary to utter the reproof which, according to her old-fashioned ideas, the child deserved. “Little girls mustn’t talk like that—it’s very naughty.”

“Excuse me,” said Marian, leaning back in her chair and assuming her most affected voice and manner; “I never allow any one to reprove my daughter—it’s a principle with me.”

Miss Dorothy did not speak, looked as if she had not even heard the senseless, insolent words, so all Marian could do was to add still more affectedly—“Come to mamma, Cecil darling—mamma’s beautiful, beautiful love!”

“Ain’t!” retorted Miss Cecil. “Me love papa—*où est papa? Nanine, j’irai trouver papa.*”

Marian’s face showed that a burst of tears was again imminent, but to Miss Conway’s great relief the luncheon tray appeared at this moment and created a happy diversion for both mother and child. The meal proved a season of agony to the hostess; the way in which Cecil was allowed to eat cake and all sorts of indigestible things filled her with horror, and she determined that while they stayed in the house no such opportunity should again be afforded the spoiled creature. Marian ate and chatted and waxed good-natured and affectionate anew. When she had finished her luncheon, Cecil insisted that Nanine should take her without delay to see certain marvellous white peacocks of which her aunt had told her. Marian stretched herself on a sofa, declaring that she was tired to death, and must rest before she moved a step, so of course Miss Dorothy had to remain and keep her company. Fortunately, Marian required very little besides a listener; the monologue flowed unceasingly on until Miss Dorothy’s head fairly buzzed, and she felt as if she had been held under a slow, drizzling shower-bath. Marian wandered on from one subject to another, mixing them up in so incomprehensible a fashion that her hostess half the time could not follow her, and was uncertain whether she complained of her dresses or her husband—whether it was herself or the housekeeper suspected of a fondness for drink; and when, after the habit of her kind, she got telling stories about her intimate friends, and grew scandalous, Miss Dorothy sat mentally lifting the hands of her soul in dismay, wondering where on earth a woman of her age had borrowed such dreadful ideas.

Presently outside in the hall sounded children’s voices. Miss

Dorothy recognized Valery's, and shuddered. She had forgotten the child in attending to Marian's wants, listening to her conversation, or trying to avert a tempest—now it would come in spite of every thing! If she had only remembered to send Valery away until after the departure of the guests—taken any measure to keep Marian from a disgraceful outbreak. If before the arrival of Mrs. Conway this state of feeling had been prophesied to Dorothy she would have scouted the idea in scorn, but a single hour of Marian's society enabled her to understand why her brother so hated scenes and indulged in prevarications or lies to any extent to avoid them.

She rose with a vague intention of doing something desperate to detain the intruders outside; but before she could move, the door opened, and Cecil danced in, holding Valery's hand and calling,—

“Mamma, mamma! Pretty girl—*si belle—si belle!*”

“Don't make such a noise,” returned Marian fretfully, without looking toward her or noticing what she said. “Mamma's head aches; run off and play. Nanine! Where's Nanine?”

Her sofa was turned so that she could not see the new comers and Miss Dorothy started forward. It would be something gained to avert the storm even for a little.

“Be good—run away now—see, Nanine is making a wreath,” she said, and signed Valery to go out.

The child, accustomed to obey, drew Cecil into the hall, saying softly,—

“Come and play—the lady has a headache.”

Cecil was half pulling back, not ready exactly to yield her own will without a struggle—the older girl stooping over her and pointing towards the lawn. They made such a pretty picture standing there—such an odd resemblance in the two faces, dissimilar as they were. Cecil had handsome Philip's perfect mouth, and Valery his glorious brown eyes; perhaps it was more that each reminded her of him in certain ways than that they looked alike. A sharp pain stung Miss Dorothy's heart; she closed the door hurriedly to shut out the sight, feeling an almost superstitious dread that some terrible fate hung over one or the other of those innocent creatures, both of whose lives were burthened in advance by the darkness of a father's sin.

Miss Dorothy went back to her visitor and did her best to be an attentive listener to the ceaseless drizzle of talk she poured forth; complaints of her husband and elaborate descriptions of her new dresses forming the principal part, and getting themselves so inextric-



cably confused that, in spite of her weariness and irritation, Miss Conway was compelled to smile. In truth she never felt less like finding amusement in the follies of another; the faces of those two children kept rising before her, and roused so many sad memories—created a host of such vague fears for the future—that it was difficult to sit passive and unoccupied. She was more undecided what to do with Valery while Mrs. Conway remained than she had often been where a decision in regard to matters of real weight was concerned. Even if she kept the little girl out of Marian's way Cecil was certain the moment she came in to volunteer a polyglot account of the playmate she had found, which would bring on the storm as surely as the intrusion of Valery herself. So Miss Dorothy sat and endured her sister-in-law's unwearied discourse, wondering what it was best to do, and allowing the opportunity for action to slip by in a weak fashion very unusual with the energetic lady.

The afternoon wore on; she might get Marian up-stairs to attend to the important duties of her toilette before dinner, and so not only avert Cecil's disclosures, but give herself a little rest from the onerous business of entertaining this, the most peculiar cross between a grown-up child and a peevish idiot, that Miss Conway had ever encountered. But, of course, the instant she proposed her arrangement Marian was prepared to receive it with disfavour, though just before Miss Dorothy spoke she had been contemplating the idea on her own account, remembering that among the luggage she had brought was a marvellous pink gown calculated to make her look so young and girlish that the old maid's heart would be wrung with envy.

"I'm sure it is not worth while to bother," she said. "If you knew how weak I am, and how much I need rest, you wouldn't ask me to make any exertion."

"I only thought it might—amuse you," answered Miss Conway, hunting in vain for some other verb, and finally bringing this out with a bang.

"I'm not like most women, always thinking of my dress," pronounced Marian pompously; then seeing an opportunity to be disagreeable descended suddenly from majesty to a fretful whine: "Upon my word, Dorothy, I don't think it's quite civil in you to hint that I am not dressed well enough to please you! Really, you ought not to shut yourself up so much in this dreary old place—you are getting all sorts of odd ways—the idea of making a speech like that!"

"I assure you I did not mean to be rude," returned Miss Dorothy good-humouredly; "I was only afraid, Mrs. Conway, that you might find it tiresome sitting here quietly with a plain old body like me."

"There you go," sighed her sister-in-law. "Why do you call me Mrs. Conway, and keep me at a distance? It's cruel of you, Dorothy, when I am trying so hard to be fond of you—after my forgiving all your dreadful conduct to me, and—and—every thing!"

Miss Dorothy's face of amazement was a sight to behold; she felt inclined to pinch herself to be certain that she was not dreaming. To receive a lecture from this small sparrow and bear the weight of her forgiveness for imaginary crimes was something Miss Conway had never believed she should live to endure; but after all it was too ridiculous to excite anger.

"Very well," replied she; "you must be amiable and forgive this last error too; I assure you it was unintentional."

"You don't expect visitors?" asked Marian abruptly.

"Let me see—Thursday—yes; the rector usually comes this evening. I hope he will not fail to-night, for he is a very agreeable young man indeed."

Marian decided to go up-stairs and induce herself in the pink gown. Admiration in these later years did not come in her way so frequently that she could resist trying to dazzle the parson.

"Perhaps you had better ring for your maid," said she; "I suppose she can be of some use to me. I'll change my dress since you insist upon it; any thing for peace I always tell Philip. You Conways must have your own way—it's a dreadful misfortune to have such tempers."

Dorothy had never given her brother credit for resisting any sin; but it occurred to her now that he must have had a constant struggle during the years of his married life to overcome the temptation to strangle this impossible creature, as the only means of curbing her tongue.

She led the way out of the room in silence, and Marian followed grumbling. As they crossed the hall to go up-stairs little Cecil's laugh came ringing in from the lawn, and Marian, who never could resist interfering with every body's pleasure, said hastily,—

"Cecil must not stay there—she will make herself ill. I wonder at your not thinking of it, Dorothy."

"Do let the child alone," replied Miss Conway, remembering the danger which menaced her. "Come up-stairs and get dressed, else you'll be too tired to enjoy your dinner."

"I know my duty," exclaimed Marian; "as a mother—as a wife—nobody can say I ever forget it!"

She walked toward the entrance-doors, and Miss Dorothy hurried after, by this time too weary to care what Marian saw, or whether she stormed, wept, or left the house directly.

"Cecil! Nanine!" called Marian, stepping out on the verandah.

"Mamma, mamma!" answered Cecil.

"Where is she?" cried Marian impatiently. "That dreadful Nanine; I do think she is the wickedest woman in the world!"

"They are on the lawn at the side of the house," said Dorothy. "I'd let the child stay, Marian; it is shady and pleasant there."

"If you would have the goodness not to interfere between me and my daughter," returned Marian, puffing herself up like an angry pigeon. "You're just like Philip,—always meddling! Do you suppose I am to be dictated to? Cecil shall come in; she shall not stir out-of-doors again while we are here; my daughter shall not be taught to rebel; don't hope it, Dorothy; don't attempt it!"

To save her life Miss Conway could not have avoided laughing outright, and Marian rushed dangerously near the verge of hysterics at once. •

"I know you, Dorothy Conway," cried she; "I know you well! Just like your brother—two such incarnate fiends were never before allowed to trouble any poor woman's peace!"

But there was the pleasure of thwarting her hostess by calling Cecil in, so she put by her fury till she had done that. She ran down the verandah, and Dorothy walked after, unable to resist the feeling that if the woman forced a really painful spectacle upon herself it would be only a proper retribution.

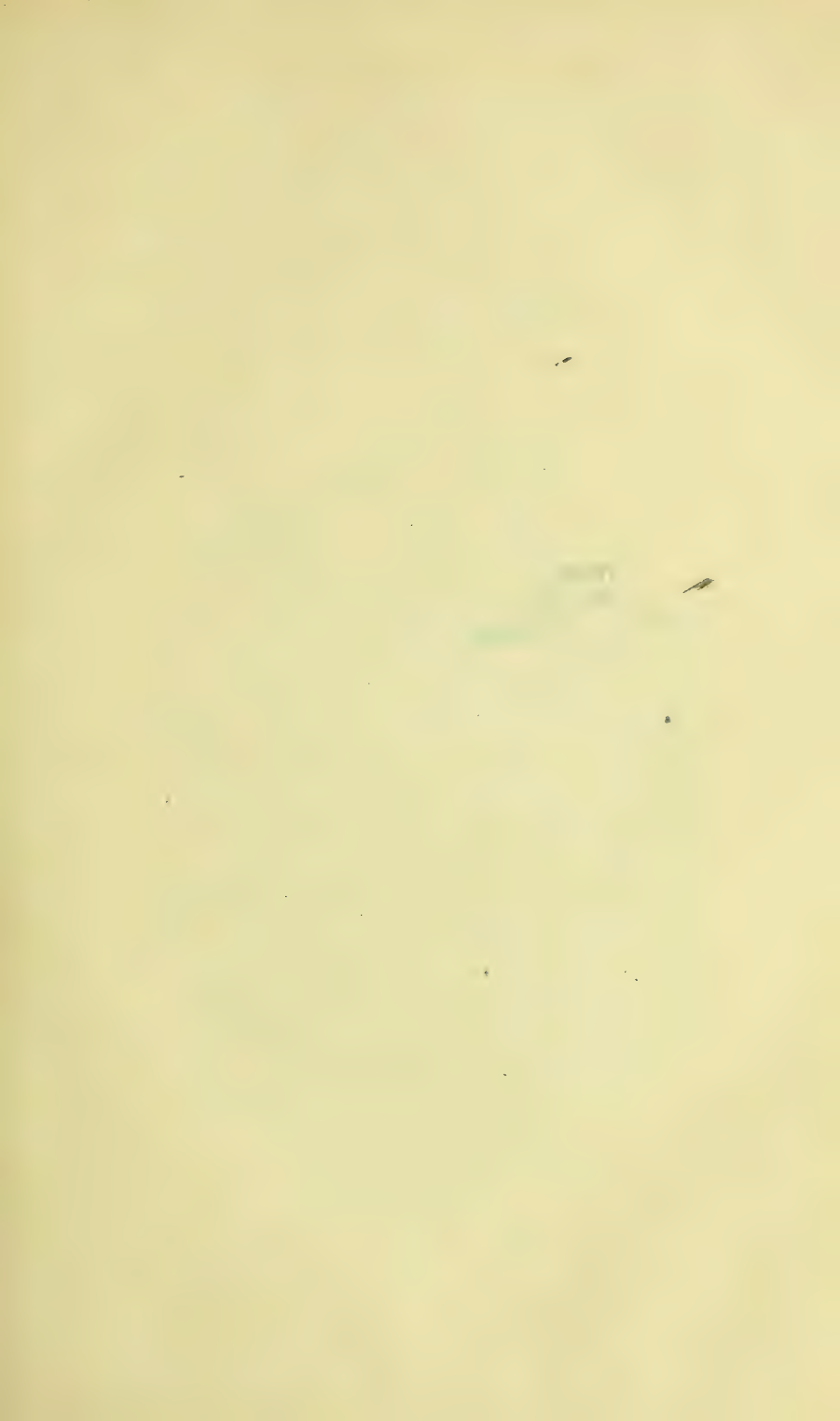
"Cecil, Nanine!" she called again, more imperiously. "Come in this instant! You horrible woman, how dare you disobey—"

The words ended abruptly; she had reached the end of the verandah and come in view of the two children dancing back and forth on the green turf, their arms twined about each other's waists, their bonnets off, their long curls streaming in the breeze—a picture lovely enough to have been a realization of the old mythological fancy which gave the hours human shapes, floating flower-crowned over the dull old earth.

Marian stared for an instant in silence, then turned excitedly upon Miss Dorothy.

"Who is that girl?" she asked in a trembling voice, whose motion there was no mistaking—it shook with anger only.







“YOU DARE TO TOUCH MY CHILD! YOU LITTLE WRETCH!”

[See page 221.]

"The child that lives with me," replied Miss Dorothy, meeting her eyes with stern composure.

"I asked her name!" Marian fairly shrieked. "I tell you I will know her name!"

Her raised tones attracted the attention of the two children; they stopped their dance, and stood, still with their arms interlaced, looking up to the verandah in a wonder which Nanine did not share. She knew that something had roused her mistress's temper, and waited with the indifference most people acquire when forced to endure daily exhibitions of an undisciplined nature like Marian's, grown little less than temporary insanity from long indulgence.

"Who is she—what do you call her?" repeated Marian.

"Her name is Valery Stuart," replied Miss Dorothy quietly.

Marian sprang forward, with her hand lifted as if she would have struck her sister-in-law in the face, but Miss Dorothy stood regarding her with such menacing firmness that, furious as she was, the creature's natural cowardice asserted itself, and she stopped short, bursting into a torrent of hysterical sobs.

"You vile woman! you wretch! O you—there's no word bad enough to call you—I wish——"

"Stop," interrupted Miss Dorothy coldly; "let me hear no more such language. You knew that child was here. I told you so last winter. You came unasked; I am willing to receive you, but while you stay under my roof you must treat me, and all belonging to me, at least with decency."

Marian was cowed; she uttered louder sobs, and by this time Cecil had struggled loose from Nanine who was sensibly trying to coax her away, only partially comprehending what was said, but feeling that the mother's rage was not a thing for the child to witness. Cecil began to sob and shriek wildly in terror and ran up the steps of the verandah followed by Valery, who said to Miss Dorothy,—

"What is the matter? Shall I call Benson?"

"Run away," returned Miss Dorothy; "don't call any body—she will be better soon—go away, Valery."

"Mamma, mamma!" screamed Cecil, catching hold of her mother's dress. Marian broke from her so roughly that the child fell on the stone floor, and Valery, who had turned to go in obedience to Miss Dorothy's command, hurried back and lifted Cecil, who was shrieking more loudly than ever from pain as well as fright.

"You dare to touch my child! You little wretch—you infamous, nameless little wretch!" shouted Marian, and before Dorothy could



reach them she had dealt the girl a blow so violent that it made her stagger. "I'll kill you!" added the infuriated woman, raising her hand to repeat the cowardly assault, but it was caught firmly in Dorothy's iron grasp, and Miss Dorothy's face, livid with a cold rage terrible from its composure, confronted her.

"Don't dare to stir," said Miss Conway in a voice slow and icy. "Nanine, come and take Cecil into the house."

Marian sobbed, Cecil clung with frenzied shrieks to Valery, and even in the midst of her anger Miss Dorothy could not help watching the little girl as she stood white as a ghost, her eyes, dilated with passion and astonishment, fixed upon her tormentor. She had received the insult as a woman might; it was the insult, not the blow which stung, and it was the first time in her remembrance that any thing but kindness had befallen her.

"Let Cecil alone; you shan't touch her!" shrieked Marian, but Nanine wisely obeyed Miss Dorothy's imperious gesture; caught up Cecil, who was almost in convulsions from terror, and ran into the house. "My child—you want to kill my child!" moaned Marian.

"She would run the risk of dying from fright if she was allowed to stay here and watch you," returned Miss Dorothy, still in that icy voice which awed Marian a little, beside herself as she was. "Make an end of this; my patience is exhausted!"

Marian sank into a chair with renewed screams and sobs and madder abuse of her husband, Dorothy, and Valery, who still regarded her in breathless bewilderment. The miserable woman was almost in spasms by this time, her features and hands working convulsively, so Miss Dorothy knew that she must have help.

"Run up to my room," she said to Valery, "and bring down the hartshorn and red lavender and a *carafe* of water; don't call any body, and be quick."

Valery darted away, and Miss Dorothy stood over Marian, holding her hands, and ordering her sternly to make no resistance, while Marian sobbed and gasped; and from the distance Cecil's frantic cries were still audible and Nanine's caressing tones as she tried to comfort the frightened child.

Valery came back with the remedies, and waited silently while Miss Dorothy bathed Marian's forehead and forced her to swallow a huge draught of red lavender, giving Miss Dorothy whatever was needed, her face deathly white still, save on the left cheek where the print of that dastardly blow burned red and hot.

"Let me go!" cried Marian, as soon as she could speak. "I'll

not stay another moment in your house ! Don't you ever dare to come near me—to speak to me, Dorothy Conway."

"I am not likely to feel any desire to do so," returned Miss Dorothy calmly. "You are at perfect liberty to leave my house the instant you are able. If you will try to control your temper a little you will have strength to go the sooner."

"I curse you !" cried Marian in a horrible voice. "I curse you—may the vengeance of heaven light on you and Philip ! May that child there live to bring you the sorrow you deserve—a nameless brat that you keep here to blazon forth your brother's infamy—a creature that you would have strangled in her birth if you had had any decency—a vile woman's child—a——"

Miss Dorothy's hand closed firmly over Marian's mouth and choked further utterance.

"Go into the house—go up to my room, Valery, and stay there," she ordered.

Valery was not crying even now ; she shook from head to foot, and an expression of trouble and pain far beyond her years agitated her features. She moved away a little, then crept back to Miss Dorothy's side, whispering,—

"What have I done ? What makes her so angry with me ?"

"Go away ! O Valery, go away !" cried Miss Dorothy, still holding her hand on Marian's mouth ; but at that instant the creature got free, caught Valery's dress and hissed out,—

"I heard you ! I'll tell you who you are ! Your father was the most dreadful man in the world—your mother worse ! She's dead and gone to hell, and you're a living disgrace to every body you come near—not fit to play with decent children—without any name, or home—always to be hated wherever you go and avoided by all respectable people—can you understand that ?"

Miss Dorothy had caught her again, and it was all she could do to keep from murdering her on the spot. Valery Stuart pulled herself loose from Marian's hold and stepped slowly backward, watching her tormentor always. In the midst of her rage Miss Dorothy was conscious of thinking that when Marian came to die, that child's face of anguish, forced suddenly and for ever out of a child's ignorance into a misery which she felt without comprehending, must haunt the wicked woman like an avenging ghost.

"Go away, Valery—go away !" repeated Miss Dorothy.

"I've told her !" cried Marian, with a dreadful laugh. "She'll not forget ; she's old enough to remember. You're a disgrace—

you've no father—no name; this woman loathes the sight of you as much as I do—do you hear?"

"Valery, go—go!" urged Miss Dorothy.

"I'll tell her—you may kill me, but I'll tell her!" screamed Marian, struggling fiercely in Miss Conway's hold. "Little wretch—devil—bastard—that's the word—hunt it up—find out what it means—bastard!"

Miss Dorothy pushed her back into her chair, ran toward Valery, who stood utterly incapable of movement, and drew her onward.

"Go up-stairs," she said quickly; "go."

The child clung to her with such pleading agony in her face that it seemed to Miss Dorothy her own heart must break under its appeal.

"Do—do—you hate me?" whispered Valery.

"I love you—I love you! My darling—my pride—my good, good little Valery," sobbed Miss Dorothy, tearless and dry-eyed though she was. She stooped and kissed the upturned face with a passionate tenderness she had never before shown the shrinking creature.

"Thank you, Miss Dor," Valery said; released her hold of her protectress's dress and crept slowly up the stairs, clinging to the banisters as she tottered on like a person weak from long illness.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE NEXT MORNING.

ALL this while Cecil's voice could be heard from the library in loud lamentation; Miss Conway entered for an instant, saw that Nanine was doing her best to quiet her frightened charge, then went back to the verandah, where she found Marian in worse hysterics than ever. There was nothing for it but to get her indoors, undress, and put her to bed. Miss Dorothy accomplished the work herself, to prevent any of the servants witnessing the disgraceful scene. Marian sobbed and choked; whenever she could find voice indulging in the most horrible invectives; declaring that she would not be detained in the house; ordering Cecil to be brought; an instant after vowing that she never wished to set eyes upon her; the father might take her; she would never see either of them again.



It was sunset before she forgot her ravings in a heavy slumber. Miss Conway remembered the children. Nanine met her in the hall and said Cecil was sleeping, so Dorothy went on into her own room. Valery had climbed into an easy-chair and was sitting upright, holding fast to either arm, looking like a spectre of the joyous creature she had been that morning.

"Are you ill, Valery?" Miss Conway asked.

"My head aches," she replied, "here."

"You must have your supper and go to bed—that's my good little girl," Miss Dorothy said.

The white face worked tremulously, but she only answered,—

"I don't want any supper; shall I go to bed now?"

Miss Dorothy rang, and ordered some milk and bread; sat down by the child and persuaded her to eat a few mouthfuls, though she could see that her throat was so contracted with nervous suffering that she could hardly swallow.

"Come," Miss Dorothy said gently, "I'll put you to bed myself to-night, because you're my good, good little girl."

Oh, the piteous, troubled eyes, which looked up in her own! It was all Miss Dorothy could do to keep back her tears; but she was thoughtful enough to remember that any show of emotion would only increase the poor child's distress.

Valery's bed-chamber was separated from Miss Conway's dressing-room by a side passage off the great corridor, a pretty nest that was connected by a recess with her nurse's apartment, though she was a brave little thing, and knew nothing about the nervous terrors which torment so many unfortunates of her age. Nurse Benson had taken a holiday and was not yet returned, and Miss Dorothy hoped by the morning that the sufferer would have slept away the first violence of her grief.

Never since the first time she took Valery in her arms, a helpless new-born babe, had Miss Dorothy felt so tender toward her as she did this night. She said very little while undressing; occasionally a heavy sob would break forth, and as she knelt by Miss Dorothy's side to say her simple prayer, the spinster knew she was crying, but very quietly; behaving throughout so much like a grown person patient under a great wrong, that it troubled her companion more than a violent display of feeling would have done. Miss Dorothy put her in bed, smoothed the pillows, told her a quaint little story about a pet robin she had once owned, and did her best to give the child pleasant thoughts to take with her into sleep.

"Now be a dear goody, and get to dreaming as fast as you can,"

said Miss Dorothy, stooping to kiss her. Such demonstrations of affection were rare; in spite of the sympathy and pity with which she regarded her protégée, scarcely ever until now had Miss Dorothy kissed her without a dolorous pang at her heart; sometimes a sterner emotion of repulsion, which always brought her shame and remorse, to reflect that she was thus helping to visit the sins of the father upon the child. Valery clung to her hands, and whispered hesitatingly,—

“Do you—do you—” she said, “that lady, you didn’t——”

“I love you with all my heart,” broke in Miss Dorothy. “Don’t remember what that woman said—she’s very little better than crazy; but we won’t have her here again to tease us.”

“What made her so angry with me?” questioned Valery. “I hadn’t been naughty! I played as nice as I could with the little girl, and—and I was so glad—I thought she had come to see me.”

“Never mind; we’ll find somebody nearer your own age,” replied Miss Dorothy. “Now don’t worry yourself any more—you’ve not been naughty—you are always my good, good child.”

“She—she said my mamma was naughty too,” sobbed Valery. “Where is mamma? Nurse Benson said she was up among the angels—she couldn’t be naughty you know up there.”

“She was not, Valery—I loved her too,” answered Miss Dorothy.

“And I haven’t any papa—little Cecil has—she told me so, and she says he’s nicer than her mamma.”

“You have me always,” said Miss Dorothy, sitting down on the bed, and laying her arm caressingly over the child. “God loves little girls who have lost their father and mother, and sends somebody to take care of them and love them, as I do you.”

“Are you sure?” demanded Valery, with a persistency she seldom showed.

Miss Dorothy could only reply by another caress.

“I’ve got an aunt, too, somewhere,” pursued Valery; “she’s not dead—why doesn’t she come to see me?”

“Bless the child!” cried Miss Dorothy in astonishment. “Who told you so? I never heard you talk like this.”

“Don’t you remember when that big girl came here one day—Hetty Flint; oh, two or three months ago! She said she lived with my aunt; I know that was the house I went to once, a great, great while off, and Hetty lived there—I recollect.”

Miss Dorothy sat speechless with surprise; like most people unaccustomed to children she had no idea of their powers of

memory, or the way in which they will dwell upon vague recollections without ever mentioning them.

"But you don't want aunts or any one—haven't you me?" asked she, trying to laugh.

"Oh yes, and I love you—how I do love you!" cried Valery, putting up her two hands and squeezing Miss Dorothy's face between them. "I remember that woman," she added, "I do, though it's ever and ever so long ago, and the pale lady up-stairs."

"What woman?" demanded Miss Conway. "And there's no pale lady up-stairs; you're dreaming, Val."

"No, it couldn't have been here," replied she thoughtfully, "because I climbed up into the garret once—it wasn't here; she lived with Hetty Flint too."

Miss Dorothy understood now, but would not help the child to clear away the mists which obscured her remembrance of that visit to John Brent's house.

"If she was my aunt I don't believe she would love me as you do," said Valery. "I know I asked her to play, and she sent me out of doors with Hetty, and said she didn't know how to play with little girls, and I was afraid, because she looked so—so solemn, and she had grey hair."

"Oh, you goose, I am getting grey too! There, don't be trying to remember nonsense," returned Miss Dorothy cheerfully. "Go to sleep."

"I forgot to feed Kitty," Valery said suddenly.

"Very well, he shall come in and eat dinner with me—will that do?" questioned Miss Dorothy, hoping to see her laugh once more in her old gleeful fashion.

"You're so good—so good," returned Valery, her lips quivering, and the strange shadow of pain dimming her eyes anew—those wonderful brown eyes, whose wistful eagerness often caused Miss Dorothy thrills of keen anguish, from their resemblance to handsome Philip's.

"Then you be good too," she said; "don't talk now."

But Valery clung fast to her, and half rose in bed, saying,—

"Kiss me, please—I shan't see you any more."

"To-night, you mean," returned Miss Dorothy, trying to speak gaily. "But I'll come in before I go to bed and kiss you in your sleep."

"Will you?" she asked eagerly. "Sure—you won't forget?"

"No, indeed. Go to sleep, else I shall have to send for the sand-man to come and throw dust in your eyes."



It was an old jest between them which always excited Valery's merriment; but she did not notice now, holding fast to Miss Dorothy's hands, while her great eyes seemed looking a thousand strange questions which she did not know how to put in words.

Miss Conway laid her gently back upon the pillows, smoothed her sunny curls, and kissed the lids over those solemn orbs whose language filled her with such vague trouble and fear.

"Good night, birdie," she said softly, as she reached the door.

"Good night," Valery answered, almost in a whisper; and Miss Dorothy crept quietly out, hoping that the child was already overcome with slumber, after her unwonted excitement.

Miss Dorothy had her dinner alone that day, having seen that Cecil and her mother were both asleep; and glad she was of a little quiet, for it seemed to her a hundred years since her repose of the morning had been so unexpectedly broken in upon.

The rector came up in the evening, and brought his sister; and if ever there was an astonished woman Miss Dorothy was she, when, about nine o'clock, the drawing-room door opened, and Marian entered in the pink dress, smiling and pleasant as if nothing had ever caused her a moment's annoyance or care. Miss Dorothy was like one half petrified for the rest of the time the guests remained, but Marian talked incessantly; and the moment the visitors departed Miss Conway hurried off to bed, lest she should be treated to another bit of impromptu melodrama.

The last thing Miss Dorothy did before retiring was to steal into Valery's room and kiss her. The child slept soundly, and she could go to rest, and be thankful that the terrible day had ended so peaceably.

With the first gleams of the early summer dawn Valery woke, and the last eager thought that had gone with her into her dreams came back and roused her as suddenly as if an actual voice had spoken. To get away from the house—away from the dreadful woman who had frightened and outraged her—away from Miss Dorothy, since her presence brought constant pain to that kind friend. These were the ideas, put in her childish fashion, which filled Valery's mind, and kept strong the resolution that she had formed before falling asleep.

Often and often she had been tempted to set forth in search of the old house where she had seen that pale lady whom she had never mentioned until the previous night, and now to go to it was her fixed determination. Hetty Flint's visit in the spring had freshened all the recollections of that former journey, and she

always remembered the road Hetty had taken when she drove off in the old one-horse chaise in which she had made her pilgrimage. Of course all Valery's plans and thoughts were childish and vague, but they were none the less clear on that account. The solemn woman was her aunt—Hetty had said so; she would go and find her, and ask if she might live there, so as not to be a trouble to Miss Dorothy and never run any risk of seeing again the woman who had struck her and called her dead mother such wicked names.

Nurse Benson, tired after her day's visiting, slumbered heavily in the grey light of the morning, but had she been ever so light a sleeper Valery's movements were too cautious to have roused her. The child got out of bed and began to dress; she was accustomed to helping herself a great deal, so got through the operation without much difficulty. She knelt and said her prayers—asking God to bless Miss Dorothy, and in her childish way begging Him that the new lady might not call her naughty any more; and Marian Conway slept on a few rooms beyond, undisturbed by any thought of the petition which went up to Him, one of whose little ones she had offended.

Valery opened the door and crept softly down the stairs into the side passage where her garden hat and shawl always hung, and passed out through the silent kitchen, which was never locked at night. On the table were bread and a bowl of milk, left there by some careless servant; they reminded Valery that she was hungry, so she mounted into a chair, and ate and drank, doing it all in the quaint, old maidish manner about which Nurse Benson often laughed.

The Maltese cat leaped in through the open window, and mewed and danced with delight at sight of his playmate, so Valery gave him a part of her breakfast and a hasty lecture about being a good Kitty, and not making Miss Dorothy any trouble.

"I've taken Dolly with me in the basket," she said, while the cat looked sagely at her, his tail sticking straight into the air, like a small watch-tower, "but you can't walk so far—I know Nurse Benson will be kind to you."

She had to stop and cry a little over her favourite, and Kitty responded with a dissatisfied mew, perfectly conscious there was something unusual going on, and not by any means easy in his mind. Valery picked up her basket, which always held the special possessions required each day—a miracle of ugliness in the way of a small, jointed wooden doll named Cleopatra and cherished with a

tenderness never bestowed on the beautiful waxen lady Miss Dorothy had given her on her last birth-day. She offered as a reason that Cleopatra was not a favourite—even Kitty didn't like her—so it was necessary to love her very dearly, to keep her from finding out how plain she was. A much-worn book of fairy tales, a broken pencil and a few scraps of paper; some bits of sewing supposed to be a bed-quilt for Cleopatra (but it had lain a long time in the basket, because Valery, precocious as she was about most things, found needlework a sad stumbling-block), completed the list of her treasures.

The Maltese cat followed his mistress resolutely to the outside door, his tail more erect than ever, and saying as plainly as if it had been a tongue that he fully intended to make one in the expedition, whatever it might be.

"You can't go, Troubadour," Valery said, regretfully. "Oh dear, how I wish you had the white cat's boots—don't you?"

"Mew!" answered Troubadour, and the stiff tail went up higher—it was all the same as if he had said that with boots or without he meant to accompany her.

Valery shut the window to keep him from making his exit by that—kissed him again—begged his pardon, and asked him not to think she would ever forget him. Some sound in the chamber over-head warned her of the danger of further delay, and she hurried out, pursued by a long wail of mingled grief and wrath from the disconsolate Troubadour.

Valery ran down through the kitchen-garden, took a path along the shrubberies at the side of the house, and reached the entrance gates without meeting or being discovered by any one.

The sun was just beginning to throw a golden light over the eastern sky, the soft mist played about the distant hills, and the child went quickly forth through the glory of the new day, fearless, confident, and watched by those happiest of all the blessed angels, the guardians of little children, because to them it is granted always to see His face in heaven.

Once in the while there will come a morning in the most orderly household when every member of it oversleeps himself, and it chanced that this was such a one in Miss Conway's dwelling. From Nurse Benson down to cook each servant was behind time, and, oddly enough, their mistress did not wake and appear at some unholy hour, according to her wont, and so become conscious of their dilatoriness. Nurse was horrified to find how late she was, and anxious to finish sewing a new dress before Valery woke, so she



hurried down into the kitchen regions to use her needle and have a gossip at the same time with cook about her pleasures of the previous day.

Eight o'clock sounded as Miss Dorothy left her apartment, her utter contempt for the services of a maid keeping her in happy ignorance of the fact that her late rising had been imitated by her whole staff of dependants. She descended to the breakfast-room and the sight of Cecil, engaged with her bread and milk, reminded Miss Dorothy that in her disgust at her own indolence she had forgotten to look into Valery's chamber. She tried to talk with Cecil, but Cecil was in one of her perverse moods and would not be friends on any terms. Nanine had not seen the other little girl, she said, in answer to Miss Conway's inquiry. Thinking that perhaps the child had not yet wakened after her unusual excitement, Miss Dorothy ran back upstairs, to be certain that nothing was the matter. In the upper corridor she met Nurse Benson.

"I was just going to wake little Valery—she hasn't slept so long I don't know when," said Nurse.

"Don't wake her," returned Miss Dorothy, "let her sleep as long as she likes."

So they both went into Nurse's room and listened; the white muslin curtains that hung before the alcove were drawn; there was no sound, and Miss Dorothy motioned the servant away.

"She was over-tired yesterday," she said, when they were out in the passage again; "it will do her good to sleep. Hark! there's Mrs. Conway's bell. Go and see if she will have her breakfast now—I know she always likes it in bed."

Of course Nurse had heard all about the visitor the evening before, but fortunately none of the servants had witnessed Marian's outbreak except Nanine, whose command of English was confined to a very few remarkable words of her own coinage, which conveyed no meaning whatever to any body's mind but hers.

Miss Dorothy walked on downstairs, ate her breakfast with composure, and presently Nurse Benson came in to fill a tray for Mrs. Conway, and reported that lady as complaining of a bad night.

"Indeed, ma'am," pursued Nurse, with an inflamed countenance, "she says the bed was hard as a stone, and she didn't believe it was clean—and I had 'tended to the room myself, and it was just as nice as a pink."

"Never mind; Mrs. Conway is not well—invalids are always fanciful," returned Miss Dorothy, rather amused at Nurse's indignation.

"Humph!" said Nurse; struggled an instant between her sense of propriety and her wrath, then the latter got the upper-hand, as it usually does with people of every degree. "I don't like being called an awkward zany, Miss Dorothy, and that's the truth," she burst out, "and if I was a lady I wouldn't go to see my husband's sister and talk about her to——"

"Benson, Benson!" interrupted her mistress, and Benson came back to her senses.

"Excuse me, Miss Dorothy," said she. "If you please, the Madam will take chocolate."

"Go and tell cook to make it, and be sure it is nice," said Miss Dorothy. "Give my compliments to Mrs. Conway, and say I will come in to see her after she has breakfasted."

Nurse went away; the head farmer asked to see Miss Conway, and for the next half-hour she was so much occupied that she did not recollect Valery, and Benson was suffering too severely in the task of waiting on Mrs. Conway to have leisure to think of her.

Mrs. Conway had wakened firm in the determination to make a fresh scene with her sister-in-law in regard to Valery. She was a little afraid of Miss Dorothy, it was true, but so accustomed finally to having her own way with every body about her, that she did not doubt her ultimate success in teasing or forcing the spinster to send the child among her mother's relations to live. She fortified herself with a hearty breakfast, got ready either for coaxing, tears, or ill-temper, and when Miss Conway had finished her interview with the farmer, Benson informed her that the Madam—and it was delicious to hear the manner in which Benson jerked out the two words, as if she were spitting forth something excessively nasty—wished her to come upstairs.

"Has Valery had her breakfast?" asked Miss Conway, reminded of her by hearing the Maltese cat wail dolorously in the back regions.

"Bless her dear heart!" cried Nurse. "If I hain't been so busy trotting up and down, trying to suit the Madam, that I teetotally forgot the little thing."

She followed her mistress upstairs—once more they both entered Benson's chamber—the white curtains still hung before the alcove. Miss Dorothy crossed the room quickly and drew them aside.

"She's not here," she said, with an odd feeling of alarm, though it was somewhat checked by Nurse's exclamation,—

"Dear heart, she's got up and dressed herself—knowing I'd have

more on my hands than common ! Did ever a body hear of such a thoughtful young mouse ! ”

“ Go down and see if she’s had her breakfast,” said Miss Conway. “ Is that her voice ? Valery, Valery ! ” She stepped out into the corridor as she uttered the name—only a burst of laughter from Cecil answered her. “ Is the other little girl there ? ” she asked in French of Nanine, looking over the railing into the hall below.

But Nanine had not seen her that morning, and Nurse said,—“ She’s out in the garden, I’ll be bound ! Why she must be half starved ! What on earth was I a thinking of,” and away she ran down stairs, out in the verandah, calling in her turn,—

“ Valery, Valery ! ” and still Cecil’s laughter, as she rolled a ball to and fro in the passages, was the only sound that answered.

Miss Dorothy stood in the upper hall and waited, while Benson went into the kitchen, asking if any body had seen the child, searched the garden hastily, and returned, saying,—

“ It’s really odd, Miss, but she ain’t anywheres about—there ain’t a soul given her any breakfast or set eyes on her this morning.”

Miss Dorothy turned very white and leaned heavily against the banisters. “ Call James,” she said ; “ send the men to look.”

“ Don’t be so scared, Miss Dorothy,” urged Benson, “ there ain’t nothing the matter—it’s too far off for her to go to the river—she’ll come back in a few minutes.”

“ She will not come back,” exclaimed Miss Dorothy, in a strange voice ; “ I know she will not.”

Benson’s inquiries had roused the other servants ; search had been made ; Jane the sempstress came to say that Valery’s hat and shawl were gone from their usual place.

A sudden thought struck Miss Dorothy ; she remembered the child’s conversation of the previous night.

“ Tell James to harness the horses,” she said, “ quick—I will drive myself.”

“ What on earth—” began Benson.

“ Hush,” said her mistress, “ she’s gone to her aunt’s, I am sure.”

“ Who is gone ? ” cried Marian’s voice ; she had been ringing her bell in vain, and attracted by the sudden tumult got out of bed and stood in her chamber-door.

The sight of her not unnaturally roused a very heathenish wrath in Miss Dorothy’s mind, but having the good fortune to be a well-bred woman she controlled herself perfectly.

“ Who is gone, I say ? ” repeated Marian, sufficiently upset by



the scene in which she had indulged the day before, to rush into an excitement on the slightest show of an opportunity.

"I hope you are better this morning," said Miss Dorothy, mindful of the eyes that were watching, for Jane and two other servants had joined Benson in the hall. "I was just coming into your room—what a lovely morning it is."

She walked up to the door so decidedly that Marian involuntarily stepped back into the chamber, because, though Miss Conway's voice was elaborately civil, for the benefit of those stern domestic judges, there was a look in her face which Marian only could see, not by any means pleasant to encounter. Dorothy turned toward the group in the corridor, and said,—

"Order the pony-waggon at once, Benson. There is nothing for you to do up here, Jane—go downstairs, every one of you."

Miss Conway entered the bedroom and closed the door; it was highly probable Marian would raise another tempest; but at least should not disgrace herself before witnesses.

"What's the matter with you?" whined Mrs. Conway, "I'm not to be glared at like that—Philip all over—but I'm not afraid of him or you either!"

"I was in hopes a night's rest might have restored your reason a little," said Miss Dorothy, rather coldly.

"I've not closed my eyes—the worst bed I ever slept on!" snapped her sister-in-law. "I want to know what is going on in the house—there is something you wish to keep from me."

"Nothing, I assure you," replied Miss Dorothy. "I am greatly troubled and alarmed—Valery cannot be found."

"I hope she's in the bottom of the river!" cried Marian venomously. "I'm glad—glad—I hope you'll find her dead."

"If I did, you would be her murderer in God's eyes," returned Miss Dorothy sternly. "She was a happy child till yesterday; if you have a gleam of conscience you ought to be tortured by the thought of your cowardly outrage—you, a mother!"

"It is I who was outraged," exclaimed Marian, "in the most abominable fashion. You did it—letting my child play with Philip's illegitimate bantling—going in the face of all decency by keeping her here in your house!"

"You force me to remind you that I did not ask you to come and meet her," replied Miss Dorothy.

"I was a fool to set foot inside your doors—ever to speak to you."

"Of that you are the best judge; at all events, you knew the child was under my care."

"And a disgrace it is," broke in Marian. "Every body says so! Helping your brother in his wickedness—aiding him to insult and deceive his lawful wife."

"I am at a loss to know how you were deceived," answered Miss Conway. "You knew of this child—you told me yourself you would marry him if he had deserted twenty silly women. But all this recrimination is useless! I shall have to ask you to excuse me for a few hours. I am obliged to leave home."

"A pretty way to treat a guest! And where are you going?"

"To find my brother's child," replied Miss Dorothy; "to bring her back—to love and cherish her more tenderly than ever—to stand between her and the suffering such cruel hearts as yours would bring upon her."

Marian broke into a torrent of passionate tears and reproaches, but Miss Dorothy had relieved her mind and would not answer a word.

"Let me out of the house," cried the woman; "I'll not stay here another moment! Where's my child? You'd steal her in hopes to make room for that thing—give me my child."

"The carriage shall take you to the station at once," cried Miss Dorothy; "you will just be in time for the next train. I will send Cecil up with her nurse; but if you have the least love for your daughter I would advise you to control yourself! She was very near convulsions yesterday from fright, and I warn you that an active brain and a high-strung nervous system will not bear tampering with."

Marian was a little frightened by Miss Dorothy's voice and manner, but too much in the habit of indulging her temper to restrain herself. She gave vent to much and violent language, and ringing the bell fiercely reiterated her determination to depart immediately.

"The carriage will be at the door when you are ready" was all the reply Miss Dorothy vouchsafed, and went downstairs to give orders for the coachman to drive Mrs. Conway to the station and return as quickly as possible that she herself might have the ponies.

When the trio appeared on the verandah, where Miss Conway waited, it was plain to be seen that the sojourn upstairs had been any thing but quiet; Nanine was crying, Marian scolding her, and Cecil in a great rage with her mother.

"You dreadful, wicked child—I'll tell your papa!" Marian said.

"Don't care—don't care!" shouted rebellious Cecil.

"Kiss me, good-bye, Baby," said Miss Dorothy, going toward the group.

"You shall not touch my daughter—your very kiss would be an added insult to us both," cried Marian, sweeping between them with her most tragic air. "Cecil, don't look at that wicked creature—don't speak to her!"

"Will!" pronounced Cecil. "Let down, Nanine, let down," and she turned into a small tiger-cat so suddenly that the poor woman was glad to put her on the floor. "Will kiss Auntie Dor!" she added, and ran to Miss Conway, while Marian stormed and raved more like a newly-escaped Bedlamite than any thing else.

The whole scene was too humiliating and degrading; Miss Dorothy patted Cecil hastily on the head and stepped back into the hall, saying,—

"Good-bye, Mrs. Conway—a pleasant journey to you."

It was so decided a defeat, in spite of finding herself mistress of the field, that Marian was glad to get into the carriage, do her best to soothe Cecil, whose screams by this time were appalling, and drive off as fast as possible.

Miss Dorothy went upstairs for her bonnet and shawl, put them on, and walked uneasily up and down the verandah, waiting for the carriage to return, divided between her anxiety in regard to Valery, and sad thoughts of what the future might prove to Philip's other daughter, reared under the care of such a mother. The nameless creature who had just received the first cruel blow to which her mournful destiny must always leave her exposed in this hard world, actually seemed less pitiable than that petted little beauty whose childhood must be passed in the companionship of a woman like Marian. And Philip too—she could not help thinking of him—she loved him still, and it was heartbreaking to reflect that, allied to a wife such as he had chosen, there appeared no hope that any good principle left in his heart should be able to develope and help him (if nothing could be done to atone for the past) at least to make the future less barren and useless.

James was a long time gone; Miss Dorothy glanced at her watch, and was horrified to find that almost the whole morning had been wasted. She saw the ponies dash up the road at length, and learned from James's excuses that, as she expected, Mrs. Conway had detained him on one pretext or another—it was her last bit of petty revenge.

Miss Dorothy stepped into the carriage and started the ponies at



the top of their speed, while James stood on the steps looking discontentedly after, and muttering to himself,—

“Just like a woman—never seed one that had a bit of mercy on horseflesh—though Miss Dorothy’s a queen to most on ’em.”

James was at all times a decided misogynist, but an hour and a half under Mrs. Conway’s sway had left him more bitter than usual, and he snubbed Jane, who came out for a bit of gossip, in a merciless fashion, and shambled off toward the stables, too much irritated even to solace himself with the wheezy, strangled whistle wherein it was his habit so constantly to indulge, that Miss Dorothy often declared he reminded her of a dissipated blackbird in a chronic state of moult.

## UNDER THE RED CROSS.

BY THE AUTHORESSES OF "OUR ADVENTURES IN THE WAR."

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### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

It is not necessary to recall in detail, the events of the fiercest and most disastrous war of modern days. The memory of them is still fresh, the scars are yet unhealed; but it is sad to think how all our Christianity, all our philosophy, all our civilization, culminated in this savage, deadly struggle, that has left behind it broken hearts, ruined homes, life-long mourning for the dead, life-long suffering for too many of the convalescent wounded; hatred towards the conqueror on the one side, and distrust of the conquered on the other.

The preparations made by France and Germany for the relief of their respective wounded must naturally come first in our record of the Red Cross work of 1870; and then the efforts of the Societies of Neutral nations acting under the Geneva Convention, of whom England, Belgium, Switzerland, and Holland were the chief.

Of course the two Berlin Committees came into instant action after the declaration of war—the Central Committee, which appointed the Prince of Pless as chief of the work of the International Society at the seat of war; and the Women's Association, for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in War.

The Knights of St. John, under Count Stolberg, again assumed the charge of Ambulance work done for the German army, either by the military or volunteer Ambulances, with full powers to arrange for the reception of the wounded, to control the distribution of stores, to allot quarters to the working staff, to grant passes to the scene of action, and to require rations from the inhabitants of the various places where they had temporary Hospitals.

One knight of the Order of the Knights of Malta, and one of its junior and Protestant branch, the Knights of St. John, were attached to each army corps, and they included in their duties the giving of clothing, food, wine, and cigars to the fighting men, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, and for this reason alone, it would have been well that no English stores should have been given to them; indeed, they were so liberally supplied from Germany that they needed no help. They only gave stores on the requisition of a German surgeon, and very rarely to any Hospital or Ambulance where French wounded predominated.

Branch Committees were formed in every town in Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hesse, Wurtemberg, and, indeed, all over Germany. The enthusiasm was great, and the contributions nobly liberal.

The Queen took a prominent part in this national work of charity; and our own English Princesses, the Princess Royal and the Princess Alice of Hesse, themselves superintended and nursed in various Hospitals. The Government contributed towards the support of the wounded in all voluntary and temporary Hospitals, the cost amounting to a sum varying from 8*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* per head per day; and this was cheaper than in the military Hospitals, from the unpaid assistance given by volunteer workers, and the gifts they received from the various Societies. Probably the 20,000*l.* given by England, of which no detailed account has been furnished, was expended in this way, thus saving the Government that amount. Palaces, private houses, railway-sheds, and manufactories, were all converted into temporary Hospitals, the Government aiding in the expense of fitting them up. In the various towns between Dusseldorf and Baden alone there were 22,500 beds, and these were all usually occupied. There were 15,000 wounded at Haguenau in Alsace, supplied from the depôt at Carlsruhe, and we shall see, as we trace farther the course of the war, other proofs of how thoroughly and well the German work was done at the seat of war.

The French Central Committee at Paris was under the presidency of the Empress, and afterwards was principally managed, as regards the Ladies' Committee, by the Countess de Flavigny, whilst the Count de Flavigny was the President of the Society. This was the Society in connexion with the Geneva Convention.

They formed Ambulances to proceed to the field of battle. The most celebrated of these, were the Fifth International Ambulance,



under Dr. Trélat, which served with great distinction through the whole war, the Anglo-American Ambulance, which served at Sedan and Orléans, and the Ambulance conducted by M. and Madlle. Monod.

The English Ambulance, which did such splendid service in Paris, under Sir John Cormack, who was knighted for his bravery and devotion during the siege, was principally supported by that most generous and charitable of men, Sir Richard Wallace; and this, though a later creation, was also in connexion with the Central Society.

This latter had its offices and stores, in the building which had been used for the International Exposition, the "Palais de l'Industrie." Owing to the close investiture of Paris, it was always rich and well supplied, for neither money or material could be sent to the relief of their Ambulances outside, or to the Hospitals in France, and their ample stores and wealth, intended for general use, were thus reserved for the wants of Paris alone. It would seem by this that the 20,000*l.* given to the French might have been more usefully expended, though it cannot be denied that the Ambulance of the Press, which received a handsome share of it, did good service, and well deserved support, had it been needed.

Up to the end of August, the French Military authorities refused all offers of personal assistance from Neutrals, alleging that their staff was sufficient for all probable emergencies, but on the eve of the battle of Sedan the services of the Anglo-American Ambulance were accepted, and after it, so complete was the break down that the work was done almost entirely by the aid of Neutrals, and by volunteer Ambulances formed to accompany the new levies from their various provinces, such as the Ambulance of the "Puy de Dome," "de Lyons," "du Sud," "Borbonnais," and many others.

Their staff consisted of Surgeons and Dressers from the various great provincial Hospitals, and they depended for Nurses on Sisters of Mercy and other religious orders, and on such volunteer help as could be procured on the scene of action, whilst they received all extra stores from local committees, except the rations of food and wine allowed by the Mairies of the towns where they worked.

The only exception to the rule which was at first made, of not availing themselves of Neutral assistance was when the French Intendance permitted two English surgeons from the National Society to go to Metz in aid of the medical staff there, but it has

been said since, that had it not been for a sum of five hundred pounds which was sent with them, even this too would have been refused. The same amount was sent with the first party that went to the German head-quarters, consisting of a secretary, surgeon, and four lady Nurses, including ourselves, and also with two Surgeons sent to the German Army, to counterbalance the two sent to France.

The Surgeons sent to Metz were shut up there during the siege, and deserve every honourable mention. They were Mr. W. Ward and Mr. Pratt.

The total number of Relief Societies in Paris amounted to fifteen, and many, indeed, most of the largest buildings were given up to the wounded, amongst them the Tuileries and the Grand Hotel. In the latter the mortality was very great; and so infected did all the Hospitals and Ambulances in the city become, that as soon as the armistice was declared, all the wounded whom it was possible to remove, were sent to the Provinces.

And now before we look at the work of the Neutral Societies, we will just glance at the war itself. As we all know, war was declared between France and Germany on the 15th of July, and by the end of the next week a French army 300,000 strong was in position between Metz and Belfort.

The bombardment of Saarbruck took place the 2nd of August. The battle of Weissenburg was fought on the 4th, and Woerth and Forbach (by two separate *corps d'armée*) on the 6th. The loss in these battles was very great on both sides, and Saarbruck and Trèves were crowded with German wounded, whilst the French were sent back to Paris.

On the 10th of August the French army, commanded by Marshal Bazaine, was concentrated under the walls of Metz.

The fighting began at Courcelles on the 14th: the German loss was about 3000, and there were 4000 wounded French prisoners. On the 16th was fought the battle of Vionville. 80,000 Germans were engaged, of whom 18,000 were killed and wounded, the greatest proportion ever reached in modern warfare. In comparison with the French, their loss was as three to one, and thus in one fortnight their army was weakened by 25,000 men. We may form some idea of what such a loss is, by imagining a few thousands more than the whole Volunteer force at Brighton on Easter Monday, swept as it were from the face of the earth, dead on the field of battle, or helpless cripples in Hospital. By the end of the month,

after the battle of Gravelotte, the total number of Germans *hors de combat* was 50,000.

The scene in the village of Gorze, on the night after the battle, is vividly described by Forbes in his "Experiences of the War."

"In Gorze, on Tuesday night, nobody thought of bed: the hale were hurrying to the front, the Doctors, the Medical Volunteers, and the Sisters of Mercy were tending the wounded every where. Every room was full, straw was shaken down in the streets by the sides of the houses, and wounded were laid upon it. A huge convent, like one of those mills you see in Lancashire or Yorkshire, was packed full to its innermost recess, and from every window streamed a blaze of light. The whole town had a weird and lurid aspect. Candles burnt on the window sills to light the troops to the battle-field, and the wounded off it, and a babel of tongues raged in the narrow streets."

And further on he says,—

"One uses weak words when he writes that the potato-gardens of Flanville were strewn with French and German dead. There were places where the dead were piled one upon another, till the earth could not be discerned for the number of her children that cumbered her bosom there in death."

And this is written in the nineteenth century of a Christian land!

On the 18th was fought the battle of Gravelotte, perhaps the hardest struggle of the war.

It is said there was nothing to choose between the fighting powers of the two armies, but like Waterloo, the victory was to those who had the greatest staying power.

The battle-field was on an elevated plateau, as Forbes says, "a model battle-field of the old pattern." The conflict lasted from eleven in the morning till six in the evening, the battle was not so bloody in proportion as that of the 16th, though larger numbers were engaged. The Germans lost about 25,000 killed and wounded, the French about 19,000.

It was not till the 22nd that the burying parties finished their sad work. We are now writing from personal experience, as we arrived on the battle-field at St. Marie aux Chênes late on the night of the 21st. This village had been one of the most hotly-contested posts, and was in a state of ruin and desolation; but every village near was also deserted by its inhabitants and filled with wounded.

The Knights of St. John had their head-quarters and a barn full of stores at St. Marie, their principle dépôt being at Pont à Mousson, but they troubled themselves *personally* very little except about their dinners. Had they ridden round to the isolated



farms and villages, taken down a list of stores absolutely requisite, and sent them in their waggons from the depôt at St. Marie, they would have saved much suffering; but the wounded in the neighbourhood were dying of absolute want, the surgeons had nothing left to tend them with, whilst waggon-loads of stores were sent back to Pont à Mousson as useless where they were!

Probably this may be accounted for by the fact, that they gave nothing except on a requisition signed by a German surgeon, and received none because the volunteer helpers, who by this time were arriving from all quarters, were ignorant of their rules or were not Germans.

The whole nursing of the wounded devolved upon our small party of ladies, as a Madame Seeman and two Alexandrine sisters from Dresden devoted themselves to the cooking, which would have been very useful had they not concentrated all their energies in the service of the Knights, whilst we had a hard struggle to get even the very weak soup they made for our wounded men, and that at most erratic intervals. Of course we were not invited to share the Knights' luxuries.

The wounded were very quickly evacuated, as a sortie from Metz was anticipated. We were moved on to Sedan. It was not till some days after we left, that English agents came round with stores, and saved, doubtless, many lives.

Sedan was the next great battle; in this we include the preliminary fight at Beaumont on the 30th, which left that village, as well as Sommeurthe, so full of wounded that they were laid on straw in the market-place, and along the sides of the streets, but here the Prince of Tour and Taxis was acting as chief of the International Prussian Committee, and nothing could exceed his self-devotion, his energy, and his courtesy to all workers. At Sommeurthe we ourselves, being in charge of three waggon-loads of stores, supplied his most urgent need of medicines and food for the wounded, giving up the charge at Beaumont to Sir H. H——, who liberally distributed great part of what we had to the military Ambulances both French and German, which were the only ones there.

Imagination can hardly realize the immensity of the battle of Sedan.

The French, under Marshal MacMahon, numbered 110,000, who were all engaged, whilst the German army amounted to

220,000, of whom 170,000 and 600 guns were to sustain the shock of battle, the rest being kept in reserve.

The losses of the Germans were comparatively small, at least by their own returns, but we have often had reason to doubt the exact truth of them, and we should estimate it at from 12,000 to 15,000 killed and wounded, whilst the French must have had about 20,000 *hors de combat*.

During the days immediately following, and before the Germans sent back their own wounded and the slightly wounded French to the rear, there were upwards of 30,000 wounded in the town of Sedan and the villages around.

Besides military Ambulances, the Anglo-American (with which our party was then amalgamated by order of Capt. Brackenbury), the 5th (Dr. Trélat's), and the ambulance of M. Monod were all working here, whilst Dr. Davis, the good black doctor who died in the service, and his assistant Mr. Hugman, had charge of 300 sick and wounded Bavarians at Pont Maugis. Capt. Brackenbury was appointed chief agent of the English Society on the Continent, and reached Arlon, on the frontiers of Luxembourg, on the 3rd September, and from that moment his powers of organization and his ceaseless activity made themselves felt every where, and liberal supplies of stores were sent to Sedan and to every village, so liberal indeed, that it led to wastefulness, which was no fault of his, but of those to whom the stores were entrusted.

Here the wounded were evacuated very fast, indeed too fast for their health, but as the mortality was very great, especially in the Caserne d'Asfeld, occupied by the Anglo-American Ambulance, it was, after all, an even chance.

From the very first Dr. Marion Sims had feared that the Caserne would be unhealthy, but there was no other place to be had, and the want of proper sanitary arrangements, which was unavoidable, no doubt contributed to raise the death list.

By October the town and neighbourhood were nearly cleared, except of a few desperate cases, and the Ambulances moved elsewhere, —the French to try vainly for entrance into Paris, where were all their stores and money, and the Neutral ones to take up their position around Paris and on the banks of the Loire.

The taking of Orléans on the 11th October by the Bavarians, made that city a great centre of wounded, and on the re-taking in November by the French, above 1000 wounded Germans were left

to the care of the inhabitants, and most nobly was that trust fulfilled.

A letter from Col. Elphinstone, the Society's agent at Tours, of the date November 18, states that he visited Orléans and found 160 left behind. This is probably because he only visited the General Hospital and the Anglo-American Ambulance, and made no inspection of the other Hospitals and Ambulances. We had over 100 in our two Convents alone, and 50 more at a house a mile off in the Faubourg Bourgogne. Except to the Hospital and the Anglo-American, no relief was given by him at that time to any other Ambulance, and he seems ignorant of their existence.

Indeed all along the complaint was, that with the prospect of severe fighting to come off before long, there was no agent of the British National Society in Orléans, and no depôt of stores. Two days after the colonel's visit we supplied the Caserne d'Etapes with lint, bandages, and medicines, from stores given to us by the Putney and Hampstead Committees, and other friends, of which they had literally *none*, with 600 wounded. This Caserne was nursed by the ladies of Orléans. They had at first thought of fitting up the church of St. Euverte; but the medical men of the city pronounced it unhealthy, and unfit for the purpose. The Anglo-Americans afterwards spent a large sum in arranging it for wounded. The result was a mortality exceptionally great. It was said to be like signing a man's death-warrant to send him there; and why the church should have been used when many better places were to be had, and this in defiance of the best medical opinions, is a mystery.

Dr. Pratt, in his letter to the Committee, says it was called "Lloyd-Lindsay Hospital;" but it was never known as such in Orléans; nor were the requisitions made in that name; but as he also says of his Ambulance, "From October 20th to end of war our entire support came from the National Society," and forgets 200% sent by the French Committee in London, and given to him by ourselves in November, not much reliance can be placed on his statements.

This is only a specimen of the random style of some of the Societies' reports.

In December, the battles at Beaune le Roland, Chévilley, and Orléans, crowded the city with 30,000 sick and wounded, and there was a very great scarcity of all needful stores, added to the difficulty of procuring food and fuel, owing to the number of troops quartered



there, and the entire cessation of all traffic with the neighbourhood, so that no supplies were brought in from the country.

It would be tedious here to tell the tale of difficulties in even keeping our wounded from starvation. It only points out the necessity of agents on the spot, who would have sent for sacks of flour and potatoes, and the bare necessities of life. It causes us to smile sadly when we read in what, 5717*l.* out of the 13,000*l.* of the French 20,000*l.*, accounted for by Surgeon-Major Wyatt, was expended: chocolate, preserved fruits, syrups, biscuits, cherry brandy, tobacco and cigars, aromatic vinegar and eau-de-Cologne, sugar, tea, honey, preserved fish, soups, and meats, &c., &c. They are all very pleasant luxuries for the wounded; but we remember soup of horse-flesh, sheeps' brains, and dried beans, as all we could have at times for either wounded or workers.

After Orléans was partially cleared of wounded, small-pox broke out. There were 6000 cases in the city; the military were placed in a barrack allotted for the purpose; but there was not sufficient care taken to send out of Ambulances cases as soon as discovered. We escaped, having taken the precaution of examining every case every day, and detecting the first symptoms. We had only three cases, and they were sent off directly.

The wounded of the battles in January, near Le Mans, were principally sent to Tours, or Le Mans; very few came to Orléans.

We must now look at the north and east of France. In the north, by Amiens, the Red Cross work was nobly done by Sir Vincent Eyre and Colonel Cox, most ably seconded by his wife; but there were only about 4000 wounded in the city and neighbourhood.

Captain Harvey, of the 71st, visited all the Ambulances in the West of France, supplying such as needed with stores; and his letters prove how carefully and judiciously he did his work—though whether Hospitals or Ambulances, remote from the actual seat of war, ought to be supplied by Neutrals, is a question we have yet to consider; and the work of Captain Galton, who inspected the establishments for the sick on the other side the Rhine, is one of a still more dubious nature.

Very little Ambulance work was done in the East of France, either with the army of the Vosges or Garibaldi's corps. They had their own military Ambulances; but large supplies for the sick and wounded were sent to General Garibaldi's head-quarters, through

the kind exertions of a Committee, of which Mrs. Chambers (of whom we have before spoken) was the chief.

The Hospital stores forwarded through this source were so much admired for their superiority, and so well chosen for their usefulness, that they might be said to serve as a model for all such welcome gifts. These, however, were not selected by any stray official, but under the personal superintendence of an eminent London physician, Dr. Henry Scott, of Upper Woburn-place. The care, economy, and judgment he exhibited in the choice of the medical and surgical appliances most needed, including many curative, antiseptic, and disinfectant agents, that might otherwise never have been thought of, deserve to be gratefully remembered, more especially as the difference in kind and price of these stores, as compared with those sent by the National Society, prove the necessity of a medical storekeeper, competent not only to purchase but to inspect every article for Hospital use.

Versailles was the great centre of the Red Cross work outside Paris. Here were the head-quarters of the French Society, under M. Delaroche (son of the celebrated painter); of the English Committee, under Captain Furley; and of the German, under Prince Pless; each having a *depôt* of stores there. The historical château was fitted up as an Hospital, served by the Germans, and full of their wounded and sick. Very few French were here; they were mostly picked up by their own Ambulances, and carried back into Paris.

The towns and villages within twenty miles all around were receptacles for wounded; and the conveyance of stores to outlying hamlets and farms was occasionally a work of difficulty and danger. Forbes says (vol. ii. p. 114),—

“I cannot quit the subject of the English Ambulance visit without bearing testimony to the promptness and efficiency of the performance. To travel to and fro some twenty-five miles either way in two days indicates a high state of efficiency; and it ought not to be forgotten that for quite half this distance the road was under a very heavy fire. Between St. Birce and Sarcelles the men, horses, and waggons were twice spattered with a shower of earth caused by the explosion of shells in the field which they were skirting. I could not help being tickled at the sight of Captain Furley and Mr. Young coolly exchanging cigar-lights just at this interesting stage of the proceedings.”

Hommages aux braves! and we can bear witness that the “Benevolent Neutral” was as courteous and gentle as he was brave and

energetic—a worthy Knight of St. John. Would there were more such on the rolls of the Guild as himself, Sir E. Lechmere, and Capt. Burgess!

The Anglo-American Ambulance, offered their services here to nurse 200 typhoid patients in tents outside the town, the Hospitals being overcrowded; and that gigantic experiment, or rather failure, the War-office Ambulance, came to work here also, but was sent back to St. Germain's, as was the fate of several French Ambulances. But the case of the Dutch Ambulance was harder still. We read in Madame de Crombrugghe's "*Journal d'une Infirmière*" that she visited the Dutch Ambulance when at Trèves, which was supplied by the Committee at the Hague. The Baroness de Mercus and two lady Nurses accompanied it, and Madame de Crombrugghe speaks in raptures of its admirable management, its liberal stores, and its exquisite cleanliness, saying "it was a model for all such work."

It proceeded later to the neighbourhood of Sedan, where the wounded were placed in a superb tent sent by the King of Holland, and then to Versailles, where, under M. de Vandeveld, it was installed in a wing of the castle. For some reason or other the Prussian surgeons disliked its presence there, and it was ordered to leave, all its bedding and stores being taken by the Germans. It is said that M. de Vandeveld was perfectly heart-broken. But the worst scene near Paris was at Lagny, which not only received the wounded of the sorties, but through which passed night and day trains of sick and wounded going to the rear.

Here Madame de Behrends worked, and she gave us many details of what passed there. It seems that, most unfortunately, Madame Seeman was in charge for the Knights of St. John, and just the same thing occurred as did at St. Marie aux Chènes. The entire energy of Madame Seeman was devoted to cooking for the Knights, and poor Madame de Behrends had to write to Neustadt for money with which to purchase even food and wine. Madame Seeman served out weak pea-soup for typhoid and dysenteric patients, and Madame de Behrends was obliged to buy and cook for them herself.

Captain Nevill, in the Societies' Report, writes of Lagny, and speaks of the awful sufferings of the French prisoners, herded together in open waggons for five and six days together; and he also says, "Madame Simon" (as he spells it) "is working as only



she can work, and I am helping her all I can." The Captain in that case must have assisted in making delicate sauces and baking fresh bread! He evidently only saw an apparently energetic woman bustling about, and did not really examine into her work.

Belgium sent out an Ambulance early in August, under Madame de Crombrugghe, which was admirably managed; it served at Saarbrück, and seems to have been distrusted by the Germans on account of French sympathies. It went to Metz after the surrender, and later to St. Quentin, in the north of France. The "*Journal d'une Infirmière*" gives a most interesting account of its history, and it also contains some charming letters from Madame de Behrends, who served at Nancy under Professor Heine. Madame de Behrends has left with us a short sketch, written in German, of her ideas on Ambulance work in general, and the Knights of St. John in particular, whom she heartily disliked and despised. She is a Saxon lady of good position, who lost her husband in the war of '66, and had a son in the Prussian Dragoons in that of '70, and her testimony is therefore unbiassed by any French feeling.

Italy sent some Surgeons and Dressers; of the Dutch work we have spoken; and our English work may be traced in the course of what we have already said, and in our concluding remarks. There were also some Russian surgeons and many Swiss ones. M. Appia was the head of the Swiss Society, and we cannot forget its noble exertions in behalf of the broken army of Bourbaki. A young English lady (Miss Aldridge), who was at Lausanne, assisted most energetically in the relief of the wounded and weary soldiers on their arrival at the railway-station, and has given us terrible descriptions of their state of suffering.

The American work was done by the Anglo-American Ambulance, and by the American Ambulance in Paris, of which Mr. Bowles in his "*Defence of Paris*" gives a very good character, as contrasted with the French ones: he says,—

"The Ambulances of Paris ought to be as perfect as any thing of the kind the world can produce, but such is, I am sorry to say, far, far from being the case. The International is especially badly managed, and there has been a waste of money beyond all computation over its arrangements. It claims to be the chief, indeed the only regular institution of its kind. Its means are abundant, and its advantages only measured by its demands, and yet it is positively a disgrace to the capital. Installed in the Grand Hotel, whence it has removed from the Palais de l'Industrie, it has filled the upper floors with 500 wounded, packed three, four, or five in each of the little rooms which the company were wont to let to

single travellers at high prices. Ventilation cannot be said to be imperfect, for there is *none*, and the dead, as many as fifty at a time, are placed, packed like biscuits, in the centre of a gallery into which the rooms open. The stench is something too terrible, and only last night a French gentleman said to me, 'To be taken there is death.' By the side of this rich, but mismanaged society, the foreign Ambulances, small and poor, offer a striking contrast. The American, the Italian, and that which is established at the Corps Legislatif (I think, the Austrian), being models in their way, more especially the American, where Dr. Swinburne undertakes, single-handed, the care of nearly 200 men, and that with such success that he rarely loses one of them."

And he goes on to say,—

"There are a few English in the American Ambulances, among others Mr. Lewis Wingfield, who is well known in London, and who, having studied surgery, has come out in quite a new character as assistant Surgeon, in which he has been of the greatest service. His work is of the hardest: in the morning he goes off at six o'clock, only to return late at night from a day full of operating and bandaging, and every two or three nights he sits up during the whole night for twenty-four hours. For upwards of two months he has done this, and it seems to me that so much constancy and courage ought not to go unrewarded."

Mr. Bowles is quite right, and we cannot omit a fact so honourable to our country; but England has no mark of honour to bestow on those who, amidst such fearful scenes, proved themselves to be her worthy children.

It has been left to foreigners to do that. We can knight our Mayors and Sheriffs for banquets and pageants; we cannot even give a cross to those who brought the wounded from under fire, and spent health, and strength, and wealth in nursing them through long hours of agony.

This very French Ambulance of which Mr. Bowles speaks, is one which received a large portion of the 20,000*l.* taken by Col. Lloyd Lindsay, and it would seem by this account not to have been very worthy of it.

And now for a few words as to how England did her work in the war, and how, with all due respect to the "powers that be" on the National Committee, we think it ought, and ought not to be done.

E. M. P.

L. E. Mc L.

## A NOSEGAY OF TRANSLATIONS.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

## No. III.

Most of the Malayan poetical compositions are quatrains, called *Pantuns*, whose general character is to introduce an image and then to draw from it a moral or a conclusion. The Malays are much practised in the art of improvisation, and successful spontaneous effusions are passports to female favour and to general reputation. The rhythms may be followed in this example:—

“Mamuti umbak di rautau Kataun  
 Patang dan pagi tida berkala  
 Memuti bunga de dalam Kabun,  
 Sa tangkec saja éiang menggila.”

The following translation from the Malayan is from specimens given in the “Memorandum of a Journey to the Summit of Guning Benko, or the Sugarloaf Mountain,” originally published in the *Bencoolen Miscellany* (1821-22), and reprinted in the *Journal of the Eastern Archipelago* for 1855.

“Unless a wick the lamp supplies,  
 What light can it impart?  
 Is not love worthless in the eyes,  
 Unless it light the heart?”

The original of this pretty fancy is quoted by Talvj, p. 70 (from Crawford), as a specimen of the indescribable melody of the Malayan language:—

“Apo guno pasang palito  
 Callo tidah dangan sunbunia?  
 Apung guno bermine matto  
 Callo tidah dangan sungunia?”



“ See in the pomegranate’s ball  
 Many a seed—they’re crimson all !  
 So in man’s vast multitude  
 All alike have crimson blood.”

From the Portuguese :—

“ On the dark wounds of hate and strife  
 Love its own balm can pour,  
 As sandal-trees perfume the knife  
 That cuts them to the core.”—p. 71.

From the Sanskrit :—

#### LAST WORDS OF A DYING BRAHMIN.

“ Dispart, O nourisher ! thy radiant orb  
 But veils the face of truth ; for I have sought,  
 Have humbly sought the holy and the true.  
 O Sun ! thou son of Prujaputi ! thou  
 Who rulest—wakenest—nourishest the world !  
 Scatter thy rays, and veil thy light, that I  
 Through them may see thy glory-giver—reach  
 Thine own divine pervader ! Why should I—  
 Why should I supplicate thee, glorious Sun ?  
 Th’ All-perfect shining in thee, shines in me ! ”

#### LAST WORDS OF A DYING FIRE-WORSHIPPER.

“ The breath within me mingles with the air,  
 My body turns to ashes. O my mind,  
 Think of thy doings ! Recollect the past.  
 O sacred fire resplendent ! who hast seen  
 Our acts of righteousness, now purge our sins  
 And guide us onward through the heavenly path  
 To joy’s own dwelling ! Our last words are thine.”

From the Magyar :—

“ Love is like a little bee,  
 Rearing honey merrily.  
 If the bee its honey bring,  
 With the honey is the sting.

“ I’ll complain not—let me know  
 Love with all its joy and woe—  
 If the bee love’s honey bring,  
 Cheerfully I’ll bear the sting.”—*Cucor.*

“Come, brown gipsy, come along,  
 Yet a dance, and yet a song !  
 Yet a dance before I go,  
 To the field to meet the foe.

“Yet a dance, and yet a kiss!  
 And wilt thou thy soldier miss?  
 Gipsy ! yet a dance, and then  
 To the battle-field again.”

From the Latin :—

“There is no profanation in denying  
 Those gods obscene to whom the vulgar nod :  
 But there is profanation in applying  
 The vulgar notions of such gods to God.”—*Epicurus*.

From the Icelandic :—

“Oh, who would win another’s heart,  
 Must his own secret self impart ;  
 For friendship, mingling hearts, receives,  
 And friendship in receiving gives.  
 Weeds grow the untrodden path above,  
 And love is bartered but for love.”—*Edda*.

“Better to be, in misery,  
 Than not to be :  
 The weakest gasp of mortal breath  
 Better than death.”—*Edda*.

From the Greek :—

“Love those who round thee move,  
 And thou shalt have their love.”

“Lend generously—or give,—for ’tis the best  
 And safest way to gain high interest.”

From the German :—

#### ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

“With lightest tread to come—to go,  
 A fleeting guest of earthly land.  
 Whence ? Whither ? This alone we know,  
 From God’s own hand to God’s own hand.”

From the French of Fraique (14th century). See "Pays Basque,"  
p. 332 :—

" Et où vas-tu, petit souspir,  
Que j'ai ouï se doucement ? "

" Tell me, Sigh, where art thou going ?  
Sigh that comes with bated breath.  
Art thou bent on mine undoing,  
To inflict a martyr's death ?  
Pray communicate to me,  
What thy purposes may be !  
I would hope that thine intent  
Is in love and kindness meant.  
Humbly, Sigh, to thee I pray,  
That thou wouldst not lead astray.  
What thy purposes may be,  
Pray communicate to me ! "



## A TRUE LOVER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER III.—(CONCLUSION.)

“ON REVIENT TOUJOURS.”

SHAFTO wondered, as he sat discussing the morning's plans with his guests, with Nelly sitting next him, how he should get through that day, and those to follow, with this weight upon him. Nelly saw that he was saddened, and self-reproachfully tried to cheer him, petting him about his headache, and asking him to take a quiet walk with her. He accepted the proposal with a smile; but with none of the still and deep delight he would have manifested a day before. He knew the spirit was not there; what did the letter matter? The weary time passed, and they went up to town: Nelly to her father's house, Shafto to bachelor-quarters in Piccadilly. The furnishing of his house was so nearly finished, he had allowed it to be completed, only saying to his agent,—

“It could be sold, furnished, I suppose, if I did not want it, after all?” He had ceased to tease Nelly about carpets and chairs, and had, when taken out once or twice to assist in the selection of her wedding finery, the feeling of choosing a faggot for his own funeral pyre.

The strangeness of the situation quite dazed him at times, and at others, when Nelly was at all tender, grew painful almost beyond bearing. It was so hard to be near her, and feel her lost to him—even harder to lose one of those dear looks or touches which would so soon be taken from him for ever. For he believed most earnestly that Kilcourcy would come back and claim his bride—so earnestly, indeed, that he sometimes doubted the necessity of keeping up the show of his engagement any longer; but his tender care for Nelly conquered, and he said to himself, with a manly sigh, “It's little

enough to bear for her sake ; and I ought only to be grateful it has come in this way, so that I may believe in her and love her still. It is not her fault if her heart's too true."

So much for his thoughts, which influenced his demeanour unconsciously to himself. Over-attention, yearning for its return, were at an end : Nelly's lover did not fidget by his clumsy caresses, blind praise, uneasy anxiety now.

He still cared for her comfort and pleasure ; but calmly, and without the wistful glance, the shaken voice that used to say, in answer to her remorseful, "How shall I thank you enough, dear!" "O Nelly, only give me a little love."

"You behave as if you were my father," she said, once in these latter days, half-piqued, half-grieved at the change ; and Shafto had answered sadly, "I thought the other teased you, my darling."

The day originally fixed for the wedding was drawing near ; but another day was nearer still, as Elphinstone knew—that on which the Calcutta mail-steamer was expected in.

For a week or so he had been grave and almost cold, fearing lest his self-command should give way altogether ; but now, on the morning before the dreaded day, he thought he might be himself once more—might let his love speak, since, in honour, it would be for the last time.

He went early to the Westerns, to ask if Nelly would ride with him, as she occasionally did ; he wanted to have her to himself, and was glad to find her alone in the drawing-room, sitting by the window, resting her head against the sash, looking dreamily over the box of mignonette at the long morning shadows across the sunny street.

Early summer was at its brightest : all the world in bloom, the scent of a great nosegay of roses he had sent her filled the room, soft red light gleamed through the half-drawn blind on her cheek and her white dress, and a faint breeze shed the leaves from a rose she had stuck idly in her hair in crimson drops on her neck. Shafto was not generally imaginative ; but the pathos of his position, so near its climax, made him so, and he thought the red leaves were like drops of his heart's-blood which fell unheeded by her—by all. "It's *my* flower that's falling," said he. "My hope—just when all the world is in bloom."

Nelly was sorry to see him, for it happened that to-day was the anniversary of her first meeting with Dennis, and she had wished to keep it, as it were, sacred to him, for the last time ; since, when she was Shafto's wife, she would have no right to any such memory. She had dreamed, too, the night before, one of those dreams, vague

as to plan and circumstances; but so keen, so real in the sense of presence and nearness, that they leave an impression for days, and seem almost to be a contact of souls whose bodies are miles apart.

So she looked up from visions of her lost lover, and said to her present one, who stood plaintively regarding her,—

“Oh! it’s you, dear,” in a slightly petulant tone, adding, after a moment, “What is the matter?”

She thought that *he* had no right to be unhappy. He was rich; he had got, or was to get, what he wanted, at her Dennis’s expense, had gained by his loss and hers.

Generally, I think, the uncontrollable pathos of Shafto’s troubled face, with its almost heart-broken smile, would have shocked and touched her; but to-day her own anguish, wakened afresh, mastered all.

She repeated her question a little irritably.

“What is it? What has happened, dear?”

“Nothing,” said Shafto patiently, coming up, taking her listless hand and kissing it in a meek and reverential manner, and then stooping to pick up, with a sort of fellow-feeling, the rose leaves scattered round her.

“Then why do you look so?”

“I didn’t know I looked any thing particular, I didn’t mean to. I came to ask whether you’d take a ride?”

“No, dear,” said she, wearily; “not this morning.”

“It’s so jolly out,” remarked Shafto, pleadingly. “And you liked the new mare last time.”

“I know I did, but I don’t want to ride.”

“Will you take a walk then, in the Row?”

“Oh, *no*,” cried she, starting up, and forgetting his ignorance of her night vision. “How can you ask me?”

“Do,” pleaded he, taking her languid hand in both his and pressing it hard. “I want you all to myself to-day, my pet. Do come.”

“Oh, *Shafto!*” cried she, standing upright and pushing him from her indignantly, “can’t you see I’m miserable this morning? And yet you go on teasing me so!”

He was tempted to reply that he was miserable too—to be cold and stern; but his habit of making allowance for every thing weak or passionate that crossed his path, conquered, and he only said, with an attempt at a smile, though his lips twitched a little,—

“Come out with me, my treasure, and tell me about it.”

The smile of complacent ownership, as she thought; his impor-



tunity, his suggestion of himself as a confidant for that sad and sacred memory, were too much for Nelly in her present temper, to endure.

"Tell you! Lose the poor happiness I have left! Yes, I *will* tell you, then, though I wanted—wanted to spare you too. I am thinking of him—of Dennis, of——"

A passionate sob choked her, the tears rushed over her flashing eyes, and she darted past him out of the room, leaving him too much petrified to stop her flight. It was the first time she had ever been angry with him, and he was wounded to the quick. He went back to the window and stood looking out with vacant wretchedness, quite still, as was his habit, only hanging his head a little, and so Nelly found him, when, after ten minutes, she came back penitent and ashamed, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

He turned round instantly, and answered her quivering apology by bending over her, and laying a grave kiss on her forehead. The caress, so superior, so unlike simple reverent Shafto, puzzled her; but she was too weary from her emotion to wonder why, and only observed meekly she would go and put on her things now, and go where he liked.

He thanked her, constrained, because her sweet prompt penitence made her harder yet to lose, and they went out together for the last time.

It seemed to Shafto that every thing that morning was weighted with the solemnity of an eternal farewell: that the Park, and the streets, and the sky; women's faces, children's play, would never look the same to him again.

Yet he took no melodramatic advantage of his feelings. Shafto, as I have tried to show him all through, was not that pride of romantic writers, "a man of strong passions." There certainly was something strong in him, as I have also tried to show—but it was not passion.

Accordingly, though he dwelt more on his love than he had done since his trouble began, he did it in such a way that she might think of it afterwards as his comfort and treasure and strength, always; not as a cause of despair and sin.

He threw out no mysterious hints, for he rightly judged that the shock, if there were one, would be too full of joy to harm her, and if there were not—if Kilcourcey were false, by any chance, there was no need to perplex her at all.

It was only when he had taken her home, and they were once more in the drawing-room, that there was a change in him. Then a chance word of Nelly's—the utterance of a passing speculation

rather than a positive belief, spoken as he was leaving the room, checked and almost blinded him with a momentary maddening vision of what might have been. If only there were no such things as right and wrong, honour and dishonour.

"You're so, so good to me, Shafto dear, that I almost think I *might* get to love you, perhaps, in *that* way, after a long long time."

He almost gasped for breath, and put out his hands as if to push away the temptation. Then he said with sudden bitter quietude,—

"No, my darling. People don't *get* to love each other in *that* way. They . . . *love*."

"Perhaps," said Nelly, sighing.

He lingered still, looking at her with a strange wistful expression ; some instinct, stronger, keener than reason or calculation, was at work, and put aside both.

"Nelly," said he, at last, in a very low tone, "You have never given me a kiss. Will you give me one now?"

His voice trembled exceedingly, as he spoke, and Nelly, grieved for him, came up, and touched his cheek with her lips. It was a cold caress, but it was very dear and precious to him. He put his arm round her, and held her tightly to him for a moment, sighing very much ; and then, without a word, he turned and left her.

And in this manner Shafto Elphinstone fought his battle, and won it.

He walked home through the sunny, dusty streets with a heart that seemed too heavy for his breast ; it was so hopelessly, miserably full of her. He admitted himself with his latch-key ; and went very slowly up-stairs. He wanted to rest, to think how to tell his story briefly, without betraying his own feelings to Dennis.

"There's a gentleman waiting for you, sir," said his servant, meeting him. "He would come in. He said he'd no card ; but he had that moment arrived from India, and his name was—was——"

"Kilcourcey," said Shafto, and added, under his breath, "God's will be done." He took hold of the banisters, unconsciously, and stood thinking, breathless, with a very white face, while his servant added particulars.

"The gentleman's done nothing but walk up and down the room, sir, and ask every five minutes when you was coming back."

"Poor fellow!" muttered Shafto, and then he laughed in rather a stiff and ghastly manner at his wasted compassion, and gathering himself up went straight into the room, and shut the door.

He stood face to face with his rival, and both were dumb for an

instant ; Shafto still deadly pale, Dennis with a hot bright flush on his cheek, wild eyes, quivering lips, fingers that twisted passionately in one another. His heart throbbed so fast he could only gasp inarticulately, and seize the other's arm, half in entreaty, half for support.

“ So you've come,” said Shafto, at last, just a little huskily, and drawing back with involuntary repulsion from his touch.

“ I started the instant—How can I thank you ? How is she—where—Does she, can she still love me ? ”

Here indeed, alas ! was Nelly's twin heart, her lost half, speaking nearly the same words, sobbing them, even ; seeming so much a part of her in that appeal, in which every breath of his body, every pulse of his heart, seemed to join, that it was quite a natural thing to Shafto to soothe and forbear ; easier to Shafto, who of all men was most manly, to give her up to one like Dennis, with many feminine virtues and foibles.

He was consoled, too, by seeing how dearly Dennis loved her, by the belief that in this respect, at least, he was worthy of the sad sacrifice of Shafto's own hopes. He scorned that comfort of mean minds, the inferiority of a successful rival, and rather said generously, “ If he'll take care of her and make her happy, I'll be content.”

“ Does she still love me ? ” Kilcourey repeated, passionately, grasping the other's firm hand in piteous appeal. “ O Elphinstone, I'd *die* for her ! ”

“ Yes, she does love you,” Shafto answered, numbly.

“ Then let me go to her. Which way ? ” cried Dennis, impetuously starting towards the door.

“ Stay,” said Shafto, feeling a curious difficulty of utterance, and speaking very low indeed, and with such a strange tragic look in his eyes, it held Kilcourey motionless. “ Let me tell you—Sit down.”

Dennis threw himself into a chair, and took hold of the arms to keep himself there, while Elphinstone, standing where he was, and keeping his eyes fixed on the wall, told the whole story very simply, in a pathetic, quiet voice, only moving once during its course to cross the room and pull down the blind, muttering something about the glare.

“ When I once saw she—cared for you—there was only one thing to do—I loved her, and so, of course, I did it,” he ended.

“ Elphinstone, you're a saint ! You're a hundred times fitter for her than I am,” cried Dennis, enthusiastically, with tears in his



impetuous eyes, and an amazed falter in his voice. "And, by Heaven, I wonder she didn't forget all about me, and love you!"

"Not she," said Shafto, with a little laugh of momentary bitterness, "I never took her hand but I made her wish it were you."

"God help you!" muttered Kilcourcey, turning away.

They were silent for a moment, then Shafto, with an effort, asked, "Will you wait here while I go and tell her you've come?"

Dennis had sprung to his feet, but he sat down again, with an assent whose reluctance Shafto perceived. He thought how, a day before, her sweet company had been *his* right, and no other's.

"Follow me after ten minutes," said he, with a grave smile, "You can spare me that, out of all your lives."

"I beg your pardon, I was awfully selfish. I say," began Dennis, awed out of his usual fluency by Elphinstone's terrible gentleness, his steady eye, his unshaken voice, the trouble which seemed to be too deep for outward show. "I can't say all I think. There are no words fit to thank you in, but if I——"

"Make *her* happy," said Shafto, and so, true to his unselfish creed, he quitted the rival to whom he had given success.

As he walked through the sunny streets, deserted now, at luncheon time, he passed a belated couple, evidently homeward bound from the Row, hanging far behind their party, looking in each other's faces, beaming, foolish, so pre-occupied that they ran against Shafto. The gentleman apologized heartily; but unhappy Shafto returned only a sulky nod. "Every body has it but me," thought he, with a sore pang of envy, and passed on to his place of execution. What a long, long way it seemed to the Westerns' house—what a hard bell to pull, what an interminable staircase, grown suddenly so steep that he could scarcely lift his feet up it. The very voice of the servant who admitted him seemed to come through thick clouds to his ear.

Nelly rose in surprise which grew into alarm as she perceived his altered looks.

"Shafto!" said she, hurrying to him. "Why, how white you look! Are you ill? What is it?"

"Only some news," said he, putting back her attempted pitying caress, but keeping her hands in his, and leading her to the sofa.

"But you look so strange—I never saw you so—you get paler and paler. Bad news, Shafto?"

"Yes, my own," said he, "for me, not for you."

"Poor boy," murmured she, sympathetically; "tell me about it."

"You told me you loved somebody else—Dennis Kilcourcey?"

A cry interrupted him, "*Bad* news. Is he dead?—married? O tell me! Forgive, pity me!"

She forgot that the ill tidings were for him, not for her. Love's unreasoning terror—this love, which had been so chilled, and forbidden, and wounded, anticipated only misfortune.

"O Shafto!" cried she, almost falling at his feet. "Tell me, tell me!"

A great throb of agony within him answered to her agonized words.

He stood up, and looked at her.

"He has come home to marry you," he answered; "I wrote to him four months ago to tell him to return."

"You!" faltered she, after a pause, in deep wonder.

"I."

"But I thought—you loved me."

"Well, that's just it," answered Shafto, simply.

"*Shafto!*" said she, under her breath, and looking at him with awe.

Just at that moment the door opened hesitatingly from without.

"Elphinstone," began a voice, "*I couldn't wait. May I—*"

"O Dennis, Dennis!" cried Nelly, with a great sob, and flew into the only arms that had a right to hold her.

They stood as if they could not part, clinging to one another as if for life—heart to heart, eye to eye, lip to lip; breathing murmurs of bliss and wonder, muttering broken endearments. All Nelly's sad cold experience, all Dennis's misery and despair, fled away like a dream.

Somebody, quite unnoticed, stood looking at them for a moment, glanced up imploringly at the sky beyond the window, heaved a sigh, and went away. It was Shafto. He shut the door softly; there was no grand abandonment in his manner. A crossing sweeper begged of him, he had passed; but he went back, and amended his neglect: a stray cur ran under his feet, and looked up in his face, with an imploring whine and stare; Shafto stooped and patted him: a little child tumbled down; Shafto picked her up, and consoled her with a sixpence.

He was quite gentle with his servant when the latter ventured a remark on his master's pale face, and said he was a little tired, and wanted to be quite quiet, that was all.

He sat without stirring till the warm summer twilight darkened the room, with his eyes on the ground, with something in his hand

which he put on his finger at last, and which will never leave it more—the ring which should have made Nelly Western his wife.

Dennis came and thanked him next day, and Nelly wrote to him more kindly, more warmly far than when he was her accepted lover.

He did not go to the wedding; but he sent Nelly the jewels which were to have been Mrs. Elphinstone's, all the same.

"But the family diamonds!" said some one, rebuking him.

"There is no one left of my family but me," said Shafto, and added in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone, "and I shall never marry."

Nelly's happiness, with her passionate, wild, imperfect first love, was supreme; for both she and Dennis had suffered enough not to trifle with the joy so long denied, so dearly bought at last.

Shafto did not die of grief, or go wrong in any way, and lay the blame on Nelly, nor rush indeed into any extreme. You may see him in the Park, sometimes, looking much like other men, without any great tragic shadow on his kind ugly face, or grand fits of passion and gloom.

He does his duty on his estate—and, indeed, wherever he goes, and is particularly tender towards unfortunate lovers. He is honest, and sweet tempered, and frank as ever.

But there is a calm eternal aching within him which will never be stilled till the hand of death lies cold on that tender and loyal heart—till he has found, fully and for ever, those "true joys," which he clung to in his day of earthly despair.

EDITH SPICER JAY.



## THE PIONEERS OF CIVILIZATION.

EMIGRATION PAPERS.—NO. V.

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### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

WHERE is it? I never heard of it. 'One of the South Sea Islands—or the Leeward Islands—off New Zealand—near Hudson's Bay.

These were the answers I received from many people, when I told them I had been for a visit to this thriving little colony in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I say colony, for it does not, and will not at present, consent to form part of the Confederation of British North America, called now the Dominion of Canada. "Let well alone" say its politicians; shut out from the world by a girdle of ice for half the year, they prefer to keep themselves to themselves, and govern themselves in their own quiet way. Never was the English language put to such a severe test for strong words than when certain restless busybodies mooted the idea of making a railway throughout the entire island—about 135 miles in length. Then did the Opposition, for they keep an Opposition here as in the Provinces, vent its utmost fury on the heads of the luckless men in office who had, through lying, chicanery, and jobbery, secured the introduction of the iron monster that was to bring the island and its people into a state of irretrievable bankruptcy! The papers are most refreshing, after the jaded and polite "leaders" of our old fogey *Times*, *Standard*, or *Daily Telegraph* at home. I used to fancy the Hong Kong and Melbourne papers were a marvel in the way of honest outspoken diatribe; but after a perusal of the huge pile of papers I brought away from every part of the Dominion and of the United States that I visited, I readily give the palm to the climate of the western hemisphere for having developed the art of pointing a moral and adorning a tale with all the most trenchant Anglo-Saxon verbiage that the respectable Dr. Johnson

scarcely dreamed of inserting into his Dictionary. One of the Halifax papers, in the month of February just past, calls a quiet respectable gentleman, with whom I was acquainted in Nova Scotia, a "ruffian, mongrel, live eel, and conspirator." Would that I had known it six months ago, for if there were the least shadow of truth in the accusation I would have been more cautious in making acquaintances.

However the islanders are not thin-skinned; they "ballyrag"—I believe Dr. Johnson is not responsible for this phrase—each other day by day, and yet the oldest inhabitant appears happy under all circumstances, it being an effectual method of keeping up intellectual circulation, and an effectual mode of preventing respectable people from falling into an unhealthy moral sleep.

The island possesses a history. It was called St. John until seventy-three years ago, when it was changed to Prince Edward, in honour of the Duke of Kent, then Commander-in-Chief in America. It has had a House of Assembly for a hundred years. Whether Cabot discovered it 400 years ago is a moot point: many think the enterprising Frenchman ran against Cape Breton, and named that island St. John, and those who are interested in the point may consult the different accounts of M'Gregor, Bouchette, Stewart, Hakluyt, Haliburton, Champlain, and Charlevoix.

The natives, whom by a curious mistake we named Indians, might have been Iroquois, Mohawks, or Tsonnonthouans at the time when La Nouvelle France belonged to our neighbours across St. George's Channel. They are called Mic Macs now, and are mostly shunted to a small island in Richmond Bay, about which more anon. When Acadia was ceded to Great Britain, at the treaty of Utrecht, several of the French settlers removed to Prince Edward Island, making their living chiefly by fishing. Captain Macdonald, 100 years ago, brought over 300 Highlanders as settlers, and the Macdonalds, Scotts, Frasers, McLeods, McGregors, and Stewarts are legion. Lord Selkirk added considerably to this element.

The population now amounts to about 100,000. The island is divided into three counties, Queen's, King's, and Prince's. The capital is Charlottetown, the other towns of any size being Georgetown, Princetown, and Summerside. The latter has sprung up within the last few years, and the St. Lawrence Gulf steamers from Quebec cross from Shediac to this place, on their way to Charlotte-town and Pictou.

A story runs that a traveller, once visiting the island, asked an Irishman why he lived in such an out-of-the-way spot, and he replied that he had never yet been able to earn enough money to enable him to get out of it. We presume the story is an old one, probably invented by a Bluenose; however, our first impressions of Summerside were by no means disappointing. We had left St. John, New Brunswick, early in the morning, taking the rail along the beautiful Kennebecassis river, and through charming forest scenery, much of which was fast being brought under the influence of the axe, and giving way to cultivation, and dotted with neat villages. We arrived at Shediac, the Indian, or Pointe du Chêne, the French name of the terminus of the railway which now runs in one unbroken line hence to New York, about two o'clock. The good steamer "St. Lawrence" took us swiftly across the Straits of Northumberland, under a blue sky, that was a luxury after the two or three dismal days of drizzle and fog that we had experienced at St. John; and one favourable feature of the island is its almost total exemption from the murky vapour which hugs the neighbouring coasts.

No amount of inquiry could elicit any satisfactory information as to the accommodation for the reception of foreigners at Charlottetown. Nobody recommended the hotels, and every one appeared to patronize a different boarding-house. At Summerside I landed, and was transferred to the mail cart—a thing on two wheels, and as we galloped over the jetties and up the streets, I learned a lesson how to "hold on," such as surpassed any Tyrolese mountain go-cart that I ever had the misfortune to ride in. At the telegraph office no one was to be found, and on appealing to the owners of two or three shops for assistance, they all agreed that he never was there when wanted; so writing my message to the landlady at Charlottetown, I wrapped it round a stone, and threw it into the room through a glass door. I preferred to walk back, and then met the telegraph official, whom I found very civil, and satisfactorily explained to me that he could not be in two places at once, and that his duty was to be at the wharf when the steamer arrived. We arrived at Charlottetown about ten o'clock, and were fortunate in having secured a room in one of the best boarding-houses in the town. When we saw the inns afterwards we were not surprised that some Americans were seriously threatening to build a decent hotel, as this island is becoming a favourite resort not only of the residents of the towns in the States, but of those in Upper Canada,



who are driven by the summer heat to seek a cool retreat for a time. A good hotel and the railway open to Summerside would bring an influx into Charlottetown that will revolutionize the place. This however is what the good people dread. At present they are happy in their seclusion, without having a lot of foreigners poking their noses into their domestic affairs. The general salubrity and freedom from pestilential diseases, says the chronicler Hugh Murray, speaking in 1838, "produce an extraordinary increase of population; females are often grandmothers at forty, and mother and daughter are frequently seen suckling their children at the same time." Now this state of things would not last long if Charlottetown were to become a fashionable watering-place. The townspeople would have to burn a little more gas, make some decent and continuous foot-pavements, fill up the ruts in their roads, make some sewers and drains; all this means money—money means taxation, and prices would inevitably rise. *Cui bono?*

But the islanders have somewhat overreached themselves lately. They did not wait to see whether the Congress of the United States, the Parliaments of Great Britain and Canada would ratify the Washington Treaty, and make the fishery clauses law; but they, in their undoubted right as an independent Legislature, allowed the American fishermen last season to exercise their calling in their waters. The consequence is that the toll paid by the American fishermen upon their catch has been levied at the American ports, and is in the coffers of the United States' Treasury, and when the Prince Edward islanders ask for a refunding of these duties, the United States Government reply that no distinct treaty was made with them, but with the Dominion for all the Colonial Fisheries; they cannot accede to the request of the islanders except by a special vote, as a matter of honour or justice of Congress. So much for the independence of the island!

Charlottetown is built like most of the Canadian towns in blocks with wide streets. In its middle stand the only two large public structures, the Old and New Provincial Buildings. Their roofs command a beautiful view of the surrounding country, with the numerous inlets of the sea, the river Hillsborough, and the neat residences of the well-to-do inhabitants dotting the undulating hills that never rise very high, but are very prettily wooded with the fir, beech, maple, and birch.

The Post-office is to be transferred to the New Building, by no

means too soon, as the appearance of the present one, more like a pigstye than a post-office, is a disgrace to any chief town, of however small a country.

Before I say any thing about Immigration, it would perhaps be well to describe the aspect of the country. It was perhaps fortunate we had come thus far, especially to visit some property which had been bought by an ancestor many years ago, and was once one of the most flourishing settlements on the island. The lesson we learned after our visit was what the Americans would call "a caution" to absentee proprietors who trusted in agents. The property was a large one once upon a time, but 'cute people had, when I was an infant, managed to dispossess the proprietor and his heirs of many a fair acre by a not wholly unheard-of plant. In his dotage they married him to a farm-servant, got him a child, and took the property into their own hands, or rather out of the hands of the rightful owners, who were outwitted. It was a scandal for the time being, and remembered with indignation by some of the older residents. I shall never forget the lucid account of the series of peculations on that miserable property that have taken place ever since the poor old gentleman died, given me by a lady of over ninety years of age, the aunt of my wife's grandfather, and who has, since we returned to England, departed this life, in the full enjoyment of all her faculties. But I need not weary my readers with the details; what we saw for ourselves I will describe shortly.

A friend who, as possessing property of his own in Ontario, had taken an interest in our contemplated visit to the farms, volunteered to accompany us. We accordingly hired an antiquated looking vehicle—which indeed they all are, with perhaps the exception of the Governor's phaeton—with a hood, and two animals that looked as if they had seen better days. However my friend undertook to drive, and myself and wife got with difficulty into the hinder part. The distance was eighteen miles, the scenery was pretty, with glimpses of the river Hillsborough every now and then to our right; but the road was rough, and one of the ponies appeared to have had enough of it before we got to the half-way house, ten miles from Charlottetown. However, after passing through several miles of land, some cultivated, some half cleared, some untouched, we arrived at seven o'clock at the chief farm, much to the astonishment of the tenant, his wife, and family. He had been deluded with the idea that the property had been sold, and it took some

time for him to realize that my wife was the lineal descendant of one of the oldest and most distinguished and loyal families that ever inhabited the island, and that no member of the family had visited the island for five-and-thirty years : however our welcome was warm.

The next day was occupied in going over the property. Alas ! so different from my expectations—ruined by neglect, fraud, and absenteeism. True, the corn-fields waved, and the hay-stacks dotted the fields, but the fine trees and fair acres had disappeared. On the opposite side of the river six large ships were being built, evidence of past and present prosperity. Who had cut down the acres of magnificent timber, whose stumps we tapped with our sticks ? and where had disappeared the farms and land that we should by rights have called our own ? The lesson we learned was no new one : if you trust agents with unlimited powers to grant long leases, who will wonder that they place their relatives and friends as your tenants, and wink at the gradual and carefully managed despoliation of your property ? Who will wonder that men, taking advantage of some dereliction of duty on the part of the agents, procure the sale of your acres, and re-sell them, who can tell for what consideration, to the too-willing tenant ? A man may now have “Honourable” prefixed to his name, but where no “public opinion” exists, and the absent are unprotected, he can afford to act as he thinks fit, and defy, and, disregarding the moral aspect of the case, shield himself, as he did to me, under his “legal rights.” So some of the best farms and land now smiling under cultivation have passed away. Redress there is practically none, as a jury has too often given a verdict in favour of the occupier, out of sympathy with him, and one of the largest proprietors told me he had suffered in the same way. The discoveries I made in the days following werè so distressing, that I was not sorry to turn my back on the island and its traditions. So many combined to keep me in the dark, notwithstanding I found out from one and another little bits of information, which inculcated more or less so many people of respectability, that when I had put my puzzle together I saw that no practical good would ensue from a public exposure ; so I came to the conclusion that it would be best to sell the whole property to one of the tenants, as he could better vindicate the old law of *meum* and *tuum* than those who were not on the spot.

I was a little surprised to find the land so comparatively speaking



unproductive. Fifteen to twenty bushels of wheat to the acre were the most that could be raised on this property ; on the other hand, were the land the tenant's own he could afford to let it lie at rest for a couple of years, or change the crop. The marsh-land by the river was very rich, and the hay alone that stood on its banks paid the rent of this particular farm ; this naturally could not come to the knowledge of our agent, as he never once considered it his duty to visit the property : if the rents were duly collected it was considered enough. Possibly his predecessor took the same view of the case, as several thousand pounds' worth of timber had been cut in the last thirty years, and the proceeds gone into any body's pocket but the landlord's. The surveyor's stakes for the contemplated railway were planted right across the best farm : this we learned for the first time on stumbling over them.

I had some conversation with the present leader of the Government as to the prospects of Immigration. He was quite ready to listen to any proposition that was feasible, though apparently doubtful as to its welcome reception on the part of his political opponents. As I could not enter into the politics of the island—Heaven help me if I did !—I could only urge that the idea should be mooted and an agent appointed, if the Government had any trustworthy plan to offer of procuring work for any particular class of emigrants from England. A gentleman informed me that a steamer was being built on the Clyde to run direct to Charlottetown this summer. Arrangements might be made with the owners to carry emigrants at a price lower than the Allan line charged : but it is very important to recollect, that the out-lying eastern provinces of British America, if they wish to attract colonists, must be prepared to arrest the flow of emigrants to the far west by some definite and special inducements. At present nothing will stop the people from the idea that Toronto, Chicago, and Manitoba, are the best places to find employment in ; and the first ship that has started from the Victoria Dock last month, full of emigrants, and which I have just seen off, goes to Quebec with men who will listen to stopping nowhere short of Toronto. The letter that appeared in the *Times* of the 8th of April, from Dr. Clay, the Emigration Commissioner from Canada, who says he spent his boyhood in Prince Edward Island, is the first man whom I have seen who even so much as mentions Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, as fields for colonization.

It assuredly will not be many years before our miners from Cornwall will seek a new field in Cape Breton and Nova Scotia; our navvies will be wanted to make the railways through Cape Breton, under the Gut of Canso, to connect with the Intercolonial, which will shorten the ocean passage by a good day; from Miramichi to Fredericton; from Fredericton to Rivière de Loup, and the Megantic line through Sherbrooke to the West-Extension line.

The Governor of the Island, from whom I received much courtesy, had lately returned from a visit to the small island of Lennox, where the Mic-Mac Indians had been chiefly located by the efforts of some philanthropic people, notably the kind-hearted and energetic Commissioner, Mr. Theophilus Stewart. Their farms and gardens and schools were all in a flourishing condition, and the Aborigines Protection Society in London had formed a committee in London and in Prince Edward Island, who have purchased this little island for these poor Indians. An "enterprising" merchant of Charlottetown was when I was there endeavouring to secure for himself and his heirs the monopoly of the oyster fisheries, which would result in depriving the Indians of one of their valuable sources of existence. Let us hope that Lord Kimberley, who has been acquainted with the subject, will effectually extend his protection to this distant little colony of British subjects.

The numerous Scotchmen in the island account for the churches and chapels of various denominations. There are Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Baptists, and Church of England chapels and churches side by side, the Wesleyans and Presbyterians being the most numerous. I saw little real poverty; and there are not many Irish. The only row I saw was created by a family of Irish, who were always in hot water. A woman was frantically drunk in one of the streets, inveighing against her husband in true Irish brogue; the neighbours said it was six of one and half a dozen of the other. The man smoked quietly, as if it were an every-day occurrence: it reminded me of Herr Grosse's soliloquy in Wilkie Collins' "Poor Miss Finch,"—"When Gott made the womans He was sorry afterwards for the poor mens, and He made tobacco to comfort them." Education is compulsory here, as all over America, though the shop opposite our lodgings exhibited a curious want of it, having an inscription to this effect in huge letters, "T. Malone, licenc to sell spiritous liequors."

A word as to the hospitality of the islanders. Nothing could

exceed their kindness to strangers. We were never allowed to be alone during our visit ; and though they have no sights to show, they have kind hearts and open houses for travellers, whom they delight to honour in good old British fashion. Our only regret was, that we could not hope to return so much courtesy that was shown to us during our stay in their old-fashioned but hospitable little island.

A. R.

## SUMMER-MOON :

A PICTURE IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, BY FREDERICK  
LEIGHTON, R.A.

HEAD to head, and hand in hand,  
'Mid the fulness of all things fair :  
Dreaming they lie in the sweet southern land,  
Where the moonlight, flooding the air,  
Rounds the pomegranates the whole night long,  
Hushes loud life with its lullaby-song,  
Heaven's peace in the midst of earth's prayer.

O passionless, perfect, O "Summer-moon !"  
Rarest picture thus triply crowned  
With the music of painting, the colour of time,  
And the cadence of golden sound :  
A "Schlummerlied" striking a chord for a rest,—  
A poem of peace by grave symbols expressed,—  
Art's sweetness in ecstasy drowned.

Sleep ever, ye girls, and O moonlight still stream  
That ineffable halo of light,  
Which fills our souls subtly in moments supreme  
With a glory beyond common sight :  
Inspirer, O picture, O fair "Summer-moon,"  
It is worth while to live through long months for one June,  
One such breath from the land of delight.

H. A. D.



## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

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March 25th.—Of heart disease, on return from hunting, Sir Algernon William Peyton, Bart. Deceased was the fourth Baronet, and had been a Captain in the First Life Guards. The rectories of March and Doddington (the richest livings in England) are in the gift of this family.

March 26th.—Major-General Anthony Emmett, retired full pay, Royal Engineers, aged 82. He entered the army in 1808, was present at the siege of Badajos in 1811-12, the passage of the Nive, the battles before Bayonne, Orthes, and Toulouse, and was twice wounded. General Emmett afterwards served in the American War, and was present at the attack on the American lines at New Orleans, and in every affair in that expedition, and at the siege of Fort Bowyer.

March 29th.—Suddenly, at the residence of his brother, Admiral Gambier, near Portsmouth, Major-General Gloucester Gambier, C.B., late Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Royal Artillery. The deceased had suffered, since the severe wounds he received before Sebastopol, from an affection of the heart, which proved the cause of his death.

March 30th.—The Very Rev. Samuel Hood, D.D., Dean of Argyle and the Isles, aged 90 years.

April 1st.—At Exmouth, William Langmead, Esq., aged 96. Mr. Langmead was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Devon, of which county he was High Sheriff in 1818 and 1829; he also held the rank of Colonel-Commandant of the West Devon Local Militia.

April 1st.—The Rev. F. D. Maurice, aged 70. Professor Maurice was the son of a Unitarian minister, but conformed to the Church of England, in which he was one of the most influential preachers. His retirement from King's College, in consequence of his views on eternal punishment, is a matter of history. He was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge in 1866. The following appropriate tribute to his memory is from the *Jewish Chronicle*, when recording his much-lamented death:—"The Rev. Professor Maurice, who has just passed away from earth, was a Christian clergyman who had the courage to refute the horrible doctrine of everlasting punishment for earthly, and therefore finite, sin. This doctrine has never been accepted by Jews, who always build their faith on the strength of illimitable Divine compassion."

April 2nd.—Suddenly, at Middleton Hall, Tamworth, John Peel, Esq., M.P. Mr. Peel, who was descended from a brother of the first Sir Robert Peel, was returned for Tamworth in 1863, after a very obstinate contest with Mr. Cowper, whose candidature was supported by the present Baronet, and continued to sit for the borough until 1868, when he was defeated, after a severe struggle, by Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer. In March, 1871, Mr. John Peel was again returned for Tamworth, on the elevation of Sir Henry Bulwer to the peerage, as Lord Dalling and Bulwer.

April 2nd.—The Right Rev. C. H. Terrot, Bishop of Edinburgh, aged 81. Dr. Terrot had been in retirement for some years. The late Bishop's scholarship was of the highest order, and his keen wit enabled him to bring his knowledge to bear on social subjects with telling effect. The *Scotsman* mentions a story which the Bishop used to relate with great gusto. An Irish beggar was imploring him for charity, and using an enormous amount of sacred oburgations. The Bishop, looking him solemnly in the face, said, "No, I will not give relief to one who appeals to me so indecorously, but I will give you what will be of more value to you in your present state of mind—the advice, not to take the name of God in vain." "Ah!" replied Paddy, "and is it in vain I've been taking it? And whose fault is that, I would like to know?"

April 2nd.—Suddenly, at Gunter Old Hall, Lowestoft, General Wingfield, R.A.

April 3rd.—James, Marquis of Graham, the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose.

April 8th.—At Nice, David Lyon, Esq., of Goring Hall, Sussex, aged 78. Mr. Lyon represented the Borough of Beeralston, which was disfranchised by the first Reform Bill.

April 11th.—At Brighton, Sir Henry Sacheverell Wilmot, fourth Baronet, of Chaddesden, Derby, aged 70. In early life he served in the Royal Navy, from which service he had retired with the rank of Commander.

April 17th.—At his residence, near Torquay, the Rev. Henry Bellairs, M.A., Honorary Canon of Worcester, and Vicar of Hunsingore, Yorkshire. In early life he entered the Navy as Midshipman of the "Spartiate," and was present and twice wounded at Trafalgar, for which he received a sword from the Patriotic Fund, and the Trafalgar Medal from his Sovereign. Mr. Bellairs and his brother (the late Sir William Bellairs, who fought at Waterloo) afterwards held commissions in the 15th Hussars, and subsequently he entered Holy Orders.

April 18th.—Mr. William Henry Sewell, Sword-Bearer of the Corporation of London, aged 77. Mr. Sewell had discharged the office of Sword-Bearer, which is coeval with the Corporation itself, for more than twenty years. "Sword-Bearer" is head of the Lord Mayor's household, and has to attend the Lord Mayor on all occasions of civic ceremonial, together with the Mace-Bearer. The duty also devolves on him, on one particular anniversary festival, of conducting the Lady Mayoress to her seat at table.

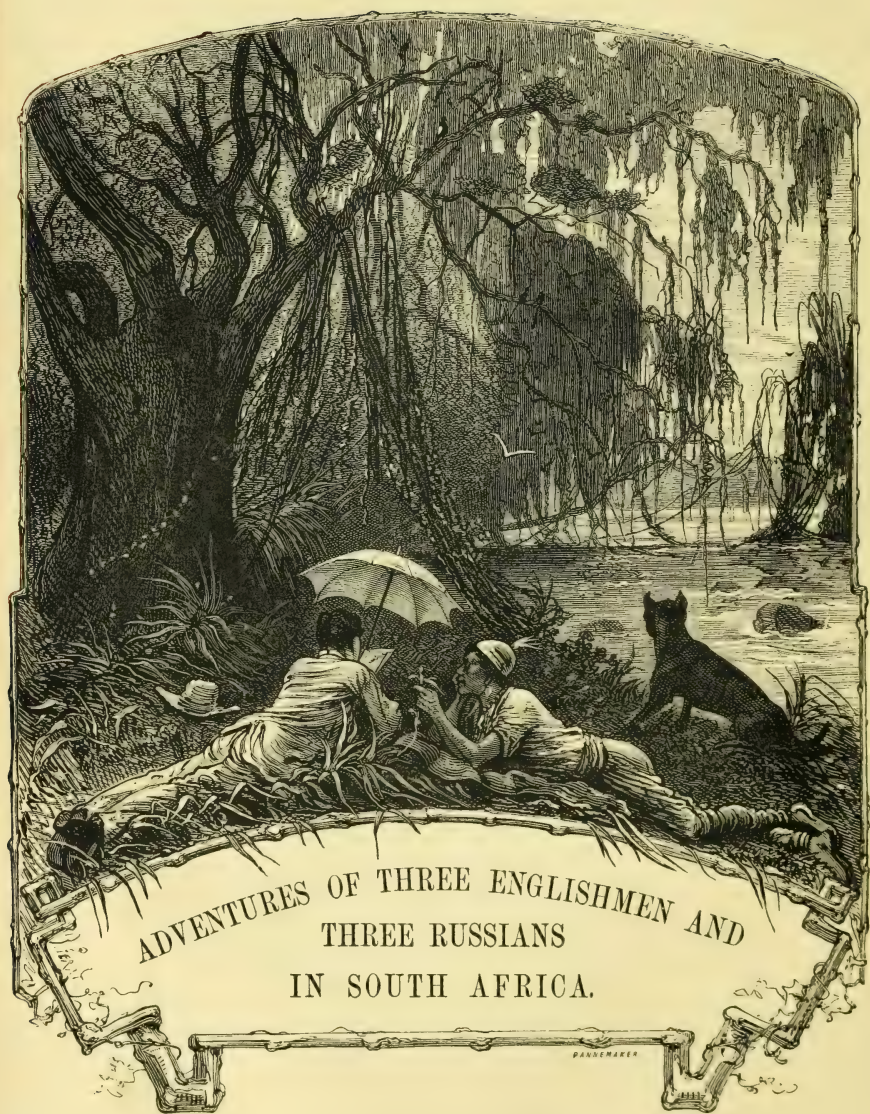
April 18.—At Hombourg, the Right Hon. George Edward Thicknesse-Touchet, Baron Audley, aged 55. Deceased was the twenty-second Baron, the peerage having been created by writ of summons, 8th January, 1313, on James Aldethley, or Audley, of Heleigh, county Stafford, whose daughter Joane married Sir John Touchet, a distinguished soldier in the wars of Edward III. This lady became sole heiress of her brother Nicholas, last Baron Audley of that family, in 1392, and her son, John Touchet, was summoned to Parliament, as Baron Audley, 1405. From him descended George Touchet, Baron Audley, who in 1616 was created Earl of



Castlehaven in Ireland, and who was ancestor of James Touchet, sixth Earl of Castlehaven, and seventeenth Baron Audley. The Earldom of Castlehaven became extinct in 1777, and the Barony of Audley (being a Barony in fee) descended to the eldest son of James the sixth Earl of Castlehaven's daughter, who had married Mr. Philip Thicknesse. Thus the title of Baron Audley has survived its possessors in the families of Aldethley and Touchet, and is now vested in the family of Thicknesse. The motto of the Touchets, "*Je le tiens*," is an illustration of the antiquity of "canting" heraldry.

April 19.—In London, Sir Henry Winston Barron, first Baronet, of Glenalla and Barroncourt, county Waterford, aged 76. The deceased represented the City of Waterford from 1832 to 1852, and again from 1865 to 1868. At the general election, 1869, he was unseated on petition. The family of Barron is derived from the same source as the Fitz-Geralds.





ADVENTURES OF THREE ENGLISHMEN AND  
THREE RUSSIANS  
IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PADEMAKER



## A UNITED EMPIRE.

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It is an unpleasant period in the lives of unsuccessful men when they are forced to face the unwelcome truth that they have been a failure, and are compelled to bid good bye to the dreams of youth which time has failed to realize. To have to recall the past under such circumstances is a sore trial.

One budget of letters goes into the flames—memorials of sunny dreams, records that prove only too clearly that love has become bankrupt, and that its hopes, like its letters, have ended in smoke. Matter-of-fact reality tries to be philosophical, and reluctantly bidding farewell to visions of an ethereal guardian angel, patiently resigns itself to vegetating with a very commonplace companion of domestic felicity. Or there is a more voluminous and business-like packet that is doomed—literary essays that were to open the road to fame, but that never were able to get beyond the author's study. Or there are political articles that are about to be sacrificed, once regarded fondly as the precursors of speeches in Parliament, and of stirring addresses to expectant crowds. The speeches are and must remain unspoken; the budget must be left to other ministers: the bubbles have burst, and the pleasant visions of day dreams must henceforth give place to sober realities. This is not a pleasant picture to conjure up, yet how few of us are there, however successful we may be, who can fail to see in it some phase at least of our own lives.

But it is far more depressing to watch a great nation pausing on its way, growing sadly wise in its maturity, weighing the aspirations of youth in the scale of reality, and reluctantly exchanging a career of supremacy for the comforts and the security of prudent insignificance.

The historic plains of Abraham have witnessed two striking scenes, one of which has shown how great men may make their country great, while the other has proved how effectually and how easily meddling mediocrity may solve the problem, "How to make a great nation into a very little one."

More than a century ago a dying soldier was to be seen there, listening eagerly to the din of the battle-field. He had beheld, but a few months before, the walls of Louisburg levelled to the ground;

and had heard that in every city of the United Kingdom there were illuminations in honour of the stronghold of our enemy having yielded to the skill of a great General, and to the indomitable valour of British and Colonial troops; and here he was at the gates of the Gibraltar of New France, with his army engaged in a death struggle with the garrison. "Thank God I die happy" were his last words, as he heard the joyous tidings, "They fly! they fly!"

It appears now that the immortal Wolfe was sadly mistaken in his views. It seems that he was not justified in dying happy, and that he threw away his life uselessly for a useless prize. A century has taught us wisdom. The Plains of Abraham have lately listened, not to the measured tread of our troops, the cry of victory, and the dying words of a great hero, but to the hammer of the auctioneer, and to the ominous words, "*Going! Going!—Gone!*"

"Thank you, Colonel O'Rafferty, for your bid. You've a great bargain—almost a new field-piece. I'll throw in this old gun; it's of no value except for old iron, but it really is a curiosity—one of Wolfe's cannons. It was dragged up the precipice by our sailors. They tell me that there is the blood on it still of some of Wolfe's Highlanders who were killed at it. Once upon a time it would have brought almost any price—but heroes' blood is at a discount, and is not a merchantable article. You can cast it into cannon-balls when your Irish Republic needs them; we don't require them—they don't pay." (He here indulges in an eloquent wink, which is cordially reciprocated by the Fenian Colonel.) "Here's the next lot, some old flags, a Union Jack or two, a little the worse for wear, but they're surely worth something. Come, gentlemen, will nobody give us a bid?"

This is not an agreeable episode, either to our countrymen in the New World or to Englishmen at home; but it almost assumes the character of a humorous playful incident, when compared with the far more serious measures which the apostles of dismemberment have recently thought fit to adopt.

A few weeks after this auction on the plains of Abraham the troops are withdrawn. The Fenian and Yankee speculators have carried off their trophies from the dismantled fortifications of a derelict empire, and again the rumours of invasion are heard. You cannot walk in the streets of New York, Boston, Cincinnati, and other large towns in the United States, without being hustled by companies of the Army of the Irish Republic, which are noisily marshalling for a triumphant march upon the Britishers.

After a suspense of some months, during which the trade of the whole Dominion is paralyzed, the attack is made at last by the Fenian army, who considerately send a General of the United States army to the Canadian forces, to inform them that their foes would recognize the laws of civilized warfare. Nearly a score of our countrymen are shot down at Ridgeway by Spencer rifles, when the

chances of a serious battle are so threatening, that the Fenians take refuge across the line behind the ranks of the United States soldiers, and are safe.

As a matter of course, those who had sold British guns to the Fenians were not likely to be hard upon their customers. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed the Atlantic cable expressed the gratification of the Cabinet at what had occurred, and conveyed the thanks of the British Government to the Americans for their prompt action in the matter. *Bis dat, qui cito dat*. The post was too tardy for our gushing gratitude.

Not long after this event some question arose between the Americans and the Canadians as to the Fisheries, which was to have been settled amicably by an arbitration.

It was a good chance for a stroke of business. The Alabama story was lugged in. The Fisheries were practically given away; and the Navigation of the St. Lawrence was surrendered for ever, as a sop to the American Cerberus. When the flagrant and repeated shortcomings of the American Government in the matter of the Fenian invasions of Canada were set up as an offset to the alleged neglect of the British Government in allowing Southern Cruisers to escape, the Americans declined to consider the matter, and the British Government acquiesced in the propriety of the course pursued by them.

It was no harm to shoot Canadians, even though the cause of quarrel was a "Home" question. Colonists were not Englishmen, and were not entitled to the protection of the British Government, or to any compensation or redress. This was the practical result of these negotiations.

But there is no attempt made to conceal the fact. We are told deliberately by a leading journal that the Canadians were sacrificed, but that this was inevitable, as the majority of the Commissioners were Englishmen! It then moralizes that as Colonists cannot trust to the National honour, and are sure to be sacrificed on all occasions where it may be profitable to Englishmen to do so, it is better for Canadians to bid good bye to the Empire:—

"The people of Canada are profoundly dissatisfied with the manner in which their interests were dealt with in the Treaty of Washington. *How could it be otherwise?* That treaty was conceived with a view of *relieving England from pressing and contingent liabilities*<sup>1</sup>. Our immediate motive was that there were standing claims against us on account of the Alabama."

"It is true that one of the Commissioners was the Prime Minister of Canada, but *against this circumstance must be set the facts* that the other four approached their work *from an English point of view*, that the Commissioners as a body were instructed from day to day, and we may almost say from hour to hour, *by the English Cabinet*, and their work was done with an eye to the approval of the English people. It was inevitable that the results of their labours should not satisfy the inhabitants of the Dominion. We are far from saying

<sup>1</sup> The above italics are our own.—ED. *St. James' Mag.*



that the Commissioners did not do their best for Canadian interests, as they understood them, but it was not *in human nature for them or their instructors* to be to Canada what they are to England: and as the treaty was conceived for the purpose of removing the present and contingent liabilities of England, it was agreed upon as soon as it was believed that these liabilities were settled."

Colonists are informed that they are not Englishmen, and though they may have shed their blood readily in a struggle that was purely a matter of domestic concern to the United Kingdom, they are not entitled to the protection of the British Crown, and that they are liable to be sacrificed and robbed by their own Government, whenever their rights are a convenient peace-offering to a powerful enemy.

Such an avowal winds up with a suitable and appropriate moral:—

"We shall, of course, guarantee the loan of 2,500,000*l*. It is the only reparation we can offer for having thrown overboard the Fenian Claims at Washington; though we believed the proposed guarantee of the projected Pacific Railway to be a very doubtful kindness. But the question provoked at every stage of the discussion is, how long are we to go on affecting to defend the interests of Canada, which in truth we have neither the knowledge nor the ability to protect?"

This sentence would read more correctly,

"Which in truth we have neither the courage, the honour, nor the honesty, to protect."

As Englishmen and their Statesmen cannot be trusted, there is no alternative left to our unfortunate countrymen abroad, but to seek safety in the dismemberment of the Empire.

"Is there nothing," we are asked, "in the precedent of Portugal and Brazil which might be considered with advantage in respect of Canada and England? We keep up the form of governing Canada from England, but whenever it becomes a reality, Canada suffers."

The answer to this is very plain. The disgraceful concessions of British weakness to American importunity were caused, not because the Canadians are Colonists, or because Colonists cannot safely confide in the justice of the English people, and the faith of the British Crown, but because that *cent. per cent. policy*, which has already sacrificed abroad the prestige, the honour, and the allies of England, and that is now at work at home, has crept into the Colonial Office, and is stealthily disintegrating the Empire.

The time is now coming when the English people must face this question, and pronounce their verdict upon the issue—*Dismemberment, or a United Empire? A great nation, or a very little one?*

# THE ADVENTURES OF THREE ENGLISHMEN AND THREE RUSSIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ON THE BANKS OF THE ORANGE RIVER.

ON the 27th of January, 1854, two men lay stretched at the foot of an immense weeping willow, chatting, and at the same time watching most attentively the waters of the Orange River. This river, the Groote of the Dutch, and the Gariep of the Hottentots, may well vie with the other three great arteries of Africa—the Nile, the Niger, and the Zambesi. Like those, it has its periodical risings, its rapids and cataracts. Travellers, whose names are known over part of its course, Thompson, Alexander, and Burchell, have each in their turn praised the clearness of its waters and the beauty of its shores.

At this point the river, as it approached the Duke of York Mountains, offered a magnificent spectacle to the view. Insurmountable rocks, imposing masses of stone, and trunks of trees that had become mineralized by the action of the weather, deep caverns, impenetrable forests, not yet disturbed by the settler's axe, all these, shut in by a background formed by the mountains of the Gariep, made up a scene matchless in its magnificence. There, too, the waters of the river, on account of the extreme narrowness of their bed, and the sudden falling away of the soil, rushed down from a height of 400 feet. Above the fall there were only surging sheets of water, broken here and there by points of rock wreathed with green boughs; below, there was only a dark whirlpool of tumultuous waters, crowned with a thick cloud of damp vapour, and striped with all the colours of the rainbow. From this gulf there arose a deafening roar, increased and varied by the echoes of the valley.

Of these two men, who had evidently been brought into this part of South Africa by the chances of an exploration, one lent only a vague attention to the beauties of nature that were opened to his view. This indifferent traveller was a hunting bushman, a fine type of that brave, bright-eyed, rapidly-gesticulating race of men, who lead a wandering life in the woods. Bushman, a word derived from the Dutch "Boschjesman," is literally "a man of the bushes," and is applied to the wandering tribes that scour the country in the N.W. of Cape Colony. Not a family of these bushmen is sedentary; they pass their lives in roaming over the region lying between the Orange River and the mountains of the East, in pillaging farms, and in destroying the crops of the overbearing colonists, by whom they have been driven back towards the interior of the country, where more rocks than plants abound.

This bushman, a man of about forty years of age, was very tall, and evidently possessed great muscular strength, for even when at rest his body presented the attitude of action. The clearness, ease, and freedom of his movements, stamped him as an energetic character, a man cast in the same mould as the celebrated "Leatherstocking," the hero of the Canadian prairies, though perhaps possessing less calmness than Cooper's favourite hunter, as could be seen by the transient deepening of colour in his face, whenever he was animated by any unusual emotion.

The bushman was no longer a savage like the rest of his race, the ancient Laquas; for, born of an English father and a Hottentot mother, the half-breed, through his association with strangers, had gained more than he had lost, and spoke the paternal tongue fluently. His costume, half-Hottentot, half-European, consisted of a red flannel shirt, a loose coat and breeches of antelope hide, and leggings made of the skin of a wild cat; from his neck hung a little bag containing a knife, a pipe, and some tobacco; he wore on his head a kind of skull-cap of sheep-skin; a belt, made from the thick thong of some wild animal, encircled his waist; and on his naked wrists were rings of ivory, wrought with remarkable skill. From his shoulders flowed a "kross," a kind of hanging mantle, cut out of a tiger's skin, and falling as low as the knees. A dog of native breed was sleeping near him, while he himself was smoking a bone pipe in quick puffs, giving unequivocal signs of impatience.

"Come, let's be calm, Mokoum," said his interlocutor. "You are truly the most impatient of mortals whenever you are not hunt-







WILLIAM EMERY AND THE BUSHMAN.

ing: but do understand, my worthy companion, that we can't change what is. Those whom we are expecting will come sooner or later—to-morrow, if not to-day."

The bushman's companion was a young man, from twenty-five to twenty-six years of age, and quite a contrast to him. His calm temperament was shown in every action; and it could be decided without a moment's hesitation that he was an Englishman. His much too homely costume proved him to be unaccustomed to travelling. He gave one the idea of a clerk who had wandered into a savage country, and one looked involuntarily to see if he carried a pen behind his ear, like a cashier, clerk, accountant, or some other variety of the great family of the bureaucracy.

In truth, this young man was not a traveller, but a distinguished *savant*, William Emery, an astronomer attached to the Observatory at the Cape—a useful establishment, which has for a long time rendered true services to science.

The scholar, rather out of his element, perhaps, in this uninhabited region of South Africa, several hundred miles from Cape Town, could hardly manage to curb the impatience of his companion.

"Mr. Emery," replied the hunter in good English, "here we have been for eight days at the place appointed on the Orange, the cataract of Morgheda. It is indeed a long time since it has befallen a member of my family to remain eight days in one place: you forget that we are rovers, and that our feet burn at lingering here."

"My friend Mokoum," replied the astronomer, "those we are waiting for are coming from England, and surely we can allow them eight days of grace: we must take into account the length of the passage, and the hindrances which a steam-vessel must meet with in ascending the Orange; and, in short, the thousand difficulties belonging to such an undertaking. We have been told to make every preparation for a journey of exploration in South Africa, and that being done, to come here to the falls of Morgheda and wait for my colleague, Colonel Everest, of the Cambridge Observatory. Well, here are the falls of Morgheda, we are at the place appointed, and we are waiting: what more do you want, my worthy bushman?"

The hunter, doubtless, did want more, for his fingers played feverishly with the lock of his rifle, an excellent Manton, a weapon of precision, with conical shot, and which could bring down a wild



cat or an antelope at a distance of eight or nine hundred yards. Thus it may be seen that the bushman had put aside the quiver of aloes and the poisoned darts of his fellow-countrymen for the use of European weapons.

"But are you not mistaken, Mr. Emery?" replied Mokoum. "Is it really at the falls of Morgheda, and towards the end of this month of January, that they have appointed to meet you?"

"Yes, my friend," quietly answered William Emery, "and here is the letter from Mr. Airy, the director of the Greenwich Observatory, which will show you that I am not mistaken."

The bushman took the letter that his companion gave him. He turned it over and over like a man not very familiar with the mysteries of penmanship; then, giving it back to William Emery, he said, "Tell me again what the blotted piece of paper says."

The young astronomer, endowed with a patience proof against every thing, began again, for the twentieth time, the story he had so often told to his friend the hunter. At the end of the foregoing year, William Emery had received a letter telling him of the approaching arrival of Colonel Everest, and an international scientific commission in Southern Africa. What the plans of the commission were, and why it came to the extremity of the continent of Africa, Emery could not say, Mr. Airy's letter being silent on that point; but following the instructions that he had received, he hastened to Lattakoo, one of the most northern stations in the Hottentot country, to prepare waggons, provisions, and, in short, every thing that could be wanted for the victualling of a Boschjesman caravan. Then, as he knew of the reputation of the native hunter Mokoum, who had accompanied Anderson in his hunting expeditions in Western Africa, and the intrepid David Livingstone on his first journey of exploration to Lake Ngami and the falls of the Zambesi, he offered him the command of this same caravan.

This done, it was arranged that the bushman, who knew the country perfectly, should lead William Emery along the banks of the Orange to the Morgheda Falls, the place appointed for the scientific commission to join them. This commission was to take its passage on the British frigate "*Augusta*," to reach the mouth of the Orange on the western coast of Africa, as high as Cape Voltas, and to ascend the river as far as the cataracts. William Emery and Mokoum had therefore brought a waggon, which they had left at the bottom of the valley, to carry the strangers and their baggage to Lattakoo,

unless they preferred getting there by the Orange and its affluents, after they had avoided the falls of Morgheda by a land journey of some miles.

This story ended, and at length really impressed on the bushman's mind, he advanced to the edge of the gulf to whose bottom the foaming river threw itself with a crash; the astronomer followed, for there a projecting point commanded a view of the river, below the cataract, for a distance of several miles. For some minutes, Mokoum and his companion gazed attentively at the part of the river where it resumed its tranquillity about a quarter of a mile below them, but not an object, either boat or pirogue, disturbed its course. It was then three o'clock. The month of January here corresponds to the July of northern countries, and the sun, almost vertical in lat.  $29^{\circ}$ , heated the atmosphere till the thermometer stood at  $105^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit in the shade. If it had not been for the westerly breeze, which moderated the heat a little, the temperature would have been unbearable for any but a bushman. Still, the young astronomer, with his cool temperament, all bone and all nerves, did not feel it too much: the thick foliage of the trees which overhung the abyss protected him from the direct attacks of the sun's rays. Not a bird enlivened the solitude during these hot hours of the day, not an animal left the cool shade of the bushes to trust itself along the glades; not a sound would have been heard in this deserted region, even if the cataract had not filled the whole air with its roar.

After gazing for ten minutes, Mokoum turned to William Emery, stamping impatiently with his large foot; his penetrating eyes had discovered nothing.

"Supposing your people don't come?" he asked the astronomer.

"They'll come, my brave hunter," answered William Emery; "they are men of their word, and punctual, like all astronomers. Besides, what fault do you find with them? The letter says they are to arrive at the end of January; this is the 27th, and these gentlemen have still a right to four more days before they need reach the Morgheda Falls."

"And supposing they have not come at the end of those four days?" asked the bushman.

"Well! then, master hunter, there will be a chance for us to show our patience, for we will wait for them until I have certain proof that they are not coming at all."

"By our god Ko!" cried the bushman in a sonorous voice, "you are a man who would wait until the Gariep had emptied all its roaring waters into that abyss!"

"No, hunter, no," replied Emery in his ever quiet tone; "but we must let reason govern our actions; and what does reason tell us? This:—that if Colonel Everest and his companions, wearied with a tiresome journey, in want perhaps, and lost in this lonely country, were not to find us at the place of rendezvous, we should be to blame in every way. If any thing went wrong, the responsibility would rest on us; we ought, therefore, to stay at our post as long as it is our duty to do so. And besides, we want for nothing here: our waggon is waiting for us at the bottom of the valley, and gives us shelter at night; we have plenty of provisions; nature here is magnificent and worthy of our admiration; and it is quite a new pleasure to me to spend a few days in these splendid forests on the banks of this matchless river. As for you, Mokoum, what can you want more? Game, both hairy and feathered, abounds in the forests, and your rifle keeps us supplied with venison. Hunt, my brave hunter! kill time by killing deer and buffaloes! Go, my good bushman; I'll watch for the loiterers meanwhile, and *your* feet, at any rate, will run no risk of taking root."

The hunter thought the astronomer's advice was good, and decided that he would go for a few hours and beat the neighbouring bushes and brushwood. Lions, hyenas, and leopards would not disturb such a Nimrod as he, so well accustomed to the African forests. He whistled to his dog Top, an animal of the Cynietis breed from the desert of Kalahari, and a descendant of that race of which the Balabas formerly made pointers. The intelligent creature, as impatient, seemingly, as his master, bounded up, and showed by his joyous barking how much he was gratified at the bushman's intention. Soon both man and dog disappeared among the thick masses of wood which crowned the background of the cataract. William Emery, now alone, again stretched himself at the foot of the willow, and while he was waiting for the heat to send him to sleep, began to think over his actual position. Here he was, far away from any inhabited spot, on the banks of the Orange, a river as yet but little explored. He was waiting for Europeans, fellow-countrymen who had left their homes to run the risks of a distant expedition. But what was the expedition for? What scientific problem could it want to solve in the deserts of South Africa?



What observation could it be trying to take in lat.  $30^{\circ}$  S.? That was just what Mr. Airy, the director of the Greenwich Observatory, did not tell in his letter. As for Emery himself, they asked for his co-operation as for that of a scientific man, who was familiar with the climate of those southern latitudes, and as he was openly engaged in scientific labours, he was quite at the disposal of his colleagues in the United Kingdom.

As the young astronomer lay musing over all these things, and asking himself a thousand questions which he could not answer, his eyelids became heavy, and at length he slept soundly. When he awoke, the sun was already hidden behind the western hills, whose picturesque outline stood out sharply against the bright horizon. Some gnawings of hunger told him that supper-time was near; it was, in fact, six o'clock, and just the hour for returning to the waggon at the bottom of the valley. At that very moment a report resounded from a grove of arborescent heaths, from twelve to fifteen feet high, which was growing along the slope of the hills on the right. Almost immediately the bushman and Top made their appearance at the edge of the wood, the former dragging behind him the animal that he had just shot. "Come, come, master purveyor!" cried Emery, "what have you got for supper?"

"A springbok, Mr. William," replied the hunter, throwing down an animal with horns curved like a lyre. It was a kind of antelope, more generally known by the name of "leaping buck," and which is to be met with in every part of South Africa. It is a charming animal, with its cinnamon-coloured back, and its croup covered with tufts of silky hair of a dazzling whiteness, whilst its under part is in shades of chestnut brown; its flesh, always excellent eating, was on this occasion to form the evening repast.

The hunter and the astronomer, lifting the beast by means of a pole placed across their shoulders, now left the head of the cataract, and in half an hour reached their encampment in a narrow gorge of the valley, where the waggon, guarded by two Boschjesman drivers, was waiting for them.

## CHAPTER II.

### OFFICIAL PRESENTATIONS.

FOR the next three days, the 28th, 29th, and 30th of January,

Mokoum and William Emery never left the place of rendezvous. While the bushman, carried away by his hunting instincts, pursued the game and deer in the wooded district lying near the cataract, the young astronomer watched the river. The sight of this grand, wild nature enchanted him, and filled his soul with new emotions. Accustomed as he was to bend over his figures and catalogues day and night, hardly ever leaving the eye-piece of his telescope, watching the passage of stars across the meridian and their occultations, he delighted in this open-air life in the almost impenetrable woods which covered the slope of the hills, and on the lonely peaks that were sprinkled by the spray from the Morgheda as with a damp dust. It was joy to him to take in the poetry of these vast solitudes and to refresh his mind, so wearied with his mathematical speculations; and so he beguiled the tediousness of his waiting, and became a new man, both in mind and body. Thus did the novelty of his situation explain his unvarying patience, which the bushman could not share in the least; so there were continually on the part of Mokoum the same recriminations, and on the part of Emery the same quiet answers, which, however, did not quiet the nervous hunter in the smallest degree.

And now the 31st of January had come, the last day fixed in Airy's letter. If the expected party did not then arrive, Emery would be in a very embarrassing position; the delay might be indefinitely prolonged. How long, then, ought he to wait?

"Mr. William," said the hunter, "why shouldn't we go to meet these strangers? We cannot miss them; there is only one road, that by the river, and if they are coming up, as your bit of paper says they are, we are sure to meet them."

"That is a capital idea of yours, Mokoum," replied the astronomer; "we will go on and look out below the falls. We can get back to the encampment by the side valleys in the south. But tell me, my good bushman, you know nearly the whole course of the river, do you not?"

"Yes, sir," answered the hunter, "I have ascended it twice from Cape Voltas to its juncture with the Hart on the frontier of the republic of Transvaal."

"And it is navigable all the way, except at the falls of Morgheda?"

"Just so, sir," replied the bushman. "But I should add that at the end of the dry season the Orange has not much water till within

five or six miles of its mouth; there is then a bar, where the swell from the west breaks very violently."

"That doesn't matter," answered the astronomer, "because at the time that our friends want to land it will be all right. There is nothing then to keep them back, so they will come."

The bushman said nothing, but shouldering his gun, and whistling to Top, he led the way down the narrow path which met the river again 400 feet lower.

It was then nine o'clock in the morning, and the two explorers (for such they might truly be called) followed the river by its left bank. Their way did not offer the smooth and easy surface of an embankment or towing-path, for the river banks were covered with brushwood, and quite hidden in a bower of every variety of plants; and the festoons of the "cynauchum filiform," mentioned by Burchell, hanging from tree to tree, formed quite a network of verdure in their path; the bushman's knife, however, did not long remain inactive, and he cut down the obstructive branches without mercy. William Emery drank in the fragrant air, here especially impregnated with the camphor-like odour of the countless blooms of the diosma. Happily there were sometimes more open places along the bank devoid of vegetation, where the river flowed quietly, and abounded in fish, and these enabled the hunter and his companion to make better progress westwards, so that by eleven o'clock they had gone about four miles. The wind being in the west, the roar of the cataract could not be heard at that distance, but on the other hand, all sounds below the falls were very distinct. William Emery and the hunter, as they stood, could see straight down the river for three or four miles. Chalk cliffs, 200 feet high, overhung and shut in its bed on either side.

"Let us stop and rest here," said the astronomer; "I haven't your hunter's legs, Mokoum, and am more used to the starry paths of the heavens than to those on terra firma; so let us have a rest; we can see three or four miles down the river from here, and if the steamer should turn that last bend we are sure to see it."

The young astronomer then seated himself against a giant euphorbia, forty feet high, and in that position looked down the river, while the hunter, little used to sitting, continued to walk along the bank, and Top roused up clouds of wild birds, to which however his master gave no heed. They had been here about half an hour, when



William Emery noticed that Mokoum, who was standing about 100 feet below him, gave signs of a closer attention. Was it likely that he had seen the long-expected boat? The astronomer, leaving his mossy couch, started for the spot where the hunter stood, and came up to him in a very few moments.

"Do you see any thing, Mokoum?" he asked.

"I *see* nothing, Mr. William," answered the bushman, "but it seems to me that there is an unusual murmur down the river, different to the natural sounds that are so familiar to my ears." And then, telling his companion to be quiet, he lay down with his ear on the ground, and listened attentively. In a few minutes he got up, and shaking his head, said,—

"I was mistaken; the noise I thought I heard was nothing but the breeze among the leaves, or the murmur of the water over the stones at the edge; and yet——"

The hunter listened again, but again heard nothing.

"Mokoum," then said Mr. William Emery, "if the noise you thought you heard is caused by the machinery of a steamboat, you would hear better by stooping to the level of the river; water always conducts sound more clearly and quickly than air."

"You are right, Mr. William," answered Mokoum, "for more than once I have found out the passage of a hippopotamus across the river in that way."

The bushman went nimbly down the bank, clinging to the creepers and tufts of grass on his way. When he got to the level of the river, he went in to his knees, and stooping down, laid his ear close to the water.

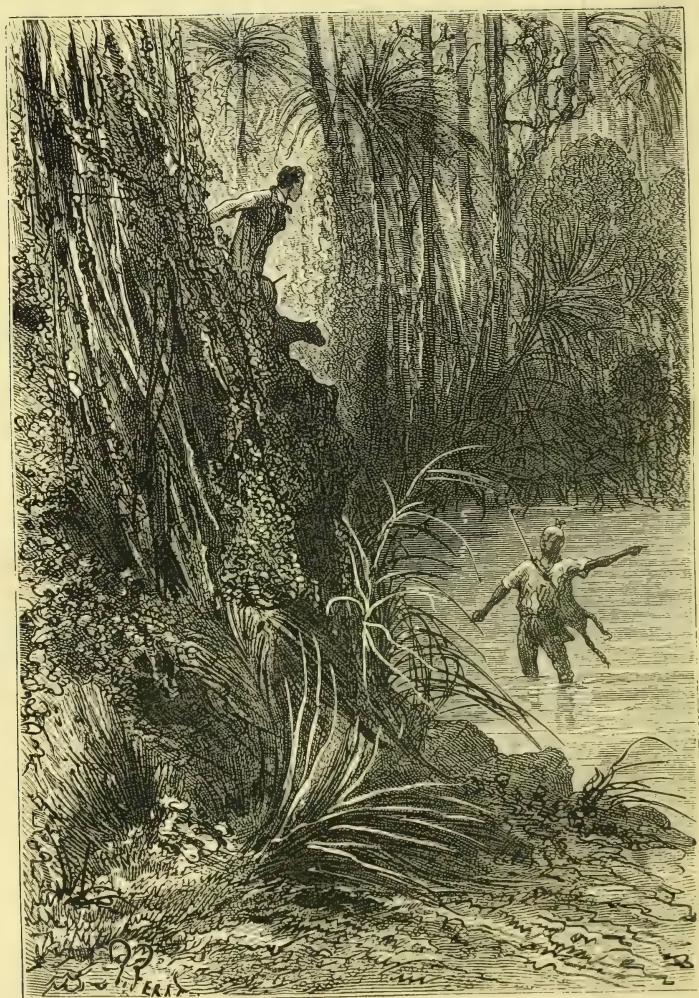
"Yes!" he exclaimed, in a few minutes, "I was not mistaken; there is a sound, some miles down, as if the waters were being violently beaten; it is a continual monotonous splashing which is introduced into the current."

"Is it like a screw?" asked the astronomer.

"Perhaps it is, Mr. Emery; they are not far off."

William Emery did not hesitate to believe his companion's assertion, for he knew that the hunter was endowed with great delicacy of sense, whether he used his eyes, nose, or ears. Mokoum climbed up the bank again, and they determined to wait in that place, as they could easily see down the river from there. Half an hour passed, which to Emery, in spite of his calmness, appeared interminable. Ever so many times he fancied he saw the dim outline of

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AT LENGTH AN EXCLAMATION OF THE BUSHMAN MADE HIS HEART BEAT.



a boat gliding along the water, but he was always mistaken. At last an exclamation from the bushman made his heart leap.

“Smoke!” cried Mokoum.

Looking in the direction indicated by the bushman, Emery could just see a light streak rolling round the bend of the river: there was no longer any doubt. The vessel advanced rapidly, and he could soon make out the funnel pouring forth a torrent of black smoke mingling with white steam. They had evidently made up their fires to increase their speed, so as to reach the appointed place on the exact day. The vessel was still about seven miles from the falls of Morgheda. It was then twelve o’clock, and as it was not a good place for landing, the astronomer determined to return to the foot of the cataract: he told his plan to the hunter, who only answered by turning back along the path he had just cleared along the left bank of the stream. Emery followed, and turning round for the last time at a bend in the river, saw the British flag floating from the stern of the vessel. The return to the falls was soon effected, and in an hour’s time the bushman and the astronomer halted a quarter of a mile below the cataract; for there the shore, hollowed into a semicircle, formed a little creek, and as the water was deep right up to the bank, the steamboat could easily land its passengers. The vessel could not be far off now, and it had certainly gained on the two pedestrians, although they had walked so fast; it was not yet in sight, for the lofty trees which hung quite over the river banks into the water, and the slope of the banks themselves, did not allow of an extensive view. But although they could not hear the sound made by the steam, the shrill whistle of the machinery broke in distinctly on the monotonous roar of the cataract; and as this whistling continued, it was evident that it was a signal from the boat to announce its arrival near the falls. The hunter replied by letting off his gun, the report being repeated with a crash by the echoes of the shore. At last the vessel was in sight, and William Emery and his companion were seen by those on board. At a sign from the astronomer the vessel turned, and glided quietly alongside the bank; a rope was thrown ashore, which the bushman seized and twisted round the broken stump of a tree, and immediately a tall man sprang lightly on to the bank, and went towards the astronomer, whilst his companions landed in their turn. William Emery also advanced to meet the stranger, saying inquiringly, “Colonel Everest?”

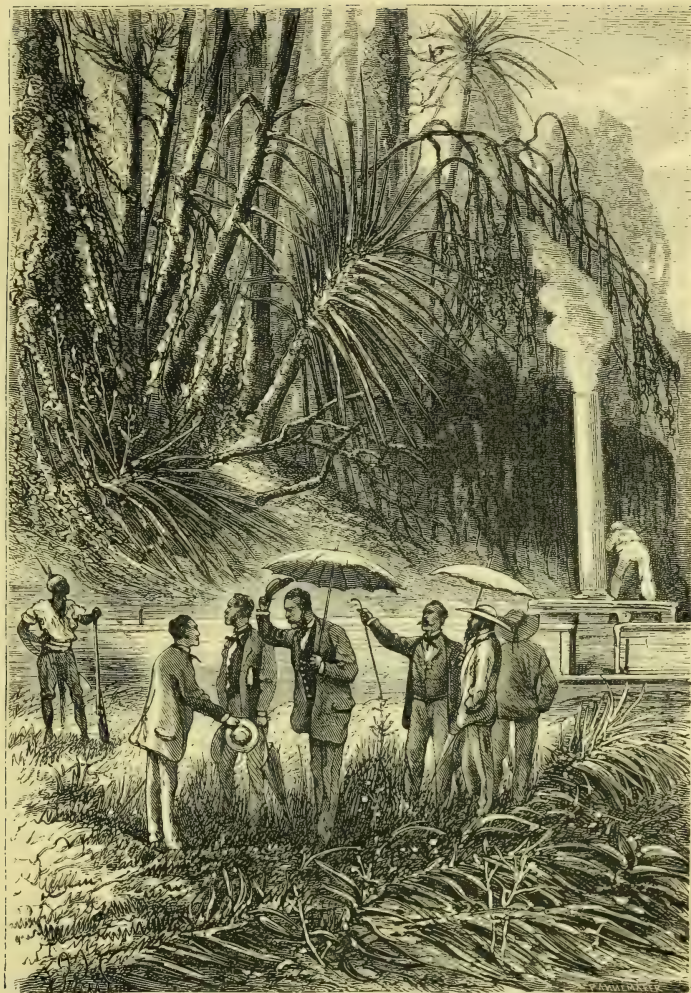
“Mr. William Emery?” answered the Colonel.

The astronomer bowed and shook hands.

“Gentlemen,” then said Colonel Everest, “let me introduce you to Mr. William Emery, of the Cape Town Observatory, who has kindly come as far as the Morgheda Falls to meet us.”

Four of the passengers who stood near Colonel Everest bowed to the young astronomer, who did the same; and then the Colonel, with his British self-possession, introduced them officially, saying,—

“Mr. Emery, Sir John Murray, of the county of Devon, your fellow-countryman; Mr. Matthew Strux, of the Poulkowa Observatory; Mr. Nicholas Palander, of the Helsingfors Observatory; and Mr. Michael Zorn, of the Kiew Observatory, three scientific gentlemen who represent the Russian Government in our international commission.”



MEETING OF MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION.





## THE CRAVENS OF CRAVENS CROFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE."

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### CHAPTER XXXIX.

EARLY rising is not as a rule a habit with the very rich or the comparatively poor. The absolutely working poor, who must work or they can't eat, may be met in streets and highways in the early morning, but the poverty which cannot dig, and is ashamed to beg, is very apt to lie in bed in the morning.

There is no use in men getting up who have no more to do out of bed than they have in it. The man with the model farm may find immense pleasure in poking the ribs of his fat two-year-olds, or discussing the merits of oilcake with his steward, while the hot rolls are getting ready for his breakfast, and his favourite poached eggs preparing. But the man who can strut about his lawn and feel himself master of every thing, from his fat cows to his fat baby, is a very different man to the London dandy who lies in bed to recruit his spent energies, or Mr. Craven of Cravenscroft, who lies in bed because he has no energies to recruit.

He was an old man and poor; that dreadful deadness which follows poverty had fallen on him. He had been an active man in his youth, the first in the saddle at an early meet, the last loiterer to return home at night; and yet poverty had made him a slothful man before middle age.

On the morning of which I write, the morning of Mab's expected visit, and the momentous shopping at Clapton, Maud was up betimes, and when her father entered the breakfast-room he found her standing in the window, looking out. The room in which they breakfasted at Cravenscroft was a small room, having a side view of the lawn and the distant wood, a view somewhat broken by the intervention of a clump of yews of very ancient planting, which cut

off in a degree what would otherwise have been a charming stretch of lake and plantation. They were essentially solemn trees, sombre of leaf, sombre of shadow; and the Craven who planted them so near his dwelling-place must have done it in a churchyard mood.

Since nine o'clock Maud had stood in the breakfast-room window, watching for Mab Ayre;—dreaming not of the darksome yews, nor of the half-hidden water, which went dashing over its fall, but of the grand dresses, whose visions Mab had laughingly awakened yesterday; of the wicked boots, which were certainly to be had at Clapton, a town of magnitude in Maud's inexperienced eyes; or of the lover, who was dawdling in the Governor's drawing-room at Malta, or watching the slow blue waves of the Mediterranean.

A whole hour she waited in vain. The mantelpiece clock struck ten without Mab making her appearance; at its last stroke Graham came in with hot coffee, hot eggs, and broiled kidneys, under a silver cover. The butler was followed closely by Mr. Craven, in an embroidered dressing-gown of ancient glory, and bright-hued slippers, of Maud's working.

"How exactly Graham and I appear together every morning, Maud," he smiled, as he kissed her cheek. "Ah, Graham, you and I belong to the old-fashioned days of punctuality."

A compliment so frequently bestowed on the old butler, it had ceased to tickle his bump of self-esteem.

Amongst Mr. Craven's harmless hobbies was a pride in his punctuality. He had breakfasted at the same hour every day for the last twenty years, he was in the habit of boasting to his friends; which, whatever it might say for his regularity, said very little for his activity. "He kept his appointments, as he kept his watch, always exact to the moment," was another of his aphorisms, and this latter had given him a decided advantage over the railway agent the day before, who was a quarter of an hour behind time.

"I abhor a want of punctuality," he declared to Maud, as she helped him to a cup of coffee, and he helped himself to a broiled kidney. "I have not forgiven that railway-man for the quarter of an hour he delayed me yesterday. I wanted to write to Ellerton, to Ferndale, but he kept me so long I was late for the post.

"Was it any thing very important?" Maud asked, while she sat drinking a cup of coffee, with her mind divided between Hugh Ellerton, and her day's shopping.

"Important? Yes," Mr. Craven answered, to whom his own



shadowy business and shadowy plans were always very important; "I want him to find out for me whether that Mr. What's-his-name, the engineer——"

"Mr. Griffith, papa."

"Yes; that's it, Griffith. Well, I want Ellerton to find out for me amongst his London friends if Griffith is really the best man for me to employ about the draining."

"I thought you had quite decided on him, papa."

"Quite, yes, of course, quite; only I want to make sure before I embark finally with him," Mr. Craven answered, never seeing that the positive first clause in his sentence, did not perfectly coincide with its uncertain conclusion. "A younger man, you know Maud, might know something fresh. There are new plans in engineering developing every day, as well as new plans in every thing else."

"But don't experienced men, like Mr. Griffith, move on with every development?"

"Well, yes, I dare say they do," Mr. Craven assented, helping himself to another kidney.

There is always a blessed uncertainty in the projects of poor men in a hurry to be rich. Nobody but one who has lived in, or been a member of some fatuitous family, whose ruin has most likely been caused by extravagance, and whose regeneration is to be a coal-mine, or a lead-mine, or more hopeless still, the success of a Chancery suit, can understand the unequal hopes, and the unsteady councils, which prevail in such a household.

Seasoned business heads go at a purpose steadily; they have no shifting plans, no humming and hawing, but hum and haw had been the bane of the Cravens for generations. If they did any thing foolish they did it right off; when they borrowed money, they borrowed it in a hurry, which left no time to contend over an objectionable clause in a mortgage, or to demur at high interest. Ruin was very easy of accomplishment; but it was over the councils to drive back ruin, that the spirit of hum-haw sat president.

There was an old lawyer in London, the Cravens' lawyer, who had once or twice raised his voice against the reckless doings of Mr. Craven's father, and on his death the same lawyer had given salutary counsel to his son. "Sign no fresh mortgage," he had said, when Mr. Poland sent in a claim for overdue interest, "but sell part of the land. The estate is large enough to bear clipping

at the edges, money is flush in the market now, and people are disposed to invest in land. You might get thirty years' purchase for some of your outlying farms." "Sell Cravenscroft! No," Mr. Craven said at once. "He talks of outlying farms; Cravenscroft is a whole. Every one of those outlying farms is Cravenscroft." Then his mind shifted. He played with the notion for a while; he even went so far as to dot down on paper the land he would best like to part with, but the weathercock veered round again, and that ruinous pride stepped in to suggest what Mainshire would say if they found him parcelling his land out for the market. So the idea fell through.

"Sell some timber," his lawyer advised afresh. Mr. Craven thought that more feasible; he would go over the wood and see. Three whole days he and his steward spent picking out trees and chalking them for felling, after which he had them valued, and wrote to his lawyer.

"I find I cannot spare more than five hundred pounds' worth of timber without spoiling the place, which would fall far short of paying the three thousand pounds Poland's lawyer demands, so I may as well sign a mortgage for the whole."

"When men once learn to look on signing a mortgage as a relief, they are on the high road to destruction," Mr. Craven's lawyer observed to his nephew and partner, as he drew up the instructions for the mortgage-deed, by which Mr. Craven practically surrendered his right to the last spot of land he could heretofore call his own. He had not counted the cost before he took that rash step. It was after the mortgage was signed, after his last rood of land had been handed over to the enemy, that Mr. Craven became clearly aware of his position.

Pending this negotiation with his lawyer, he had not troubled himself to look into his steward's accounts, and he was absolutely ignorant of how his property stood. When he did look into them, after signing that fatal security, he found to his dismay that his burdened property would scarcely afford him bread to eat. During his life old Mr. Craven had kept his affairs entirely in his own hands, and his son had never sought for enlightenment. Things had gone on pretty well in his father's time; they had wanted for nothing. The old man had a genius for raising money; he kept the wheels rolling as long as he lived. He borrowed money, and spent it; he knew when leases would fall in, and held out his

iniquitous old fist for the gift-money given for low terms; and he died at last, leaving the burden where it rests now.

God forgive him! God forgive all men who take the bread out of the lips of their children, that they may fare well in their generation! Mr. Craven, looking into his steward's books, saw it all. Low-let farms, whose rents little more than paid the interest of the load laid upon them, of that little, much must go to pay the interest of his last mortgage. Cravenscroft itself, consequently, brought him in nothing; he had to pay the interest of the three thousand pounds secured on it, from his other resources, from the scanty remnant of his rent-roll, which he might otherwise put in his pocket. The interest of three thousand pounds, at five per cent., was a hundred and fifty pounds a year; a ten-year-old arithmetician could tell him that; and deducting a hundred and fifty pounds from his income, left him exactly three hundred pounds a year he could call his own.

Three hundred pounds a year, to support his family, and keep up the honour of Cravenscroft. To pay a steward and a farm-bailiff, keepers to watch his preserves, servants, gardeners, and labourers. No wonder Mr. Craven sat down appalled; no wonder he sat down and resolved on retrenchment. He dismissed his servants, he dismissed his keepers, he dismissed his gardeners and labourers. The final blight had come over his unhappy house he thought, as he saw them go, but the final blight was bitterer than that.

His children fell ill, and died; his wife fell ill, and was ordered to a warm climate. He sold almost all his plate to fee doctors and purchase her luxuries; he even sold her own jewels. He shut up Cravenscroft and went abroad for three years, to come home a widower.

A more vigorously-minded man than Mr. Craven might have done better. He might have sold those outlying farms even then, and had enough, after paying off their encumbrances, to free Cravenscroft; he might have even let the place while he was abroad, and he might also have followed his steward's advice, by railing off the distant confines of the demesne, and let it out in grazing. But Mr. Craven did none of these things; he only sat down in pride and poverty, from that hour until this, dreaming shadowy dreams, and planning shadowy plans, and while he dreams, his inheritance is slipping away from him, the farms he refused to sell, the timber he spared, and the domain he refused to desecrate.



"It is well," says the man of to-day, "it is well; these effete old families are better out of the way." Their Conservatism, their clinging to old-fashioned notions, and old-fashioned pride, stand in the path of progress. Let them go. The trees are ready for the woodsman, let his axe be laid to the root thereof.

## CHAPTER XL.

WE cannot see things afar off. We mortals pilgrimaging here are finite of perception, because of our mortality. Let us thank God for it, and be content.

The darkness looming over Cravenscroft was not visible to Mab Ayre, when she trotted her ponies up the avenue, and listened to the jingling of their bells. It was scarcely half-past ten. Mr. Craven was still fiddling over his breakfast, Maud was still sipping her coffee, when Graham announced Miss Ayre.

I have grown to like Mab Ayre. As her story opens under my pen, as I see her flitting in and out amongst my pages, I have learned to welcome her. Has she won upon you? If she has not, it is because my power of delineation fails to paint her as she is; fails to show you the true woman, as she lived, and breathed, and acted, warm of heart and quick of impulse, strong in friendship and love; a woman with a living soul, a breathing real woman, in whom life is keen to enjoy, and keen to suffer. It is that strong sense of living, that practical enjoyment of the very act of existence itself, which gives such a healthy tone to Mab's beauty. She dresses herself to the best advantage, not to please the men and women of society alone, but to please herself. She likes to look well and to be admired, to hear women talk of her exquisite taste, and to see men's eyes follow her wherever she is seen; but she likes as well the pleasure it gives herself. She is fond of the touch of velvet, and of silk, the flow of expensive muslin, and the texture of gauzy fabrics; just as fond of them as Maud Craven, only that she can reach her longing, and Maud Craven cannot.

She has her small vanities and littlenesses as well as the rest of her sisters. She knew very well when she laughed back at Mr. Poland on the road that first day of their meeting, that she looked charming in her plumed hat; but surely we would not quarrel with her for that. Every man and woman born into the world has a

right to make himself or herself as presentable as possible while they are in it. Mab Ayre is a girl to whom to look well, or to be dressed well, is a necessity, but we can forgive that fault also.

In spite of what evil people say, there are women who can forgive other women for looking charming, and one of the most remarkable points about Mab was, that she was a favourite with women; not with Miss Hope perhaps, but then Miss Hope was not soft-natured to any one, and Mab had bewitched away Miss Hope's intended husband; but with Nellie Hope, and fair, comely Miss Muskings, too lazy to be jealous of Mr. Poland's devotion, and with others of her own sex as well, Mab was a decided favourite. I don't say the friendship was very warm, or that it could entirely blot out the love of gossip and whispering, and somewhat sharp condemnation Mab may raise, before "finished" is written at the foot of her life's history, but going through the world now, engaged to Sir Henry King, with what people are apt to count a sunny destiny before her, Mab is a general favourite.

In all things, save her marriage with Mr. Marchmont, Lady Ayre was indulgent to Mab. Except in that matter Mab did exactly as she liked. "There is no harm in Mab; she needs no supervision," Lady Ayre declared proudly, and Mab certainly did not. As far as little flirtations went, and harmless encounters with Captain Cranfield, or any other unmarried young man Mab met in her peregrinations, she indulged herself, and with these men Lady Ayre trusted her fearlessly. The only man on earth that troubled her was Mr. Marchmont, and Mr. Poland a little, lest Sir Henry should turn crusty and Mab quarrelsome. But that danger was past for the present, and when Mab announced that morning that she was going out for a day's shopping with Maud Craven, Lady Ayre made no objection. Certainly had it been any one else than Maud, Lady Ayre would have suggested that George had better make one of the party, where the arrangements included a railway journey to Clapton; but Lady Ayre never voluntarily sent George to Cravenscroft, therefore Mab was suffered to depart alone.

"Mab and I are to have a great day, Mr. Craven," she cried, as she came in, bright of eye and fresh of colour, from the keen cold air.

"Ah, you are a pair of gadabouts," Mr. Craven smiled. "The time was I used to enjoy great days myself, but that's all at an end."

"Not at a shop counter though," Mab laughed. "Come, Maud, let us run upstairs until you put on your bonnet. You are a dreadful girl not to be ready."

"I not ready, Mab! and I waiting for you this hour," Maud answered laughingly.

"I don't believe in unbonneted waiting," Mab rejoined, as they ran upstairs. Then the moment they got inside Maud's room, Mab cried, with feminine inconsistency, "Never mind your bonnet yet, until you sit down with me and look over this list. It's very foolish to go shopping without a list," she added, with solemn wisdom, as she extracted a little bit of folded paper from her purse.

Very pretty the two girls looked, sitting side by side on Maud's dressing-room sofa, intent on the momentous scrap of paper, the drawing up of which had been as important to Mab as deeds or leases to a conveyancer. A blurred little scrap, with here and there entries knocked out by the pencil. The clear frosty sun laughed, and blinked in at them through the window, lighting up the glow of excitement on Maud's cheek, and Mab's honest blue eyes, touching the soft grebe trimming of her jacket, and the brilliant scarlet plume in her hat.

The two girls were a picture, sitting amongst the heavy splendour of Maud's dressing-room. The ponderous sofa, upholstered in blue tabaret and cord of silver, the gorgeous footstools, the little easy chairs, newly born fifty years ago, but rather ancient little chairs now; the high carved priedieu chairs, now somewhat dimmed, but once splendid with Berlin wool flowers. The silver-topped dressing-table ornaments, the little silver ring-stand, on which were no rings, the faded Brussels carpet, and the faded frescoes on the walls, amongst whom was no Psyche so fair, no Venus so brilliant, even when their fairness and brilliance were freshest, as the two girls sitting flushed of cheek, and bright of eye, beside their perished charms.

"I have made my calculations as well as I could dear, and I think we can do it all for fifty pounds, or sixty. I have put the figures down as low as possible," Mab said, dropping her hands in her lap, and looking up at Maud, who was still bent over the list. "Now there is that blue silk," she continued, putting her finger against its place in the list. "You must have a blue silk; we can trim it with lace. It need not be very expensive, not just the best lace you know dear," she explained. "It will make a very pretty



dinner-dress ; and my maid says, if you get enough to make a high body, it will be really economical."

"I never could afford to pay seven and sixpence a yard for silk, Mab. You have set down dreadfully expensive things here. Fifteen yards of silk at seven and sixpence ! Why, Peters says I could get silk in Bracebridge for four and sixpence."

"Peters and Bracebridge !" Mab answered, with laughing contempt. "The idea of a four-and-sixpenny silk ! I should be ashamed to see you in it. Peters may get a four-and-sixpenny silk as a wedding-dress when she marries old Graham. That grey silk on you, what did it cost ?"

Maud blushed scarlet.

"I don't know, it was a dress of mamma's," she said.

"Well, well, no matter," Mab rejoined hastily. "Go and get on your bonnet. I'm resolute about the blue silk, Maud."

"You have put down ever so many things there I can't afford, Mab," Maud said, with lingering love to attain them, and lingering fear they were beyond her. "For instance see here, I need not get all these dresses, you know." And Maud endeavoured to point out what she thought she could knock off, but Mab took the list out of her hand.

"I won't have you interfere. I made out that list, and I'll stick to it. If you want shabby old four-and-sixpenny silk, and rubbish of that sort, take Peters."

Maud stooped forward suddenly, and kissed Mab's soft bright lip.

"Mab, you are a darling," she said enthusiastically, "A real downright darling. You must just manage every thing, papa and the blue silk and all. You know he has not given me a penny yet."

"Do you get on your bonnet dear, and I'll go down and wheedle him. I know how to beg prettily," Mab said, drawing her tall figure up from the sofa. "I'll have as much as ever he will give me, and then I'll ask for more," she declared, with the daring want of principle common to her kind. "Now get on your bonnet, but don't come down until I call for you."

Begging prettily, gentlemen ! Do you know what it means, to have a lovely mendicant standing shawless and bonnetless before you,—a handsome wife, or a handsome daughter, reduced to the last resource of pauperism,—without imagining how very much handsomer they will look in that new satin robe they are petitioning for, or in the lovely little bracelets they are coveting for their

white arms? The things are all very cheap, too; what they are going to buy is not worth talking about, and besides it is so long since they got any thing, that really what they have is a disgrace to be seen in. You would not like to be met in Regent Street with a shabby wife, or in the promenade of the Zoological Gardens with a shabby daughter. Yes, they can all beg prettily, and to the purpose, from the artisan's wife, who coaxes her husband out of coarse linseys, to fair Mab Ayre, who has audaciously vowed to coax Mr. Craven out of fifty pounds.

Never did Mab's smile wear a more insinuating radiance, never did she step so softly, or talk with such wheedling graciousness to Mr. Craven as she did that day, when she was harbouring designs on his pocket. Mab was an honest girl by nature, but no woman is honest when she is begging. A girl who will hesitate over a falsehood on ordinary occasions, will indulge in all manner of misrepresentations regarding her wardrobe when she wants it renewed. I don't say, of course, that Mab told any very tremendous stories of Maud's wants to Mr. Craven that day, because Maud's wants were really such as to bear the truth being told of them, but I dare say she would have told stories, if stories had been needed.

"How snug you are here, Mr. Craven; what a pleasant glow of heat! Cravenscroft is the warmest house in Mainshire," Mab said, opening the campaign cunningly, as she stood sideways near the fire, with her hands dropped down before her to catch the warmth.

Mr. Craven laid down his paper on his knee.

"The man who built Cravenscroft understood how to keep the wind out," he said, a little proudly. "I don't know where that knowledge is gone to, for nearly all modern houses are draughty."

After that there was a pause, during which Mr. Craven glanced down at his paper, and Mab gathered up her energies.

"We have a fine day for our expedition, have we not?" she said. "I shall begin to think I am like the Queen, who always brings good weather, and I wished so heartily for it last night."

"Did you wish for any thing else?" Mr. Craven asked smiling. Mab shook her head.

"No, I did not," she said. "I was going to wish for money enough to spend, but I knew you would give it to us without wishing."

"Ah! you ladies, you ladies! what very pretty flatterers you are."

"Indeed I am not flattering, I am telling the honest truth. I

am dreadfully greedy to-day, Mr. Craven ; and see the great purse I have brought to hold your donation." And Mab held open a huge portmonnaie. "You must fill its every corner, Mr. Craven. You don't know the hundred things we want, really want. I put down a list, and after scratching every thing out we could possibly expunge, it still leaves a good deal behind. Would you just see my list, Mr. Craven ?"

"My dear young lady, I should not understand it if I did. It is uncommonly kind of you to help Maud's inexperience with your judgment. I know she wants many things, poor child ; and now will you kindly say how much money she will require to get them?"

"Well, we are going to have a little gaiety at Ayrefield, and Maud has promised not to desert us. It is Christmas time, you know, and some friends are coming to us," Mab answered rather evasively ; not entirely up to the mark of downrightly asking for fifty pounds.

"But that is not quite to the purpose," Mr. Craven answered, smiling with the most benevolent expression. "You see Maud will want many things besides what she requires for mere evening wear."

"Of course she will," Mab rejoined, recovering her courage. "She wants mantles, and bonnets and boots, all manner of things, and I really don't think we can manage under fifty pounds. Good things are expensive."

"Yes, to be sure," Mr. Craven assented, and Mab's battle was won with unexpected ease.

## CHAPTER XLI.

"I would have liked to have said sixty, only I was afraid," Mab observed to Maud, when she showed her portemonnaie full of golden sovereigns, as the train left the Bracebridge station, and the eyes of Robbins were off their proceedings.

"We must not lay it all out on gewgaws," Maud remarked sensibly, as Mab shut up her purse. "There are one or two really useful things I must secure out of it."

"This money is mine. I begged it, and there is none of it for useful things. I never buy useful things, Maud ; Peters will see to them, and secure you longcloth at twopence halfpenny a yard,



and stockings at three farthings a pair, to wear along with the four-and-sixpenny blue silk. As for you and me, we shall stick to the gewgaws, and see if we can't bewilder Sir Henry's friend, Mr. Clinton, through the aid of the Clapton drapers."

"Is Mr. Clinton at all like Sir Henry, Mab?"

"How on earth do I know? He is not such a great big Hercules I hope at any rate, for your sake Maud, or he might eat you up dear."

"Are you never afraid Sir Henry may eat you up, Mab?" Maud retorted.

"No, I should not let him. I dare say we shall have a difficulty now and then. I feel as if there would be times when the matrimonial wheels would not run smoothly, but even then I think I could hold my own against him."

Maud's eyes were very anxious as she looked up into her friend's face, and her little white brow was shadowed, when she answered very slowly,—

"Ah, but if he beat you, Mab?"

Mab's eyes grew large with surprise, and then she laughed aloud.

"Beat me, Maud! What put such a crotchet as that in your head, you foolish child?"

"I do not like Sir Henry King, Mab."

"Neither do I dear," Mab answered quite coolly, as if such an announcement regarding a man she was about to marry, was not at all out of the way. "Yet I am by no means disposed to think he would be so little of a gentleman, and so much of a brute, as to raise his hand to a lady."

"But he beats other people, Mab, in his passions; and if he found out you did not care for him, he might beat you."

The train was standing still at a small station, taking in passengers and taking in water, but the two girls, unconscious of the stoppage, never looked out. Mab sat with her shoulder turned to the window, her dark hat and scarlet feather showing against the frosted pane, and as the carriage moved out of the station, she stooped over towards Maud, and took both her hands in hers. She fancied she knew the source of the story. Her suspicions had fallen upon Richards.

"Maud, this is either horribly true, or horribly false," she said. "Where did you hear it? Is it Peters' gossip filtered through Sir Henry's valet, and the servants' hall?"

"I heard it from better authority than that, real undoubted authority," Maud protested earnestly.

"But what did you hear, Maud? And who did Sir Henry beat? A gentleman?" Mab asked, still holding Maud's hands within her own.

"He beat a Maltese sailor last autumn, when he was at Malta in his yacht. He beat him on board the yacht, and then ran out of the harbour to avoid arrest or something."

"What a tantalizing little wretch you are. Why don't you tell me where you learned this Malta gossip from. Miss Hope, was it, or Lord Hillier? They two generally know the worst that can be known of any one."

"I never spoke to either of them about Sir Henry. I heard it from a friend, a great friend of mine," Maud answered, with a colour as brilliant as the scarlet of Mab's feather.

Mab's clasp grew firmer on Maud's fingers.

"You are very mysterious about your friend, dear. I did not know you had such a thing in the world as a great friend, except myself," she said, and then looking with half-smiling half-questioning suspicion into Maud's face she added, "Ladies are never mysterious about ladies, therefore your friend is not a lady, but a gentleman. Will you tell me the truth if I guess, Maud? Was it Captain Ellerton who wrote this news from Malta?"

Maud bent down low, and laid her scarlet cheek on Mab's outstretched hands which still held hers, but did not answer.

"You foolish bird, to hide your head in the sand, and think the fowler cannot see your tail, because you cannot see the fowler," Mab said, as she drew the girl's bowed face up and kissed her. "God bless you, dear, and may this man be all to you that you dream," she whispered in Maud's ear.

"Oh, Mab dear, you are so dreadfully quick. But you must keep it all to yourself. You must promise not to tell a single soul," Maud cried in the flurry of her unspoken confusion.

"What nonsense! Do you suppose that I am going to raise all the hounds in Mainshire, with Lady Jane Ellerton at their head, by telling you are engaged to Hugh Ellerton? Do you like Lady Jane, Maud?"

Maud gave a little shudder.

"I am afraid of Lady Jane," she said; "horribly afraid of her

great pale eyes, and her dreadful frozen voice. Does she not speak icicles, Mab?"

"Ah well, so long as Captain Ellerton is true, her icicles won't freeze you," Mab answered dreamingly and with a little sigh, as though her memory went back to a lover who was not true. Then she roused herself, and asked, "How long have you been engaged dear? And when are you to be married?"

"Since the night of the ball at Middleton; but we are not to be married until spring. He is to come back to England for me in spring, and I am to go out with him to Malta. We shall be too poor to live in England, he says. I don't how poor, but very poor indeed"

Mab laughed.

"And my luxurious little Maud, so extravagant at heart, so nervously economical on the surface, only fancy her dressed in cheap cashmeres, guinea shawls, and Cranbourne Alley bonnets. Ah, the days when I used to laugh about these things to Marchmont, when he talked of our Hampstead villa, and one-horse brougham!"

"Where is Cranbourne Alley, Mab?"

"Oh, a place in London where they sell flyblown millinery. But I was only making fun. Don't look so dreadfully in earnest, child, it is I who should look in earnest, at the way in which you have cut up all my plans. What good will this finery we are in pursuit of do, when you have chosen to engage yourself to that dreadful, handsome Ellerton, the very original of the poor, idle, good-looking husband, which I pictured for you yesterday. *Ma belle*, he stood for it." Mab laughed. "I had him in my mind when I drew the sketch. A horrible, coarse sketch, which nearly made you angry. You told me nothing, you cunning Maud, but I have been guessing many things."

"But Hugh will never wear a shabby shooting coat, or shabby gaiters," Maud insisted, in whose mind Mab's satire rankled. "And as to my not telling you, I meant to tell you a hundred times, but I always grew afraid."

"And now that you have told me, what am I to do with Mr. Clinton? The blue silk is no good, and the charming evening dresses Marshall and I planned out last night, are no good either. Matters have gone too far between you and Captain Ellerton, to warrant me in invading Mr. Clinton's peace. What shall I do with him? flirt with him myself, or hand him over to Raby?"



"Never mind Mr. Clinton, Mab, and promise me you will think of what I told you about Sir Henry."

"What is the use of thinking when it is too late for any thing else, Maud? The man is a brute, and I know it; but yet it does not follow because he struck a sailor in a rage, he would beat his wife. There is something preposterous in the notion." And then Mab stooping forward kissed Maud as the train ran into the Clapton station.

## CHAPTER XLII.

THE week following their Clapton shopping excursion, was a busy week with Maud Craven and Mab Ayre. There was quite a little excitement got up over Maud's new finery, between Maud, her friend, and her friend's maid, who was pressed into the service as aider and adviser. Mab's dresses were all dragged out and paraded as patterns, to assist the genius of Marshall, and the half-taught dressmaker's girl, whom Peters picked up as a workwoman.

There was cutting, and clipping, and trimming, over which was spent many an anxious thought, and over which was held many an anxious consultation. There was no day too cold for Mab to drive her ponies over to Cravenscroft, whither Marshall had usually gone before her, with a dress, or a pattern, or a suggestion.

The blue silk must be finished by Thursday; Thursday would be Christmas Eve, and on Christmas Eve Sir Henry King was to come to Ayrefield with Mr. Clinton.

"Try and cut Raby out for goodness sake," Mab said with half-serious *impressement* a few days before their arrival, when she was inviting Maud to meet them at dinner. "It would be a charity to cut her out, even if you were to throw Mr. Clinton away. Poor child, poor child! would it not be horrible to trap her into a marriage at her years." Then more confidentially, "Who do you think is coming down here besides Sir Henry and Mr. Clinton—Mr. Poland. I met Miss Muskins to-day, and she says he is expected. She is such a dear, stupid soul, that she actually stopped her horse to tell me he was coming."

"Mab, I think you are acting very wrongly about Mr. Poland," Maud said boldly.

"You call that gratitude, I suppose, after all the trouble I have been at over your gew-gaws" Maud said.

“Sir Henry ——”

“Oh, yes; Sir Henry complains to mamma aside, and looks fierce at Mr. Poland, but so long as he keeps from clamouring aloud I don’t care.”

Reckless Mab Ayre! Spinning along the road in her phaeton that very Thursday, whose evening was to bring her lover back to Ayrefield, she met Mr. Poland on foot, just outside the gates of Woodlands.

She reined in her ponies instantly.

“I heard you were coming down to Woodlands for Christmas,” she said, “and now I see that you are come.”

“Merely for to-day and to-morrow; I am due on Saturday at Richmond,” he said, lifting his hat.

He came over to the carriage, and leant his arms on the side, looking upwards into her face.

“I was going to make my presence known at Ayrefield,” he said, speaking low, to avoid the ear of the groom who sat behind Mab.

“You mean you were going to see mamma,” she answered with a demure little smile.

“No, I was going to see you,” he avowed with bold audacity.

Mab reddened. Perhaps she did not mean him to indulge in such free-lipped confessions. Perhaps she did not understand how difficult it is to lay a line before the Polands of society.

“If you were coming to see me, you should have come to Cravenscroft; I shall be at Cravenscroft until six o’clock.”

“Well, suppose I go to Cravenscroft?”

“If you like to venture you may, but your sin be on your own head,” Mab assented with some slight hesitation, which Poland was determined not to see.

Mab turned her ponies’ heads and entered the domain, pacing slowly up the avenue, Poland walking by the side of her phaeton. Under his feet the crackling gravel of the drive, on every side and stretching far ahead of him the oaks and elms of the park, through whose leafless branches his roving dark eyes wandered—roving dark eyes which went with the same cool scrutiny from Mr. Craven’s small slight figure, and the peerless grace of Maud, to the farthest recesses of the great library.

It was a fine house, and a fine domain,—who should hinder if he chose to make it his own?

“I have brought you a visitor in quite a lawless way,” Mab

laughed, while she drew near the fire, and held out her hand to court the heat as was her wont.

"Ladies are always lawless," Mr. Craven said, shaking hands with Mr. Poland, and courteously offering to resign his pet corner at the fire in his honour, which Mr. Poland declined as courteously in favour of a lounging chair near Mab, who, with the charming *abandon* which made her rarely delicious to this hard-headed, hard-hearted man, was crouching down on her knees before the fire, and laughing upward glances, from under her drooping dark hat.

"That impertinent cold air has made my fingers blue. Maud, you have had a blessed destiny, that you have been able to keep indoors to-day."

"I have been too busy to go out; I have written two letters and read three newspapers already," Maud answered smiling.

"Already, which means you have more work of the same kind on hand," Mr. Poland said. "Well by Jove, I pity you, Miss Craven. I have letters to write by the score, when I am in town; I think one of the grand privileges of being at Woodlands is, that it takes me out of the reach of letters."

"Well, I like letters," Mr. Craven put in; "not that I have a very lively correspondence, but still I like a letter from an old friend now and then."

"Oh, Mr. Poland's letters are all about horrible business, advices from abroad—is not that the word?" Mab smiled with another of those upward glances from under her drooping hat. "Two lines and a quarter and a few figures make up the contents."

"Why Mab, you would make a first-rate corresponding clerk," Mr. Craven said, looking down with a smile on the bright face of his favourite.

"I am afraid we could hardly guarantee her the two-lines-and-a-quarter letters though," Poland laughed.

"Your letters are never longer than that," Mab persisted, with the air of a lady who knew all about it; "unless there may be an exception in favour of darling little pink notes, written on perfumed paper."

"I deny the pink notes on the perfumed paper," Poland said, rising with an air of nonchalant innocence, Mab declared to be edifying. "You have fine oaks, and a grand stretch of lawn here, Mr. Craven."

He was up and awake, with his eyes open to the value of the



Cravenscroft timber and the grassy uplands of its home-park, notwithstanding Mab Ayre's near proximity, and the pleasantness of her genial banter.

"We have three hundred acres this side the lake, and four hundred beyond it," Mr. Craven said, following his visitor to the window.

Mab rose up lazily, and yawned.

"When gentlemen take to talk of plantation and park-acreage it is time for the ladies to vanish; come Maud, let us look after the dressmaking."

"I rather think it is time for me to vanish," Poland said, laughing, and showing his keen-edged white teeth; "I came in an unbidden kind of way, and I think it is best unbidden to take my departure."

"Where are you bound for now?" Maud asked inquisitively.

"Well, I think for Hopetown; I half-promised Lady Muskings to meet her at Hopetown at two o'clock."

"You'll never reach it in the time; what a pity I sent my phaeton back!" Mab said, goodnaturedly regretful.

"Go over the park, the back gate leads you right out at Hopetown, and cuts off half the distance," Maud cried, coming to the rescue.

"Maud, you are the wise woman of Tekoah," Mab laughed, while Mr. Craven offered to act as guide to Mr. Poland across the park.

Guide to the cunning Londoner, whose shrewd dark eyes were measuring the girth of his trees, and mentally totting up the market value of his possessions, as he walked beside him over the frosted grass. "I'll have those black yews down, and the shaky bridge across the lake," he said inwardly, as he passed the dark yews and the delapidated bridge spanning the water.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

At six o'clock a close carriage came from Ayrefield to carry Mab, Mr. Craven, and Maud over to dinner, and when Maud walked into the drawing-room, after sitting with Mab while Marshall tired her hair and changed her dress, she found Lady Ayre ensconced, screen in hand, in her usual place by the fire, and a knot of gentlemen

gathered on the hearth-rug. The group was composed of Sir Richard Ayre, George, Sir Henry King, and a delicate-looking diminutive man, whom Maud guessed to be Mr. Clinton.

Where was Mab, was Lady Ayre's first question when Maud entered.

"She was just coming down when I left her," Maud answered.

Lady Ayre nodded to Sir Henry King, who came over to shake hands with Maud. The knot by the fire broke up; Sir Richard followed Sir Henry King to bid Maud welcome, George Ayre followed his father.

Her entrance had made quite a stir. Maud was flushing under the little excitement she had created, and in the midst of it Lady Ayre rose up to introduce Mr. Clinton, during which ceremony Sir Henry King slipped quietly out of the room, to waylay Mab in the hall, or on the stairs, as chance decreed.

Ten minutes later he returned with Mab and Raby Ayre, who had been promoted to her long dresses, and the honour of appearing at dinner, for the first time.

The two young ladies were introduced to Mr. Clinton, and then Sir Henry retired with Mab to a window, where nobody pretended to notice them. Raby came and sheltered herself under the protecting shade of Maud Craven. She looked painfully young, and painfully embarrassed in her trailing skirt, as she drew her chair close to Maud, and slid her hand into the hand of her friend.

"They have deuced pretty women in Mainshire," Mr. Clinton was thinking, as he looked at the three girls from where he sat, nestling as close to the fire as possible, trying to warm his thin blood.

At dinner he sat next Raby; Lady Ayre having contrived to arrange it so. Raby was confused and shy, like a school-girl suddenly let loose in society. She answered in monosyllables when Mr. Clinton talked to her of London. He tried the country, and she brightened.

"You are fond of the country?" he hazarded.

"Oh, yes; there are such drives and rides in the country, it is lovely."

"You ride, I suppose?"

Yes, she rode; she had a beautiful pony George gave her; and he could take a fence too at a push. She had tried him once, just once, but mamma was ever so angry.

From that time forth they grew friendly, and before Lady Ayre gave the signal to leave the dining-room, Raby had promised that Mr. Clinton should see her pony to-morrow, and see her ride it.

"Maud, you look beautiful in that blue silk; it is a pity you did not buy it long ago," Raby said innocently, when the ladies were alone in the drawing-room.

Maud gave a little sigh. "Ah, if I had only had it for Hugh," she thought; "but these people I see here, what do I care about them?"

"Mr. Clinton admires you in it ever so much. He asked me did you live near this, and did I not think you very handsome."

"Mr. Clinton is very impertinent," Maud said, with a resentful toss of her head.

Raby opened her eyes in amazement.

"Well, if any one said I was handsome, I should think it was very nice. Mamma says it is a great gift to be handsome, because people who are handsome always make grand matches."

Was this cruel game to be played over again in Ayrefield, with new cards and new players, Maud wondered, as she looked into the childish face of Raby Ayre.

"Raby, my dear, grand matches are not always happy matches," Maud preached in feeble protest.

"Not if a person was ever so rich, like Sir Henry King?" Raby asked wonderingly.

The three girls were near the piano, on which Mab was lightly playing an aria from "Figaro." She stopped her playing, and turned round sharply.

"You must not think of marrying these five years, Raby. Little girls should never talk about such things." And Raby was silenced.

The gentlemen came up from the dining-room and had some coffee; after their coffee they began to play whist—Lady Ayre, Sir Richard, Mr. Craven, and Mr. Clinton. That pale little soul needed excitement, and whist at half-a-crown a point warmed him.

Mab Ayre and Sir Henry King got together on a sofa. He had much to say to her after his absence, and Mab was in the humour to make a good listener rather than a good talker. Maud and George Ayre retreated to the piano, where they had some music and much talk. Raby, *de trop* every where else, fluttered round the card-table.



Mab watched her anxiously, and watching Mr. Clinton too, saw him so intent on his cards that he never noticed her.

"It won't do," she thought, well pleased; "he is too young to be *blasé* yet with gorgeous women, and to fall down for relief to the milk-and-water of the school-room."

Sir Henry kept murmuring to Mab under his breath. The chink of money and the shuffling of cards reaching their distant corner, mixed with the sound of Maud Craven's harmonious touch on the piano.

She played pretty low airs—scraps of music from French *chansons*, pet bits from operas—running into each other like the tunes of a musical-box, only they were sometimes changed before they were half finished. Maud played idly and lightly, so that her playing did not interrupt the flow of conversation in the least, it only confined it to herself and George, and defeated the listening ears of Lady Ayre.

Poor George Ayre! he watched the little white fingers of his enchantress going up and down the keys carelessly, and wished himself a privileged lover like Sir Henry King.

Out of very contrast to his own plainness, this soft-hearted young country squire had a passionate admiration for Maud's fresh beauty. George was no self-worshipper like Sir Henry King, and had none of the inflated notions of his own advantages, which buoyed up that very self-satisfied young man.

He knew women were sometimes won by something better than the outside show of personal appearance, and he trusted to that something better, that truth and love, which underlaid his honest heart-homage, to win this girl at last.

He can wait a year or two, he tells himself, until Maud's giddy youth sobers; she is young and thoughtless yet, an imperious little queen, saucily capricious; tyrannical in her own small way, and beautiful exceedingly.

Plain women have no business with such dainty arts as make up the strongest arrows in Maud Craven's quiver; but Maud's piquant little coquetries sat well upon herself—her careless *abandon*, her attitudes of unconscious grace, and the sober shadows which sometimes sat on her fair young brow.

Through all the varying moods of Maud's variable humours, George Ayre loved her. If she chose to shut herself up with Mab when she came to Ayrefield, George did not repine. If she chose

to sit down in the drawing-room and talk to him graciously, as she did that night, he was delighted. George's love had the fate of all unrequited love, which submits itself to the whims of a girl who is grandly indifferent to it, and possibly much occupied with some one else. Sometimes it was fed and flattered, sometimes it was ignored and snubbed, but through it all it went on increasing, as a fire which would not be quenched.

Talk of the love of boys—talk of the love of early manhood! Is there any love so fervid, or so fervent?

George Ayre may love another woman yet; he may be stricken with a fit of maturer passion, but will he ever love her as he loved the white-fingered girl who played those sweet French *chansons*, that night at Ayrefield?

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

Do you believe in luck? I do. It may be an old-fashioned word to describe what can be more elegantly expressed in these new-fashioned days, when that which our ancestors called "luck" we call "success." The meaning is the same, but the speakers are somewhat different. In those simple times men talked of luck, and believed in God; in these wiser days they talk of success, and believe in man.

To the man of to-day, success stands in the place of God; and they worship themselves in honouring their idol. They believe in successful men, and have no belief at all in the man who is not successful. Every one could make a fortune if he chose—only determination and perseverance is required, and the thing is done.

Considering that it is rather to their advantage that all men have not made fortunes, their contempt is a little unreasonable. If every man were a master, where would be the clerks? If every man was a foreman, where would we find the rank and file of drudges? As long as the world lasts there must be hewers of wood and drawers of water.

It is not always the best men who rise the highest, not always the wittiest or the wisest. The world had a theory once, which time has overthrown by facts, that genius soared. Genius does no such thing. The men who really soar are the Midases of

society—the men who stand well at Lloyd's, the men whose names make a buzz on the Exchange and dine off gold and silver; whilst genius is a newspaper hack, or an anxious-eyed magazine contributor.

My Midas is a great man, a rich man, well known in Lombard Street banks—Mr. Poland, of Gracechurch Street, City. He rose from small beginnings. He was not an errand boy, neither did he come into London with the celebrated half-crown in his pocket, but walked into the offices of Messrs. Grant and Greynall, in a legitimate way.

He hung his hat and coat up on the junior clerk's peg, he sat down on the junior clerk's stool, determined to rise above it some day.

The last junior clerk died of consumption—he had poor lungs, and the sedentary life killed him;—but Poland was not born to die of consumption. When he dies of any thing, it will most likely be of a plethora of riches, for rich men actually do die. Men who dine off gold and silver, whose names are great on 'Change, must drop off some day, and the place which honoureth them, will know them no more.

From the clerk's stool Mr. Poland rose and rose. He sat down on it a snub-nosed, flat-faced lad, who never idled an hour, and never lingered on an errand. By that last attribute he got much of out-door work; he saw many people, he picked up new ideas, he gathered all kinds of information.

One day he was in Rothschild's bank, when one of the firm coming out encountered a Jewish-looking man at the door. "Well met, I was just going to call on you," the fellow said; then he whispered something behind his hat. Poland dropped a sovereign which rolled over towards the speakers, and stooping to pick up the gold he heard that whisper. It is a long way to look back, a long, long way; and you may think it fanciful,—like the lady's splashed stocking giving France her reddest of red republicans,—but that overheard whisper was the first step towards making Mr. Poland master of Cravenscroft—a whisper whispered forty years ago, when the Cravens were laughing and singing; slaying fatted calves to make merry with their friends; playing cards, and dancing the new Spanish waltzes.

The news he heard was of no use to him—he was a poor, friendless young man, without a shilling in his pocket,—but he carried it



to the head of the firm. "If this be true," he said, "I will make it worth your while to keep your ears open again."

Poland went back to his desk; his chief put on his hat and went upon 'Change. He sold, he bought; and when he bought, those who sold put their tongues in their cheeks derisively. But derision to-day was surprise to-morrow, when the firm of Grant and Greynall realized twenty thousand pounds.

Poland gained much by that move. He got a gift of money; he got a step in the office; and his chief's eye was on him from that day forth. That eye carried terror to his reckless fellow-clerks, who idled whenever they got a chance, who hid ballads and stowed away greasy novels in their desks; but to Mr. Poland it brought no fear, to him it was a sign of progress, the light through which he saw himself sitting in the little dingy office, where sat the head of the firm.

He spoke to no man of his hope; he had no confidant in his ambition. For years he plodded on at his desk, plodding and waiting, rising gradually; until he reached the post of head clerk.

Then his restrained ambition began to blaze. He had been ten years in the employment of the firm when he reached that standpoint, from which his future greatness began to dawn more surely.

His masters were falling into years, and not only did much responsibility rest on him by reason of his position, but there was less keen supervision after his doings; and Mr. Poland took advantage of his freedom to use some of the time they paid him for, to work for himself.

He trafficked a little in securities on his own account. He made good speculations, and amassed money. He went on extending his transactions stealthily, his sly secretiveness urging him to keep his affairs close.

Five years later Mr. Poland married, not a rich wife, but a wife with a little money, which was made to answer to the firm for a great deal more. Mrs. Poland was the niece of his landlady, a woman with whom he had lodged fifteen years, never seeking to better his quarters when his salary increased, but always saving, scraping, gathering, investing.

His wife had a few hundred pounds, with which she furnished a lodging-house in the West End. She was more ambitious than her aunt, farther-seeing, acuter.

In the season the Polands' lodgers were comparatively wealthy

people—country gentry who had such connexions amongst great people as gave them the *entrée* to society—out of the season they were hybrids, proud of a West End residence, who belonged neither to the aristocracy, nor to the *canaille*.

Mr. Poland's speculation flourished. They put some money in their pockets, stood rent-free, and most probably lived on their lodgers.

Two or three years after his marriage Mr. Poland's son was born, and he himself was junior partner in the firm of Grant and Greynall. He paid for the partnership out of his wife's fortune he said; and Mr. Greynall declared he was a prudent fellow, and must have got a very good little dowry indeed.

Poland gave a vigorous push to the business once he was at the helm. They made more money that first year of his partnership, than they had done for many previous ones.

Just as Mr. Poland's son was able to trot about, the head of the firm died. He left no son, and his widow and daughters sold their interest to the remaining partners, and henceforward the firm was known as Greynall and Poland only.

The Polands were beginning to be somebody now, and the lodging-house must go. They sold it as it stood, the tenants in possession being held to make the transfer more valuable, and took a house at Dalston.

Here the lady, who had been a capital slave in her West End house, not disdaining to look after her lodgers' cooking herself, took a step forward in society. She put on a black silk dress, received visitors, and forgot her West End drudgery.

Time went on. Mr. Greynall died; Mr. Poland quarrelled with his late partner's son, and went into business alone. He made money, until it almost seemed as if he could not help making it. Whatever he undertook, he succeeded in; Midas-like, what he touched turned to gold. His was that wonderful gift of luck, which seems to follow some men from the cradle to the grave.

Riches came in so fast, that the Polands soon exchanged the Dalston villa for a more pretentious residence at Twickenham, which Mrs. Poland did not quite know how to furnish; however, she made a dash at it. She was too profoundly ignorant to be fully aware of her own ignorance, and she gathered together a mass of statuary, ormolu tables, gilt consoles, and chairs and sofas upholstered in velvet. The Jewish blood seems to delight in velvet, and

three generations back, Mrs. Poland had a Jewish ancestress. She kept the fact a profound secret; but it broke out in the face of her son, in the keen nose which scents its prey from afar, and the keen-sighted dark eye of his race.

Amongst all this gilding and velvet, young Poland grew up to manhood. He went to school and college; and came back a sharp, clever, well-educated, good-looking young man, of whom neither art nor nature could ever make a gentleman. However he was great amongst his peers, a favourite with city mammas, and a good catch for city daughters. Mr. Poland went his ways, and kept his eyes open. He would marry, but not just yet; he had his own plans, and his own time in his head.

Looking at him as I set him down on paper, unscrupulous, clever, selfish, I cannot understand why Mab Ayre gave herself the trouble to attract him. There was more in him than there was in Sir Henry King no doubt, but there was certainly nothing in him for such a girl as Mab, and he was outside the circle of what she had been accustomed to. He was shrewd and sharp, and could dissect a man or woman horribly by two words dropped from his pungent tongue: perhaps she liked him for the questionable gift. Perhaps she liked him because he had the courage to pursue her against the will of Sir Henry King. What her reason was I cannot define, for Mab's motives were so clouded in those days, that I doubt if she could always define them herself. Certain it is, however, that much of Mr. Poland's reprehensible attentions, and many of his morning visits, were not caused by his admiration alone, but by her very reprehensible encouragement. Mab would not marry him, even if he asked her. She would marry Sir Henry King, Mr. Poland understood that perfectly well, all the time he followed her beauty, and satirized her acquaintances for her amusement. No one understood his position better than Mr. Poland. To a certain extent he put his head into the halter which Mab's attractions and Mab's welcomes held out to him, but only to a certain extent.

Mr. Poland coming from the city, where no man has a pedigree, and grandfathers are people of no importance, unexpectedly found himself mixed up with county gentry who had grandfathers, and great-grandfathers as well, and were rather proud of the fact; and for the first time in his life he bethought himself of looking back at a man's ancestry. Under the impulse of his new ideas he looked back at Sir Henry's, and found his grandfather had been a Manchester



cotton-spinner, his father a member of Parliament and a baronet. Miss Hope, who was one of the ladies who had a great-grandfather, might whet her acrid tongue at Sir Henry behind his back, and call him, what men have called a greater man before now, "a spinning jenny;" but what would she call Mr. Poland, if she knew the history of his father's uprise? What would Mab Ayre call his presumption, if he pushed beyond the limit of the admirer into the sacred ground of the lover? What would she say to the Twickenham villa, and the gilded furniture?

He had a father; oh, ye gods! a stumpy, snub-nosed man, who was a city merchant, and looked like a fourth-rate city clerk; and a mother who wore gorgeous moirés and heavy satins, and dropped her h's continually. If he had all the gold in the Mint, Mr. Poland knew that Mab's fastidiousness would not stand that father and that mother.

He confessed Mab Ayre a glorious goddess, if ever his practical brain allowed itself to dream of goddesses; but Miss Muskins was a comely, middle-class, well-dowered young woman, whom it behoved him much better to marry. She was soft as silk, and would become to him an obedient slave; and in womankind Mr. Poland very much preferred slaves to equals. He had met her in London, during what the poor soul called her season, and he had come down to Woodlands intending to marry her.

He courted her leisurely during his stay between the times he was cantering after Mab's phaeton, or getting her to sing songs for him at Ayrefield. When not employed running after Miss Ayre, he was quite at Miss Muskin's service, to hold a skein of silk, or turn over her music. She would be just the kind of wife to suit a man like Mr. Poland, who intended the shackles of matrimony to sit lightly on him. She would put up with his going fishing into Shropshire and renewing the attentions to Sir Henry King's wife which he had paid to Sir Henry King's *fiancée*.

There would be a certain *éclat* following a disturber of the peace at Kingslands very gratifying to his vulgar vanity, there would be a certain pleasurable sensation of revenge too, in repaying Sir Henry's parting affront, and loud laughter. The possibility of Mab's guarding her own name, and the name of the man she had married, against his ill-conceived ambition for notoriety, never occurred to Mr. Poland. He did not believe in many things, and he had no faith in the existence of good women, or honourable men.

He returned to the little dark office in Gracechurch Street, with the memory of Mab Ayre clinging to him. He had pushed matters to extremes with Sir Gregory Muskens before he left Woodlands, and had come away pledged to be his son-in-law. All Mainshire might say what they pleased about his admiring Mab Ayre, but however Mab may have pricked his heart, we see she did not run away with his head.

Sir Gregory and he had talked over finances before the old knight drove his young friend to the Bracebridge Station, and the result of their conference was, that after due consultation with his father, Mr. Poland instructed their lawyer to call in the money lying on Cravenscroft.

"I am going to marry," he said, "and my father wishes me to have some place to bring my wife to. If Mr. Craven can pay his debt, we must make a good land investment elsewhere; if not, Cravenscroft itself will suit my purpose very well."

"They'll never get the money you gave. People are too hard-up just now to invest in land," the lawyer answered, with an elbow on each arm of his chair, and the fingers of his right hand passed through the fingers of his left.

"So much the better," Poland said bluntly; "I like the place, and should not be sorry to have it."

After which plain announcement the six months' notice of foreclosure, stipulated for in the body of the mortgage-deed, was served on Mr. Craven's solicitor, and transmitted by him in due course to Cravenscroft.







THE SCOUT.

## A RAID AND A RIDE IN CANADA.

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I HAD just crossed the Atlantic from England, and, travelling by way of New York and Niagara, had reached Montreal, the chief city in Canada. I was *en route* to Quebec, to rejoin my regiment then lying in garrison on that lofty rock which is the New World's oldest and most famous fortress.

It was late in the month of May; the spring had unrolled its green carpet along the length of the St. Lawrence, until from the great lakes to Tadousac the whole country lay fair and fresh after the snows of winter. The maple-trees were in leaf, the apple-trees in blossom; the lakes rippled in laughter against the shores whose echoes had so long lain dormant under the breath of the ice-king; the yellow-breasted robin and the golden-throated oriole had come from the south to seek their nesting haunts again, and the great forest had its silence broken by all the varied voices in which spring-time tells to nature its tale of gladness and its glory. On the morning following my arrival in Montreal an event occurred which threw that city into intense excitement. A Fenian force, variously estimated at from 500 to 50,000 men, more or less, was announced to be in actual movement against the city. New York, Boston, Albany, half a dozen delightful locations known as Rome, Utica, Syracuse, Batavia, and Amsterdam—names the existence of which are supposed to lend a classical and cosmopolitan character to the citizens of the State of New York—were turning out their thousands (so ran the telegrams) to swell the tide of invasion which was to sweep the hated red-coat for ever from the soil of America. How the cause of Irish Republicanism could be advanced by marauding attacks upon Niagara farms or Chateaughay homesteads was never apparent to the general public; but Head-Centres were above such puerile considerations, and as Ireland was a long way off, and as Canada presented many excellent facilities for executing "bold retreats," Canada was selected as the proper theatre of Fenian

filibustering. Ever since the raid of 1866, which terminated in the bungle of Ridgeway, not a summer had passed by without bringing with it its tale of threatened invasion; but it was reserved for 1870 to produce in reality the long-expected attack. On this occasion it was the frontier district south of Montreal which had been selected by the Head-Centres and Circles as an excellent theatre for the display of their peculiar strategy, and accordingly Montreal awoke one morning to hear its news-boys shouting themselves hoarse over specials and extras, and to see its volunteers hurrying in many directions to do battle against the invaders. Until the year 1868, it had been the colonial policy of Great Britain to maintain a considerable force of regular troops in Canada, but in that year this policy had undergone complete alteration, and in 1870 but three regiments of Queen's troops remained in the Dominion, the 60th *en route* to Red River, a battalion of the Rifle Brigade in Montreal, and the 69th Regiment in the citadel of Quebec. Passing along Notre Dame Street that morning, gathering rumour as I went, I encountered an officer belonging to the staff of the general. "We have telegraphed to Quebec for your regiment," he said; "it will be here some time to-morrow; you can join it at the railway station." Early next morning there was intense excitement at Montreal. Troops were starting for the south; volunteers were mustering from many quarters, and at the Point St. Charles end of the great Victoria Bridge the Grand Trunk Brigade was paraded for review. When the bustle of the departure of infantry and artillery had subsided, it was weary work enough waiting at this station of Point St. Charles for the arrival of my own regiment from Quebec. As the hours dragged themselves heavily along news came at intervals from the frontiers that a body of Volunteers had met the Fenians near some place or other, and that the firing was still going on. Would the Quebec train ever come? The continued contemplation of the Great Victoria Bridge grew tiresome. Num's Island, the immense St. Lawrence, and that matchless river quay along which, though 600 miles from the ocean, the heaviest sea-going ships can moor their cables, all became of no account. And yet Point St. Charles has sights to show the loiterer fully as suggestive of interest as those I have enumerated. Hard by the gloomy entrance to the tunnel bridge, in a field to the left of the railway as one looks into the tube, there stands a huge block of rough granite marked with black letters. Drawing within reading distance of this boulder,



one learns that underneath lie the bones of 6500 Irish emigrants dead of ship-fever in 1848; the rock is in fact an immense tomb-stone. This Point St. Charles, then, is a famous battle-field in the great war waged by poverty against disease and death, and here disease had seemingly scored a heavy reckoning—6500 emigrant Irish, three times the British loss at Waterloo! Yet Point St. Charles was not the only victory gained by the ship-fever. Could the ocean bed be laid dry, two long white lines of bones might be found strangely interwoven with the Atlantic cable, ending, like it, on the Irish coast too.

“Give me something, for the love of God!” said an old woman one day to me. “I am alone in the world, and I brought eleven into it.” “Where are they?” I asked; “have they emigrated?” “Emigrated! yes, sir—they have emigrated to heaven!” Perhaps the bad ship “Fever” (amongst so many good ships there must be some bad ones), with so many souls on board, was a vessel bound to that port too. I cannot now recall to mind whether the eminent statesman, whose panacea for the ills of Ireland had reference to submerging that portion of the United Kingdom under the Atlantic, was living when this epidemic of ship-fever raged among the emigrants; but if he was still in the flesh, it is only reasonable to suppose that to him, at least, it must have appeared as a benign and wholesome visitation. We who live to-day are perhaps a little prone to overlook the work of yesterday in our estimate of cause and effect. We marvel at Irish discontent—at Irish disaffection—at Irish revolt; but a few big stones, such as this Point St. Charles giant, now and again preach a better sermon on the subject than newspaper editor or parliamentary big-wig.

Waiting for a train is always weary work; notwithstanding even the proximity of big rivers, monster bridges, and granite tomb-stones, nor did one stop to draw theoretical parallels between the cause and effect of Irish discontent, so practically illustrated in the charnel-pit close at hand and the rifle-pit on the frontier.

The sense of waiting is in itself an unpleasant one; and although great things have been accomplished by one who “waited for a train,” still the majority of persons will continue to look upon a railway-station as a place where Coventry may indeed be seen, but without the advantage of its steeples or the legend of its naked truth.

Just twenty-four hours later I found myself in company with a large concourse of men steaming across the blue waters of the Lake St. Francis, bound for the frontier-line. I had become the possessor of a good stout chestnut horse, some dozen telegrams descriptive of Fenian movements, and a roving commission to search for the invaders in advance of the column. It was near sunset when the boat reached the south shore of the lake and the men commenced to disembark. While they are thus occupied let us look at the telegraphic information of the Fenian movements:—

No. 1. Potsdam Junction.—Two companies, cavalry; three carloads of men arrived here from Rome on 26th. No fight before Saturday.

No. 2. Malone, 26th May.—All quiet; one hundred and fifty Fenians arrived; they leave for Trout River.

No. 3. South Hinchinbrook; Operator just said good-bye; Fenians close at hand.

No. 4. Huntingdon, 26th May.—Fenians got large reinforcements last night; six field-pieces; provisions plenty; expect to fight to-morrow.

No. 5. Hinchinbrook.—Seven hundred well-armed Fenians at hand.

No. 6. Potsdam Junction.—Just returned from Fenian camp. Two hundred in all—fifty deserters during night; they have one hundred and fifty waggon-loads of ammunition, &c.; arms computed at eight thousand stand; rifles, chiefly Springfield, converted; five hundred Sniders, six brass guns, very light; all on way to St. Regis and Fort Covington; no provisions; two hundred more arrive at noon.

No. 7. Waterdown.—Two hundred Fenians, under General Gleeson, and five hundred United States soldiers passed here for frontier.

No. 8. Huntingdon, 26th May.—One operator at South Hinchinbrook has come to office, and reports Fenians have seized office there and are advancing on Huntingdon.

There they were, bearing evidence of Fenians moving about in a promiscuous sort of manner through the northern part of the State of New York, with a general tendency towards Hinchinbrook and Huntingdon, on the line of the Chateaugay River. At the town of Huntingdon, which lay about midway between the Lake St. Francis and the American boundary-line, had been assembled

portions of three regiments of Canadian Militia, to make head against the marauders, who, according to the latest telegram, were already advancing against them. Indeed there had been received a still later message from an officer in Huntingdon representing his condition as perilous in the extreme, and urgently requesting assistance ere he should be cut to pieces. It was near sunset when I mounted my lately acquired horse on the green shore of the lake and prepared to start for Huntingdon. The fresh green of the early foliage, the blue lake, the red-coated soldiers busily unloading stores and falling in by companies under the spreading branches of the new-leaved maples, through which the low rays of the sun streamed in all the glory of a Canadian sunset, combined to form one of those scenes of rare beauty which the mind without any effort of its own loves in after-time to recall. A touch of the spur and the scene had vanished, and I was alone on the road to Huntingdon. The chestnut went well, but darkness had long come down over the land when I saw the scattered lights of the little town of Huntingdon and rode into its dusty streets. I had not gone many yards before I came upon a group of men, and directed by one of them found the quarters of the officer commanding the militia. My arrangements with him were soon completed. Corn for my horse, fire for the troops in the centre of the market-square, a shake-down for the officers, two scouts for the frontier. What news the commandant of militia possessed was soon told. The Fenians had advanced to Hinchinbrook, cut the telegraph wires, seized the office, and thrown up an entrenchment across the road near the village of Holbrooke.

For the rest, the near approach of regular troops caused the worthy commandant intense consolation, nor was he singular in this. If one has to perform the heroic feat of dying for one's country it is quite as well to do it in good company, and it adds much to the feasibility of the undertaking if it be attempted with as numerous backing as possible. When it became noised about the little town that "the red-coats were a-coming," sleep forsook the eyes of the inhabitants of Huntingdon. Red-coats were not the every-night denizens of the place (perhaps it was quite as well for the domestic happiness of the town that the coat was an unusual one), nor was Huntingdon in the habit of seeing its own face by the light of a huge bonfire flaming in the market-square, so, old and young came forth, and midnight found the fire blazing high into the calm night air and the market-place a busier scene than had the time been the market midday hour.



When the 69th regiment marched in, camp was pitched on each side of the fire, and the men lay down to snatch a couple of hours' rest before the dawn would set them again in motion. The officer who commanded the force now before Huntingdon was no laggard in his movements<sup>1</sup>. Before the men had stretched under their blankets he had taken stock of his force, had made his arrangements for an early start, and just as the day was beginning to break over the little town the shrill bugles were sounding the *réveille* and half-rested men were turning out into the cool fog-laden air for another march towards the South. As for myself, I had arranged to meet a few mounted men on the outskirts of the town at day-break, and to push on with them to the frontier in advance of the column.

True to the appointment, I found four men ready mounted on rough wiry ponies, and with these I started for the "line" while the sun was yet below the horizon. It was the 27th of May, as bright and beautiful a morning as sun, season, and scene could make it. To the left of the road along which we cantered the sparkling waters of the Chateaughay River ran between banks clothed with the richest verdure of the spring, to the right the farm-houses stood amid orchards glowing white with the bloom of apple-trees, while beyond stood the deep belt of dark-green trees, the relics of the once wide-spreading primeval forest. Given such surroundings, a good horse, a roving commission, the spice of excitement lying ahead, and dull indeed would be the man who could not feel that life, in spite of all things to the contrary, has many a golden hour worth the plucking. After a sharp ride of ten miles we reached the little village of South Hinchinbrook, so frequently referred to in the telegrams. A brief inspection showed it to be unoccupied, and we rode to the point of intersection of four roads, at which place the telegraph-office was situated; the wire had been cut where it entered the wall of this building, and was hanging loosely down the post. One or two men stood lounging about the place, but I could obtain no tidings of Fenians whatever, and indeed, were it not for the presence of the broken wire, it would have been difficult to credit the story of their occupation of the place on the previous day. Still it was evident that they could not be very far off, so, having reconnoitred the ground to the right and left, I pushed on again

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Bagot, 69th Regiment.

towards the frontier, now lying less than two miles away. Examining the houses and enclosures carefully as I went along, I soon found traces of our filibusterers. Across the road, in rear of some hop-gardens, ran a barricade of timber-logs, behind which a trench had been dug; in front of this entrenchment was an open space of some one hundred yards in length, which gave place to the hop-fields above mentioned. The entrenchment was continued on either side until it touched the river on the left and the wood upon the right. Around it were many signs of recent occupation. Bread, pieces of pork, a stray bayonet, and an ammunition pouch showed the late presence of armed men. But where had they withdrawn to? The dust, still damp with the heavy dew, held the impress of their foot-prints, the clay of the trench seemed newly turned, and the houses around were deserted—all save one, which lay a little way to the right of the road. Towards it I directed my horse, leaving a man to watch the main road. A woman and two children came to the door. "Had she seen armed men?" Yes, they had been all round last evening, but had gone in the night, she did not know where. I was now distant from the boundary-line about half a mile; the road running thither still skirted the river-bank, but the ground was much broken by forest which had been only partially cleared, and the river here was concealed amidst willow and low bushes which grew rankly upon its nearer shore. Through the trees the small wooden spire of a church rose close to the boundary-line, and around the church a few scattered houses could be discerned. Again moving forward, I passed through the breast-work and reached the boundary-line. The road crossed the frontier at a right angle, and the line of demarcation was marked by an upright metal post placed upon the roadside. On the American side of the line lay the village of Trout River—a quiet little village of wooden houses painted white, with one or two tin-covered church spires; the mill, the waggon-shop, the public-house, all lying nestled amidst fresh green leaves of the maple and the sycamore. Under the shade of the spreading branches of a roadside tree we halted for a final survey. My party now consisted of only two scouts, one a young man from Huntingdon, the other an old weather-beaten bearded backwoodsman who had scouted in '37; the rest of the party I had stationed at intervals during the last mile to watch the wood which I have already said flanked my advance on the right. It was now about 6.30 o'clock, we had

ridden some twelve or fourteen miles, and yet no positive proof of Fenian presence could be found. "I guess the fun's about to begin," said a young villager who had strolled up; "here come the boys!" There was a branch between me and the direction in which he pointed, and for an instant I could not follow his glance, but when I moved a little on one side I saw that the fun was, as he had said, just about to begin. About three hundred yards from where we stood, coming at a quick, brisk step down the roadway, I saw a strong body of armed men dressed in dark green uniform and carrying arms at the slope. The sun was reflected brightly from the unbrowned barrels of their rifles, and a glance sufficed to show that the step had the measured fall of drill about it. But there was not much time to take stock of the approaching band. Closing the field-glass into its case, I gave the word to retire, and wheeling back in our tracks we were soon hidden behind the first bend of the road hard by the breastwork.

To halt here and to pencil a hasty despatch to the brigadier, announcing the presence of the marauders, was the work of a moment. This done, one of the two remaining scouts started at a gallop along the road towards Huntingdon, while the other, the old backwoodsman, and myself, turned our horses again towards the line to observe the further progress of our enemies. I have said that the forest here approached close to the road, upon the right side a small branch lane struck off from the main line towards it, and at the "forks" of the two roads we again halted to reconnoitre.

It was possible that the Fenians might have either crossed the line, and advanced down the straight road, or entered the wood where it touched the village; so, while I watched the wood, my companion advanced to the turn of the road, keeping his pony on the grass to deaden the sound of his hoofs. He had been out of my sight for half a minute, when three sharp cracks, accompanied by as many "pings" overhead, rung out a little in front, and I saw him emerge round the turn, riding as men often do when they are pursued by lead. With his sombrero in hand, he vigorously belaboured the flanks of his pony, while his heels and elbows worked and jerked in a most frantic manner. The Fenians had come on without pausing down the road, and as his horse's head appeared round the turn both parties had come suddenly into contact. The effects of the meeting on my old scout was to make him execute a cavalry wheel with the utmost possible celerity. He had placed



the turn between him and the advancing Fenians before the leading files had time to give him a volley, and their whizzing bullets as they flew overhead towards Hinchinbrook in no way lessened the speed of his pony, nor did they tend to render the forks of the wood road at all as agreeable a spot as it had been before. In fact, calling in my two or three pickets, who, though much farther to the rear, had also heard the reports, we passed through the trench and executed a retrograde movement upon Hinchinbrook, and in front of Mr. Holbrook's store, at the junction of the roads, awaited further development of the Fenian plans. Running over the events of the last few moments, I at once saw how matters stood. The breastwork was the Fenian position, it had been abandoned on the approach of darkness the previous evening, and the men just encountered were now about to re-occupy it. Time had evidently stood my friend; had I arrived on the boundary half an hour later, I must have found the hop-fields in front of the earthwork occupied by the Fenian skirmishers; had I arrived even ten minutes later I must have come upon the advancing body on the road between the earthwork and the boundary-line; as it was, I reached the line to find the Fenians just commencing their forward movement. We had not been very many minutes at Hinchinbrook when the clatter of hoofs coming from the direction of Huntingdon announced the arrival of the scout who had gone to announce to the brigadier the intelligence of the Fenian advance. He brought welcome news. He had found the column halted some two miles back, arms piled, and men resting after their long march. His arrival caused intense excitement—the fall-in had instantly sounded, and he carried a short message from the brigadier, “I will be with you in the shortest possible time.”

Meantime the Fenians had advanced along the road as far as the breastwork which they occupied, throwing out a picket and skirmish line into the hop-fields in front. These movements were visible from the road in advance of the village, a spot which also had the advantage of preventing sympathizers from carrying intelligence of the column to their friends in the hop-gardens.

Small as was this village of Hinchinbrook, it contained more than one friend of the Fenian cause; indeed, it was only by the most urgent arguments that two stalwart sympathizers could be induced to forego a morning excursion which they declared it was their intention to take in the direction of the Fenian lines. To remon-

stances made against the propriety of carrying into effect this morning exercise, they replied that the country was a free one, and therefore they were at liberty to proceed in any direction they thought fit. This was unquestionably a sound argument, and to any well-regulated mind must have appealed with convincing logic; but whether it was that words are on such occasions generally useless to alter convictions, or whether the writer of these pages is possessed of a mind whose regulation is not orthodox, I will not attempt to decide, but certain it is that the matter was only finally adjusted by the still more potent persuasion of a shooting-iron—an argument which in such cases is instantly conclusive. And now it was not very long before the head of the column came moving up the road from Huntingdon, at a long swinging pace. When it reached Hinchinbrook its leading companies were turned to the right, to gain the line of woods that skirted the cultivated ground—the main body of the advance was pushed up along the road directly towards the hop-gardens, from which a bend in the road still concealed them. Behind this advanced line, which was deployed into skirmishing order, came a company of the 69th Regiment, and farther off followed that regiment, while the Montreal Garrison Artillery crossed the river near Hinchinbrook and moved down to threaten the Fenian position upon its right flank. With a company of the Huntingdon Borderers I once more turned my horse along the main road, feeling something in the position of one who alone amongst the sportsmen has marked down the pack or covey and knows precisely the spot where they are lying. It was by no means to be wondered at that my braves—I call them mine because I had taken command of those within hearing distance—should exhibit no little excitement as they neared the Fenian position. They were fair average fellows of the Canadian type of countenance, that type which differs so strongly from the Yankee and approaches so closely to the English. They were of course only partly drilled, having reached that stage of discipline which is apt to impress the civilian eye with its completeness, but in which a more practised glance can easily detect the absence of those little essentials which indicate the drilled soldier. Halting them for a few seconds, I gave the word to load, and, having loaded, we went on again in the same order as before—the skirmishers in the fields at each side of the road being about six paces apart, while those on the road formed a somewhat loose lumpy line across it between

the wooden fences. A few yards more brought us to the turn of the road which had hitherto shut out the Fenian position, but I knew that on rounding that bend the first sight of the picket on the road between the hop-fields would suddenly break upon the vision of my borderers. I therefore prepared them for what they would see, and cautioned them on no account to fire until directed to do so, for it was not altogether unlikely that some excited youth might commence an independent action on his own account when he first sighted his enemies. Round the turn we wheeled, and there, sure enough, were the Fenians. Some ten or twelve men stood on the road between the hop-fields, the sun showing their rifle-barrels very distinctly, and now and then glinting on the arms of the remainder, who lay half concealed in the shade of the hop-poles, round which the young plants were already climbing. Now when we got round this turn I saw that the Fenians stood with their arms at the ready—a position which, for the benefit of the non-military reader, may be best defined as very similar to that in which a sportsman holds his gun at the moment which intervenes between the set or point of the dog and the rise of the birds—it follows there was nothing more feasible for the Fenians than to have greeted us in the shortest possible space of time with a volley as we rounded the turn, but they refrained from doing this for reasons which I do not pretend to determine. There is this difference between volunteers and trained soldiers, that the first volley is of very great importance to the former, and of very little moment to the latter. To be fired at at all is, no doubt, a very disagreeable occurrence, but to be fired at in an initiative manner is a much more objectionable proceeding. Voltaire's famous scene at Fontenoy may or may not have had its existence only in his fertile imagination, but whether Lord Hay or Comte d'Auteroche really did conduct themselves with that excessive politeness which he has credited to them, one thing is undeniably certain, and that is that the English Guards had a very substantial advantage in delivering the first fire. Now, although there is no evidence to prove that the Maison-du-Roi gave way at the plateau Vezon upon receiving that first volley from their English opponents, which prostrated so many of their best and bravest, still it does not by any means follow that my score of borderers, individually plucky though they undoubtedly were, would have collectively exhibited a similar firmness had some dozen or fourteen conical projectiles come suddenly



bounding and barking along the dusty highway, prostrating Private Brown, grievously maltreating Lance-Corporal Snooks, drilling a small hole through the shako of Sergeant Boles, and generally disporting themselves in such a manner as to demoralize the entire body. Taking these considerations into account, I determined upon assuming the initiative, by delivering a volley plump at the picket standing so quietly on the dusty roadway. For this purpose I halted my section and gave the word, "Fire a volley at three hundred yards—ready—present." The rifle-butts went up to the shoulder, the heads bent down on the stocks, and there was a pause just long enough to show that the barrels were not quite as steady as one could wish them, then came a spluttering kind of volley, and away went the bits of lead down the dusty road. A Snider bullet takes a very short time to travel three hundred yards, but, quick as it goes, the eye travels quicker still, and on this occasion the eye, having reached the hop-fields before the bullets, beheld a sight very different from what it had anticipated. There were puffs of dust cut out of the dry surface of the road close at the feet of the filibusterers, splinters of wood flew from the snake-fence on the roadside—but there fell not a single Fenian. The demoralization of the force was however complete. There came a wild irregular volley, a half-dozen puffs of white smoke from the green hop leaves, and then not a green coat nor a bright rifle-barrel remained on the open roadway. My Borderers were fairly overwhelmed at the success of their manœuvre. I verily believe their first impression was that their opponents had been utterly annihilated, but the continuance of the little puffs of smoke from the sheltering hop-fields soon dispelled this impression and rendered the continuance of the advance a very necessary affair. Now as soon as the skirmishers in the fields understood what was going on they commenced to throw volleys with great rapidity into the Fenian position, but although a rapid fire was maintained the Fenian position looked ugly enough to check any forward movement, and the line felt inclined to come to a sort of stand at the very disagreeable distance of one hundred yards from the hop-fields. Had the Fenians retained possession of these enclosures at this moment, they might have inflicted serious loss upon the exposed skirmishers, but the weight of lead thrown in among the poles had told so powerfully upon the minds of their defenders, as to induce a rapid retreat upon the main body behind the breastwork. The company

of the 69th Regiment, which had been acting as a support to the skirmishers, was now brought into line at the double, and, throwing close and rapid volleys into the breastwork, pushed quickly into and through the hop-fields, then over the open space beyond until the flanked defence was gained. Behind it the ground was covered with the débris of the fleeing force. Swords, scabbards, Springfield breech-loading rifles, black leather cartridge-pouches, gray canvas knapsacks, pieces of pork, unscabbarded bayonets, waist-belts engraved with "Irish Republican Army;" every thing, in fact, except the soldiers themselves. We soon reached the boundary-line. The bugles had been braying out "cease fire" for some seconds before they were obeyed, the boys evidently thinking the opportunity of driving Snider bullets, at the rate of five per minute from each rifle, across the line into Uncle Sam's territory was an event not likely to occur soon again, and one which should, therefore, be made the most of. Accordingly it was some little time before Trout River could with any degree of safety to itself look out of doors, but by-and-by the bugles, backed by repeated injunctions to cease fire, made themselves clearly understood, and the Borderers, dropping their Snider butts on the ground, sent a ringing cheer after their discomfited foes, whose precipitous retreat had carried them far behind the village houses. There was nothing more to be done. The imaginary line of the 45th parallel of north latitude was a more formidable barrier against the Borderers, and a more effectual protection to the Fenian, than breastwork or hop-fields. Orders not to go an inch over the frontiers were too stringent to be disregarded, however slightly, and so the whole force had nothing for it but to return to Hinchinbrook.

It was not yet ten o'clock when we reached the camp. The sun was beating down on the dusty roadway with an intensity which had long since caused all traces of the morning dew to disappear. The American boundary-line is in the same latitude as Bordeaux, and although the South of France never knows any thing approaching to the cold of Canada, yet the greatest heat of summer in Montreal exceeds even that of Marseilles in intensity. So long as there was something to be done the men thought little of heat, dust, or distance; but when all excitement had passed away—when even the shouting was over—the long march and the sultry heat began to tell; and in truth the work done by the British regiment had been one of no ordinary toil. Eighteen hours before it had started from

Coteau Landing and marched two miles to the steamboat on Lake St. Francis; shipped and transhipped arms, ammunition, camp equipage, and military stores; marched twelve miles into Huntingdon, camped on the market-square for three hours, then marched to the frontier at Trout River, twelve miles, and then back again to Hendersonville, five miles; in all, more than thirty miles had been travelled by men heavily armed, soft, and unpractised in marching, after the enforced idleness of a Canadian winter; and yet, great as was the distance, and exceptional the circumstances, not one soldier had fallen out. It was pleasant work enough, when camp had been pitched and hunger satisfied, to stretch under the sweet-smelling apple-trees and dose away the sultry hours of the midday, while the bees, humming aloft, knocked off a stray blossom to speck with pink the fresh green of the May grass underneath.

But the telegraph-wire was soon in working order again, and the war of messages recommenced. From Potsdam, from Malone, from Covington came the tidings of Fenian assemblages; of General This moving that way, and General That moving this way. Meanwhile the Borderers held high wassail in the public-house at Hinchinbrook. How many healths were pledged, how many Fenians cut down, bayoneted, shot, slashed, and otherwise maimed and mutilated over old rye and fiery Hollands no man can aver; but there is reason for belief that the number was a very large one.

The commissariat arrangements of the volunteer force were by no means effective—they had in fact no food; but a well-filled breeches' pocket will generally fill a haversack—and these pockets the volunteers undoubtedly possessed. Eggs were abundant in Mr. Holbrook's store—a shop which combined the sale of almost every commodity under the sun, telegrams included. Now, an egg broken and beat up in a glass of old rye whisky, sweetened with sugar, is considered a remedy for every ill that soldier or volunteer flesh is heir to; if one fails, try another; the mixture to be well shaken before taken, and to be taken as frequently as possible. When evening came on Holbrook's cross-roads enjoyed the very highest of old times; the number of annihilated Fenians had gone up amazingly as the day wore away. Not a shot had been thrown away, every bullet had found its billet, and Fenianism, after that day, could be let out for destruction at so much an acre.

Before midday on the following day there arrived from New York a company of United States soldiers, and the formality of taking



possession of the Fenian camp was duly enacted. A visit from the officers led to an interchange of civilities, and a ride to the Fenian camp some half-mile over the border. Then there were more rumours, more eggs shaken, and more rye whiskey taken, more deeds of valour duly told. Towards the afternoon telegrams came announcing the appearance of a Fenian force at Fort Covington, twelve miles to the west, and many were the surmises thereat;—perhaps, after all, the fun was only beginning—it might be that Trout River had only been a feint, and the real movement was to be made farther west against Cornwall or Prescott, where the waters of the St. Lawrence form the boundary of the two nations.

Surmises were, however, useless, so I determined to seek for myself. Once more the chestnut was led out, once more old Wallace threw the saddle on the back of his wiry, shaggy pony, and getting out through the enclosures at the back of the hamlet, for amidst the crowd in front Fenian spies were numerous, we held our way across the fields and through the woods towards the west.

It was near sunset when we reached the town of Dundee, whose single street was as quiet as the dead waters of the river which flanked it on one side. The telegraph-station was deserted, but by dint of examining the premises a small boy was discovered who was versed in the mysteries of the Morse instrument, and with his assistance I satisfied the different authorities that no demonstration was possible from Fort Covington; then we housed horses and ordered supper, preparatory to setting out on the return march.

The inn at Dundee was an establishment in which a baby in a cradle shared with the old scout, myself, and its mother, the occupancy of the supper-room. Despite the prevalence of mosquitoes the baby behaved well. The mother, however regarded Wallace and his friend with glances that betokened distrust and uneasiness; whether she viewed us from a Canadian or from a Fenian point of view, I cannot determine, but it was only through that touch of nature which makes the whole world akin, namely the baby, that matters were finally arranged in a satisfactory manner, and a twenty-five cent bill laid on the chubby arm of the sleeping infant smoothed all the mother's doubts and difficulties.

I had hoped, for many reasons, to keep my identity from the knowledge of the inhabitants, but fate ruled otherwise. The Customs' Collector of Dundee had seen me on the previous evening near Hinchinbrook; recognition was followed by introduction, and

upon emerging from the supper-room I found some of the leading citizens prepared to interview me. The ceremony of being interviewed generally takes place in the neighbourhood of a bar, and entails upon the person thus honoured the consumption of much liquor of an intoxicating tendency. The present occasion was no exception in any particular to this rule. The scout was equal to any number of straight drinks; never given to garrulity at any time, he now relapsed into the most stony silence, and under the influence of cock-tails or straight liquors, his eye alone betrayed the presence of the various emotions which agitated him. This stolidity stood me in good need; ready to drink with every one, amenable to the ceremonies of the bar, the scout still maintained the most imperturbable silence. His breathing, and a tendency to wink about his eyelid, alone betrayed the depths of his feelings. Fearful of a longer communication, I called him aside, told him to get the horses out of the stable, and to wait for me at the end of the road by which we had entered the little town; then, having allowed sufficient time for the execution of this order, I bade a hasty adieu to my interviewers, and passing out into the now darkened street found my faithful friend at the appointed rendezvous.

The lights of Fort Covington were gleaming brightly through the darkness as we passed the low swamp-land which here skirted the frontier line. As the fact of our presence had become too widely known in Dundee, we changed our route more to the southward upon getting clear of the town, and rode fast until the lights of Covington had disappeared amidst the woods. Bodies of Fenians were still numerous at the latter place, and to intercept our return march would have been the easiest of exploits. We had left the town about a mile behind when the scout rolled heavily out of his saddle, and the shaggy pony stood still. I too pulled up, expecting that the straight liquor of Dundee had been too much for even his hardened frame, but it was not so; a defective stirrup-leather was responsible for the accident, which probably had been accelerated by the increased density of his body. A minute or two sufficed to repair damages, and we were quickly under weigh again. It was long after midnight when we reached the neighbourhood of the camp at Hinchinbrook. To pass a line of volunteer picket sentries during a dark night is generally either a very easy or a very difficult proceeding; this time it proved the former, and we reached Holbrook's store without hindrance. Hearing from my

orderly that the 69th Regiment was to move at daybreak to Huntingdon, on its return to Montreal, I bade good-night and good-bye to my old friend the scout, and pushed on to Hendersonville. Only three days before I had met him for the first time, and already we had become old friends.

A photograph which he afterwards sent me, and which is here reproduced, represents him in his glory; the hard-knuckled fist, the weather-beaten face, the long hair streaked with grey, the flapping broad-leaved hat, the revolver but showing from the inner breast-pocket, and the short clay pipe, are all to the life; but he has thought fit to introduce one element of novelty into the picture. Witness the sword. With me "the scout" was not possessed of that weapon; it is evidently a "property," and one which bears the impress of staginess; prominently put forward as it is, ready for the most immediate cutting or thrusting, it still looks uncomfortably novel. It may have been as a relic of the old time, when he scouted with the Glengary boys, under Carmichael, to Beauharnois and the Richelieu, that time which he loved to speak of in those short pithy phrases which the hunter and the backwoodsman all over the great Western World tells his thoughts. I soon reached the camp of the main portion of the force at Hendersonville, and, directed by one of our sentries, made my way to a large farm-building which was used as a stable. It had been my intention to stable the chestnut (now pretty well done up) until daylight, and then to seek an hour's rest in one of the tents close by, for the night dew felt keen and frosty. I was about to enter the enclosure when a man suddenly appeared from underneath the wall of a tent, and shouted, "Hullo, what do you want?" "Stabling for horse." "Have you got the countersign?" This was a puzzler. My interrogator was a non-commissioned officer of the Montreal Garrison Artillery; a man to whom I was a complete stranger. "My good fellow, I have been out twelve hours," I replied, "and therefore cannot be possessed of the countersign which has only been out six hours." Upon receipt of this information the artilleryman commenced a series of unbuttonings which appeared to have for their ultimate object the removal of his great-coat. He was a man of corpulent build, and the removal of the outer covering was by no means an easy performance. He however covered the removal of his covering by the following remarks:—"I don't mean to go so far as to say that ye have no business hereabouts, but the counter-



sign is required of ye by all the rules and regulations of the service. Ye may think I am only a militiaman, but I'll have ye to know that I served eighteen years in the Royal Artillery, and I know my duty in camp or garrison or quarters as well as the best." By this time he had succeeded in removing the great-coat, and I saw in the indistinct light that his right hand was feeling round his side and back, as if seeking the presence of some weapon. This not being immediately forthcoming, he seemed anxious to prolong the conversation by abruptly inquiring if I was an Orangeman. To this question I was again compelled to reply in the negative; and the effect of my denial upon my interrogator was far from being satisfactory. He was evidently prepared to divide the human race into two great classes—Orangemen and Fenians; and as I did not by my own showing belong to one society, I must of necessity be a member of the other. The possession of his bayonet, however, completed his arrangements. That weapon, as I have already observed, had gone amiss somehow or other round his back, and was not obtainable with celerity, supposed to be one of its characteristics. The portion of his person where the side-arm had located itself is popularly designated by the term *small-of-the-back*, a term which, when applied to the person of my artilleryman, seemed singularly out of place. At last his repeated efforts to induce the recalcitrant weapon to re-occupy its proper position were crowned with success. Working his fingers perseveringly round, he reached and clutched the hilt, and drawing the bayonet from its scabbard he faced me with determined energy. "Fenian or no Fenian," he said, "you're my prisoner." I had foreseen this conclusion to our dialogue for some little time. "And now that you have got me," I asked, "what are you going to do with me?" This question seemed a poser; but he soon hit upon a solution to the difficulty. "I'll call the officers and report my capture," he said, half speaking to himself; "these d—d regulars that have been putting bogus challenges on us all night will see how we can do our duty when it comes to a push." Without quite understanding the latter portion of his soliloquy, I was able to follow the first part, and, not wishing to have the officers disturbed at that hour of the night, I remonstrated with my captor, but it was useless. Hammering loudly at the door of a low shed which adjoined the stable, he called on the occupants to come forth. After a little bit the low door opened from within, and there came out into the keen air of the early morning three or four shivering

mortals. Still sitting on horseback, I listened to the report of my capture under circumstances of the gravest suspicion, but when the recital was over, I destroyed in one word the fabric of his prowess. "Sorry to bring you out, gentlemen, of your warm shanty into this raw night air, but don't blame me; this good sergeant of yours will have it, that not being an Orangeman, I must be a Fenian, and he has arrested me in consequence." It was now my turn to act the part of intercessor towards my captor. Matters were soon satisfactorily arranged, and I left the worthy fellow still muttering upon duty in camp, garrison, and quarters. In a few minutes more I had found a shelter under one of the tents, and, borrowing a couple of blankets from the guard, was soon asleep for the hour which still remained before the dawn. The Fenian picnic was at an end.

A few days later I found myself at the foot of that stupendous rock whose summit looks down upon more history and landscape beauty than any other spot on the American Continent. Rich in historic memories, and surrounded by so many beauties of scenery, Quebec is, in consequence, frequented by American tourists during the summer months. The Falls of Montmorency, the Plains of Abraham, and the Citadel are the chief points of attraction, and as in the latter place military custom is kept up, visitors are accompanied in their inspection of the works by one of the soldiers from the guard-house. This custom is no small source of pecuniary profit to the men who form the guard, amongst whom the money thus derived is equally divided. John, Pat, or Sandy soon find it their interest to become acquainted with the historical events connected with the place; these they relate in a manner which, if not strictly in accordance with historical accuracy, is generally satisfying to the listeners most concerned in it. But story has it that there was one bold soldier-boy who yearned for higher distinction as a cicerone than any of his fellow-braves. He painted the varying scenes of the night, the silent ascent of the rocky ledge, the struggle on the plateau, the death of Wolfe and Montcalm; but his historical knowledge ended with the "Seven Years' War." Of later events he knew nothing — of Arnold's wonderful march through the forests of the Kennebec, of Montgomery's gallant assault through the snow-storm dawn of the new year's morning he was completely ignorant. Much pleased with his recital of the deeds of Wolfe and his companions, an American, it is said, once

asked him for a similar account of the second great assault upon Quebec by the forces of the Infant Republic; but, alas! he did not even know of the event. "Tell us, at least," said a lady of the party, "how it was that Montgomery fell?" This appeal was more than human nature was capable of denying, and although Pat had not the very remotest idea who Montgomery might have been, he gallantly essayed the task. Now the act of falling, in Pat's mind, was usually associated with a visit to the canteen.

"Where was it Montgomery fell?" he commenced, after the prescribed manner of his nation, which invariably suggests when puzzled a repetition of the question, for the double purpose of gaining time and showing a thorough comprehension of the subject under discussion—"Where was it that Montgomery fell, and how did he fall? Well, then, it's myself that can just tell ye most all about that most misfortunate event connected with these barracks. You see it was a very dark night, and the ground was mighty slippery, and ye couldn't see the nose on yer face, when poor Mr. Montgomery came out of the mess-room after dinner; and whether it was the snow, or the dark night, or the champagne, I can't say, but he just fell down forninst the doorway." It is only natural to suppose that the benison bestowed upon the guide that day was not an unusually large one.

But I had other thoughts to occupy my mind than those of the beauty of the panorama lying spread around the fortress-crowned rock of Quebec as I drove up the steep street which led to the citadel from the lower town at the water's edge. Hard by, in the soldiers' hospital, there lay in an illness whose end must be death, one whose friendship had twined itself into most of the varying scenes of my soldier-life—not the less a friend was that poor stricken soldier because his hand and brain had ministered to every wish and want of mine on the long pathway we had trodden together. In early days, when bugle-notes were sounds of novelty, in wild tossings of transport ships, in first hours upon strange and distant shores, in hot and dusty night marches, in days of listless moving over the waters of eastern rivers, in moments of sickness and health, of march and campment, of barrack and mess-room, the memory of that faithful soldier-servant lay blended and intertwined. Poor friend, even as he lay on his bed of death, death which he knew was close at hand, his thoughts still turned to me. "Now I am satisfied," he whispered, as the pale thin hand grasped mine, and the large wistful



eyes fixed themselves on my face; "I was afraid you wouldn't come." There was not the faintest shadow of hope that life might be spared to him, and he knew it, and yet his mind was full of the little minutiae of my service! The guns were all right; had I seen "Coco"? a Dandie Dinmont; Mr. So-and-so had the trout-rod, and the sticks were all tied together and safe; and here was a list of the things in the Quartermaster's store. The poor fellow had scrawled it with feeble fingers as he lay in bed, and I keep it still to see in its uncouth spelling and strange parenthesis the record of his faithful love. Private Henry Connors sleeps his last sleep in the soldiers' cemetery of Quebec; it is ground worthy to hold the clay of a good soldier; it is the Plain of Abraham, scarce a pistol-shot distant Wolfe fell in that stout fight which gave Canada to England and left to France only the tradition of a glorious dream of New-World domination. Far away, beyond the windings of the St. Charles, there rise the blue ridges of the Laurentian Hills—a landscape very full of all that makes nature beautiful. The Englishman of to-day who sails the great expanses of the ocean beholds every now and again, rising from the sea, some steep gun-crowned rock from whose summit floats the flag of Britain. In nine cases out of ten the situation is accepted as a matter of course. What is, must always have been. "Gibraltar, —of course Gibraltar is English, and Malta, and St. Helena, and Quebec; yes, they are also English; lots of jolly girls in Quebec; I was quartered there eight years ago in the 111th. Deuced hot place Valetta, keep one eye shut and the other half open for six months. Worst hole in the universe. Not so bad, my boy, only nine days' run to the little village"—there's the key to the whole thing. There is scarce a subaltern in the service who could not give you a fair list of the shopmen's names from one end of the Burlington Arcade to the other; but for the one who knows why the blue and white cross on the red field is flying to-day over Quebec or Gibraltar, there will be ten who will tell you they don't know any thing about it, "they're not 'dabs' at that sort of thing." And yet it was "that sort of thing" that made England what she is to-day, and stamped the Union Jack on most of the "coignes of vantage" over the world. It is one hundred and twelve years since the boat which carried Wolfe glided noiselessly through darkness towards the foot of the steep rocks of Abraham; the great river rushed swiftly along between its overhanging walls of rock, and

the gloom of a moonless midnight hung over the water. Wrapped in his military cloak, Wolfe stood in the bows of the boat looking out towards the north shore. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," he was heard to mutter as the boat swept on; half an hour later he was scaling the steep narrow path which led zigzag to the Plains of Abraham, to find at its summit his glory—and his grave. Since that day, for one hundred and twelve years, British soldiers have kept watch and ward over the ramparts of Quebec, and from the Queen's Bastion has fluttered the broad folds of England's ensign. But while we write there is a sound abroad which tells the termination of that long and proud dominion. Before the ice closed last year over the estuary of the St. Lawrence the last red-coat had marched out for the last time from the ramparts of Quebec, and the fortress won by Wolfe and his brave companions, and consecrated by the blood of Montcalm and Montgomery, enemies not less glorious than their conquerors, knows no more the drum-beat of that Empire whose tattoo has so long been heard round the world. Are our rulers "not dabs at that sort of thing" too?

## VOICES FROM THE STREET.

## No. II.

## THE RICH MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

"Now too is heard

The hapless cripple tuning through the streets  
His carol new, and oft amid the gloom  
Of midnight hours prevails the accustom'd sound  
Of wakeful waits."—*"Christmas,"—a Poem.*

OH ! I wish I were rich !  
Though 'twere only at Christmas time,  
When the bells so joyously chime ;  
They surely must know my rhyme,  
    So gladly they sing,  
    With their ding dong ding,  
How they dance to the Christmas chime !  
    Then listen, I pray,  
    To my Christmas lay,  
You'll know if my tale is true ;  
    For if Christ's come to-day,  
    As I've heard some say,  
He's with gentlefolk like you.

What, He made you rich !  
He bidding you now rejoice !  
Oh, how you must love His voice,  
And bless Him that you're His choice !  
    How we'd sing, could we meet  
    Him here in the street,  
Who is bidding the rich rejoice !  
    Then listen, I pray,  
    To my Christmas lay,  
You'll know if my tale is true,  
    For if Christ's come to-day,  
    As I've heard some say,  
He's with gentlefolk like you !



Oh ! I wish I were rich,  
Though to-morrow I'm poor again !  
How I'd comfort all grief and pain,  
They never should moan in vain,  
    Through this livelong day  
    I'd sing without pay,  
Though to-morrow I'm poor again.  
    Then listen, I pray,  
    To my Christmas lay,  
You'll know if my tale is true ;  
    For if Christ's come to-day,  
    As I've heard some say,  
He's with gentlefolk like you.

Can never the poor be rich,  
Though we wait till this life is o'er,  
When they tell me we'll live once more,  
Like my mother, who's gone before ?  
    She look'd so glad,  
    Who was always sad,  
Oh ! I'm sure she was poor no more.  
    Then listen, I pray,  
    To my Christmas lay,  
You'll know if my tale is true ;  
    For if Christ's come to-day,  
    As I've heard some say,  
He's with gentlefolk like you.

R. G. H.

## THE SHAKERS.

BY CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

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MOST of our readers have heard of the Shakers, and have perhaps set them down as one of the most droll and heterodox of the many strange and heterodox sects to which free-thinking America has given birth. The name by which they call themselves, "The United Society of Believers in Christ's second appearing," would lead us to expect something better of them; and as their principal village, Mount Lebanon, in the State of New York, has been described as nothing short of an earthly Eden, we grow curious to learn something further respecting them. Last year their chief "Elder" represented them in London.

Their name, their quaint costume, and their mode of dancing as a religious ceremony, convey at first a sense of the ludicrous to the mind. Artemus Ward set them down as "lackin' intelleck," because they did not go to his show; but his prejudice relaxed after witnessing the order and peaceableness of their lives, and partaking their hospitality. Mr. Hepworth Dixon thinks their example is "helping to shape and guide the spiritual career of the United States in no slight degree," which is saying a great deal. The present writer also became acquainted with the Shakers while living near to one of their settlements; and as

"The Shaker doctrine seems of late  
Increasing interest to create,"

a short account of them may not prove unwelcome here.

One of the first things that attract your notice on looking into the windows of the "stores" in a town near to a community of Shakers, is the frequent advertisement of certain articles for sale,

which, in the mere fact of being thus announced, would seem to bespeak a peculiar excellence—thus: “Shaker seeds sold here;” “Shaker brooms;” “Shaker mats;” “Shaker produce,” &c., &c., exciting one’s curiosity as to what manner of people the manufacturers and vendors of these simple commodities might be. Nor is it long before you can gratify this curiosity, for seldom a day passes in which you do not see “Sisters” and “Brothers” from the Shaker village. Their dress, originally that of the Quaker, has become modified to suit the climate. It is prescribed in form but not in colour and material; and though preserving the quiet, stiff aspect of that of the “friends,” has more of picturesqueness, from the warmer tints admitted, and the flowing locks of the men, who have something of a pastoral as well as a patriarchal air. Their fresh ruddy face is closely shaven. The crown of their hats is low, the brim very broad; their hair, cut short and combed down on the forehead, is long behind, hanging in natural waves almost to the shoulders. The long coat is of grey, brown, or chocolate cloth, stuff, or linen, the pantaloons the same, according to the season. As for the “sisters,” Artemus Ward, seeing them at the time when ladies’ flounces had reached their broadest dimensions, said they reminded him of “a bean-pole tied in a meal bag.” No superfluous material is wasted in Shaker skirts; their little white ‘kerchief is pinned down at the points with mathematical precision, and their straw bonnets are of the extremest “poke,” so completely hiding the face of the wearer that unless you are straight in front of her, it is impossible to see what she is like. They have a thoroughly “respectable,” well-to-do air, but with a certain brusqueness if not a repulsiveness of manner; as if they were afraid of becoming contaminated by having too much to say to the “children of the world,” or *Gentiles*, as all other sects (excepting perhaps the Quakers) are designated. Sedate, demure, shrewd, cautious, chaste, reserved, peaceable, matter-of-fact—all this you soon see that a Shaker is, and yet not altogether prepossessing, on account of that forbidding address which makes you feel that it is vain to attempt to elicit a sentiment or an opinion. On principle, their conversation is simply “yay, yay,” and “nay, nay.” They consider it wrong to use compliments, to take oaths, to indulge in jests or superfluous words. Courtesies are waived, as unnecessary among “saints.” Yet there are no quarrels among them: their lives run smoothly on without war or politics, lawyers or doctors, and they



manage to secure the respect of those outsiders with whom they have any dealings. Indeed, though they hold themselves aloof from citizenship, and decline to take part in any national affairs, the United States Government looks leniently upon their eccentricities, and, in deference to their principles, exempts them from military duties and from paying taxes.

Shaker productions and the simple articles which they manufacture are always in demand. Fruits, flowers, medicinal herbs, essences, mats, rugs, baskets, brooms, fans, cloths, and seeds, if you buy of a Shaker you are sure to get the best of its kind. As for Shaker seeds, Artemus Ward was of opinion that if you planted them on the rock of Gibraltar you would be certain to raise a fine crop; and in speaking of the thorough reliableness of the "Brothers," he said, "if you bought a keg of dried apples of them, you might be sure of finding dried apples to the very bottom of the cask, and not a quantity of shavings under a few layers of apples, as was too often the case among his New England ancestors."

Originating with low-born fanatics in times of ignorance and superstition, these simple people have grown into a recognized society, numbering now above 6000 persons, and occupying certain villages in different parts of the United States.

Let us glance at their origin: Marsden, in his "History of the Christian Church," dates them back to the time of the Commonwealth, and says "their doctrines are a strange mixture of the crudest errors with some few Gospel truths;" and that it would be a misnomer to call them Christians.

George Fox protested against the injustice of being confounded with the Shakers, who were then called "Shaking Quakers," from two of Fox's followers, James and Jane Wardlaw, who in 1747 joined the "French Prophets," and imagined they had supernatural revelations, that the bodily agitations they underwent were caused by "the Spirit." They denounced all other sects as Antichrist, and called themselves the elect. In 1758, Ann Lee, then about twenty years of age, the daughter of a blacksmith in Manchester, adopted the same views and became a firm believer in the so-called "prophetess," Jane Wardlaw, of Bolton-on-the-Moors. She was a girl of strong will and violent temper, a prey to hysteria and convulsions, making pretensions to all sorts of extravagancies, and arrogantly proclaiming herself to be "the elect lady," the woman spoken of in the Revelation. Ann had married when very young,

and had given birth to four children, all of whom died in infancy ; a disappointment which, no doubt, contributed to produce that morbid condition of feeling, which, among other vagaries, led her to look upon the marriage state as sinful. For some years she was "deeply exercised in mind," and the subject of such inward suffering that she became emaciated and helpless as an infant ; while at other times "her spiritual joy was unbounded." She had "visions," "revelations," and "divine manifestations" after the fashion of the spiritualists, accompanied by shakings and quakings and groanings and shoutings : "demonstrations" which, while they solemnly impressed some half dozen illiterate persons, brought her into hostility with the populace, and caused her to be imprisoned as a Sabbath breaker and a profane pretender. While in prison she professed to have a Divine command to proceed to a "land of promise," signifying America : which, together with the fact of her life having been "miraculously preserved," procured her the title of "Mother Ann," by which name her "disciples" have ever since spoken of her. Elder Frederick's quaint account<sup>1</sup> of this era of her life tells us with what unbounded faith her followers believe in her. "When the founder of our order was baptized with the Christ-Spirit, and came out with a testimony in Manchester to the clerical people around her, what was the result ? She was thrown into a stone prison, and kept there for fourteen days, with the purpose of starving her to death. A little boy whom she had brought up, inserted a pipe stem through the key-hole, and poured wine and milk into a bowl, and kept her alive while in prison, with the help of the good Spirit, so that she came out in very good condition, when they expected to find her dead. She went over to America, directed by vision, she and eight persons : each one received a special vision to go to America, and there establish the Church of God on this earth." This was in 1774. She, with her eight "disciples," five men and three women, lived for a time in a few log cabins at a place called Water Vliet, near Albany, cultivating that little corner of the primeval forest for bare subsistence. Her fixed idea was that she and her people should make eternal war against the flesh ; that by abstinence from carnal thoughts they might hope to regain the celestial rank from which, through lust, man had fallen. "Men called into grace" must live as the angels,

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<sup>1</sup> At St. George's Hall, Aug. 1871.

with whom is no marrying or giving in marriage. Thus the Shakers are celibates. "Mother Ann's" husband, however, though he accompanied her to America, was not a convert to her gospel of abstinence, and having been formally dissolved from his marriage contract, forthwith married somebody else. The little band lived in privacy until the religious revival of 1780 at Albany, when they gained some converts; and the foundation of the Shaker village, Mount Lebanon, was laid.

"Mother Ann" owed her popularity, subsequently, to the accident of her being English, and to the revolutionary war. Inveighing against war when the colonists wanted recruits for their armies, and refusing to take the colonial oath, caused the Shakers to be regarded as enemies. The Revolutionists looked upon "Mother Ann" with suspicion, and imprisoned her as a British spy, which only aroused her outraged disciples the more frantically to proclaim her "the female Christ." Regarded by Governor Clinton as a poor, half-crazy fanatic, he ere long released her; but this second captivity had contributed to her renown, and she travelled about making converts, and establishing for herself a permanent reputation.

The Shakers are religious communists, and hold similar views with the Quakers regarding spiritual illuminations and manifestations, the giving of testimonies, objecting to a legal oath, to war, to slavery, &c. But they hold it a weakness or a sin to feel personal happiness in each other's society, approving only of what they look upon as a "wedlock of the soul." They are ascetics, except in the article of bodily torture: spiritual eclectics, who have chosen what seemed to them good out of most other denominations, with the addition of peculiar dogmas of their own. Their very name, at first applied in derision, has been cheerfully accepted as a most appropriate one, expressive of the "moving of the spirit among the people."

Their religious exercises consist chiefly of a species of "dance," in which they use great bodily exertion, jolting and shaking themselves from head to foot under the idea of shaking sin out of themselves. They sometimes spring up and down in a continuous bobbing, four inches or more from the floor, and in a grotesque manner which renders it difficult for the Gentile spectator to maintain his gravity. They have been known to leap so high—when carried away by the transport of the hour—as to bump their heads



with violence against the joists of the ceiling (if their place of worship has not been of very lofty pretensions). This exercise is said to affect the nerves (and no wonder) and produce intervals of shaking as if with the ague. They advance and recede, the men on one side and the women on the other, or circumvolute about the apartment in a kind of trot, the two distinct files interlacing in a sort of serpentine figure like the *grande chaine* of a country dance indefinitely prolonged. The "figures"—if so they may be called—vary according to the "movement of the spirit," and are sometimes accompanied with singing, one, two, or many voices joining in a kind of chaunt. After an interval for prayer or an exhortation, one of the leaders again springs up, crying "As David danced before the Lord so will we:" and they set to with renewed vigour, cheerfully passing many hours in these exhausting exercises.

As may be supposed, the "meeting-house," or place of worship used by this sect is entirely bare of furnishings. It is nothing more than a large empty room, plain and simple as the people who worship there. A few benches are ranged against the wall. Visitors are allowed to witness the "exercises," and are accommodated with seats; but the devotees seem wholly unconscious of their presence. The "sisters" who come from a distance rest themselves in stiff array upon a bench while waiting; having first hung their bonnets on a row of pegs above them. There are two ante-rooms attached to the meeting-house—one for the men and one for the women, and in these the brethren and sisters assemble until it is time to enter the principal room, two and two, in regular file. The music is by no means dull. "Spiritual tunes and marches" (those composed under the influence of the spirit) are used, and spiritual verses. Wild, even grotesque as their manner of worship seems to us, no one who witnesses it can doubt the earnestness and sincerity of the worshippers. Some have even pronounced it dignified, solemn, and impressive. The air of extreme serenity, the rapt devotion of the "saints," together with the simplicity and uniformity of their dress, and the almost military precision of their droll movements, contribute in no small degree to this effect.

The same calm serenity which characterizes the individual pervades the village and all its surroundings. The repose and tranquillity are like that of the Sabbath in a country village. Every thing looks fresh and new, and glistens with excessive cleanliness.

The floors of the sober-looking dwellings are smooth and polished as tables, the linen is dazzlingly white. No one is idle there. A portion of their creed is that the earth may be restored to its primeval state by the labour of love; and toil is to the Shakers a sort of devotion, shared equally by every member, as a religious duty. On an average four hours a day are devoted to positive labour, the rest to lighter work, shared equally by both sexes.

A Shaker settlement is divided into families of brothers and sisters living in the same houses, each governed by an elder and an elderess. Males and females enjoy equal rights and privileges, and all the offices—even those of religion—are filled equally by both sexes. The Shakers are among the very strongest believers in woman's rights; indeed they attribute the order and success of their communities mainly to woman's joint government with the men; and the deficiency of success and happiness in the outside world, to the lack of woman's influence in public affairs. "Why"—they ask—"should women be amenable to laws which they have no part in framing? Why should they pay taxes while they are not represented in Congress?" It cannot be denied that in spite of their dogmas they have solved some of the most difficult problems of life. Without doctors, and by a careful observance of the laws of health, they manage to keep off sickness. Plain wholesome food, plenty of exercise, fresh air, and a liberal use of soap and water, cause illness to be almost unknown among them; and when a rare case does occur, they invariably condemn themselves for some neglect or carelessness that has produced it. Their buildings are all constructed on scientific principles, so as to secure abundant ventilation, and they have, as regards the practical routine of their lives, established the point that, as a governing principle, true religion and true science are one and the same thing. Though they rise above marriage themselves—regarding themselves as "children of the resurrection"—they do not condemn it in the "children of the world," for its simple object, the propagation of the species. The Shakers are, in fact, a sort of compromise between monks and nuns, and the sociabilities of domestic life. They form a sort of epicene club, whose members can enjoy Platonic affection—to a limited extent—and escape scandal; the majority of the "sisters" being of that safe and *certain* age when they may reasonably devote themselves to the "brothers" around them without being suspected

of having "designs" upon them. And really, why, after all, cannot some sort of Shaker community (barring the shakes, the drab garments, and the poke bonnets, &c.) be established in England, where such a large percentage of our old bachelors would be all the happier for having "sisters" to darn their stockings and stir their gruel, or to discuss the news and make up the rubber of whist; and where such a still larger percentage of our middle-aged gentlewomen would be made happy by having "brothers" to live for and care for? Why can't the pleasanter part of Shakerism be grafted into a *de facto* *Epicene Club*, where the sexes could live together and benefit each other as God intended they should do; instead of moping away their cheerless lives in dismal lodgings and silent solitude? Should any romance perchance creep in, the happy couple can leave the society and get married, as now and then a young Shaker and Shakeress will do; and without any ill-will on the part of those they thus forsake. Perfect freedom reigns in the Shaker communities. Their numbers are increased by proselytes. The Shaker settlements are also a species of orphanage where children are carefully trained and taught all useful employments. If, when these young disciples attain years of discretion, they wish to leave the society, they are free to do so. Nevertheless, it is esteemed no small advantage to be "raised" by the Shaker Sisters. The Mormons are "saints," and the Free-Lovers are "saints;" would that they were no worse than the Shakers!

"Bible Christians" is another name by which these enthusiasts call themselves, a term appropriated, also, by several other sects, with a comfortable conviction that their own peculiar doctrines and practices are more in accordance with the Holy Scriptures than those of their neighbours. Some "Bible Christians"—a feeble offshoot of Shakerism—in England have lately been brought into somewhat prejudicial notoriety here. The proprieties of the Walworth populace have been shocked by the Terpsichorian "demonstrations" in a railway arch, which these enthusiasts had hired as a meeting-place; and, after struggling for vitality for several months in that ungenial soil, the poor Shakers have been uprooted from their sacred arch, and find difficulty in securing any other shelter safe from the ridicule of the non-Shaking crowd. Next, a poor woman flies to the local magistrate, with a desperate hope that he can restore to her the domestic bliss which has taken flight in con-



sequence of her husband having joined the Shakers. England, of all countries, reposes its ideal of happiness in "Home, sweet home;" and if to be a "Bible Christian" is to rend asunder the most sacred of family ties, it is to be feared that Shakerism in England will be invested with quite the reverse of that strict morality which has been its chief boast across the Atlantic hitherto.

## A NOSEGAY OF TRANSLATIONS.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

## No. IV.

Tuscan Song :—

“ If thou make thyself a fawn,  
 I'll a lion be to watch thee;  
 If a lark—before the dawn,  
 I'll become a hawk to catch thee !”

*Andreoli, Canti Popolari Toscani, 1857.*

From the Swedish :—

## DUKE MAGNUS AND THE ELVES.

“ Duke Magnus laid him down to sleep,  
 To sleep in the rosy grove;  
 Two beautiful maidens sought him there,  
 To talk with him of love.  
     ‘ Duke Magnus, let thy answer be,  
     Not no, but yes—say yes to me !’

One took him gently by the hand,  
 • One whisper'd in his ear,  
 ‘ Wake up, wake up, thou bonny youth !  
 The voice of love to hear.  
     Duke Magnus, let thine answer be,  
     Not no, but yes—say yes to me !

I'll give thee the most charming dress  
 That ever knighthood wore;  
 Better than velvet, or than silk,  
 With gold bespangled o'er.  
     Duke Magnus, let thine answer be,  
     Not no, but yes—say yes to me !

A sword I'll give thee sheath'd in gold,  
 With golden rings fifteen;  
 When drawn by thee shall none withstand  
 Its sharpness and its sheen.  
     Duke Magnus, let thine answer be,  
     Not no, but yes—say yes to me !

I'll give to thee a golden torch,  
 That all shall envy thee—  
 Oh, would I were a youthful knight,  
 That torch-bearer to be !  
     Duke Magnus, let thine answer be,  
     Not no, but yes—say yes to me !'

' Oh, no ! if ye were Christian maids,  
 I'd take your off'ring good ;  
 But ye are spectres of the hill,  
 Or witches of the wood.'  
     'Duke Magnus, let thine answer be,  
     Not no, but yes—say yes to me !'

They hear—'tis dawn—and silently  
 They to the mountains fly,  
 And ev'ry, ev'ry forest-tree  
 Bow'd as they hurried by.  
     'Duke Magnus, let thine answer be,  
     Not no, but yes—say yes to me !'

' Hadst thou not waked till the cock  
 The signal-chant had blown,  
 We had convey'd thee to the hills,  
 And made thee all our own !' "

#### THE DOVE ON THE LILY-STEM.

" There sits a dove on the lily-stem,  
 And sings on a midsummer day :  
 She sings so sweetly of Jesus Christ,  
 Heaven's fulness of joy—the lay.  
 How sweetly, how softly she sings—the dove :  
 ' This year shall a maiden be summon'd above !'  
 ' Oh, say not this year that to heaven I shall go ;  
 For I have no fever—no malady—no !'  
 But the maiden went homeward dejected and sad,  
 As if in her heart she some malady had.  
 ' O mother, dear mother, prepare thou my bed !  
 This year I shall see not the mountain nor mead.'  
 ' O daughter ! this year no such sorrow shall bring ;  
 But thou, my fair daughter, shall wed with the king !'  
 ' Oh, no ! not on earth shall my troth be given ;  
 Instead of a king, I'll be wedded to heaven.  
 O father, my father ! go call for a priest ;  
 Death stands at the door—to my wedding the guest.  
 O brother, dear brother ! prepare thou the bier ;  
 And come, my sweet sister, and smooth down my hair !'  
 The maiden she died, and she lay on the bier ;  
 And old and young women they smooth'd down her hair.



The corpse of the maid to the churchyard they bore,  
 And angels attendant, with lights went before.  
 All around the cold corpse of the maiden they throng,  
 And over her grave they sang the death-song.  
 But ere that cold corpse was wrapt by the sod,  
 She looked up to heaven, and was welcomed by God!"

*Folkviser*, iii. 27.

### THE VISION.

"What I never had witness'd, I've witness'd anon:  
 A stone that was swimming—a man stood thereon.  
     God doth in His time what He will.  
 'I am not a man, though thou callest me so,  
 But an angel from heaven descending below.'  
 'If thou be an angel, from heaven if thou come,  
 Say what do they do in thy heavenly home?'  
 'In heaven do they rest without sorrow or care,  
 And blessed are they whose mansion is there!  
 There widows and orphans to bliss are restored,  
 And with angels sit round the throne of the Lord.  
 There those who were weary of earth and its woes  
 In heaven on the bosom of Abraham repose.'  
 'If thou art an angel from heaven, canst thou tell  
 What is doing within the dominions of hell?'  
 Oh, there sits the son who his father drove out,  
 And in darkness and misery he wanders about;  
 And there sits the daughter her mother who slighted,  
 In anguish and tears unconsolated and benighted;  
 And thus to black darkness the wretches are hurl'd,  
 Whom the lusts of the flesh had enslaved in the world;  
 There those who have heard God's councils in vain  
 Have been cast into hell, and in hell must remain.  
 Who humble the flesh God's grace may relieve;  
 But the harden'd of heart shall no mercy receive."

*Svenske*, *F. V.*, ii. 233.





"You'd better go back," said Valery. "you're a very nice doggie."



## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

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## CHAPTER V.

## RUNNING AWAY.

VALERY STUART walked rapidly away through the brightness of the morning, crying softly as she went, not from fear, but at the recollection of Miss Dorothy, whom she was never to see any more. Childish and indefinite as the resolution might be that inspired her, it was none the less firmly established in her mind, and the idea of renouncing her purpose and going back never once troubled her.

She took the dilapidated doll out of her basket, kissed its wooden face, which wore a discontented, hopeless expression, as though existence had been very hard on the many-jointed thing, told it all her plans, promised for both that they would never forget Miss Dorothy, and found a deal of consolation in Cleopatra's silent acquiescence.

On she went down the winding road shaded by maples and elms, climbed a hill nearly a mile beyond the house, and stopped to get a last view of the old mansion, which looked so quiet and picturesque in the midst of the beautiful landscape. Two or three stray cattle standing by the brook glanced up at her with eyes of mild wonder; a great dog who had perhaps been beguiled into an early ramble by a wandering rabbit or weasel, stopped to sniff his surprise at the sight of her; but Valery had no idea of fearing any dumb animal, and patted his head as confidently as if he had been Miss Dorothy's big Ponto.

"I can't stop," she explained, "because I'm going ever and ever so far, and Cleopatra's going with me."

The dog whined his doubt of the wisdom of her journey, and followed her a little way as she walked on, apparently half inclined to constitute himself her guardian; but Valery had her own views on

the subject, and expressed them as candidly as if she supposed him capable of understanding the whole matter.

"You'd better go back," she said; "you're a very nice doggie—almost as nice as Ponto—but I don't want you. It's a long way, and may be Hetty Flint and the lady wouldn't like my bringing so large a party; you know I've got Cleopatra."

The dog whined again, and put his head meditatively on one side, but a short reflection seemed to convince him of the justice of her remarks. He expressed his sentiments in a series of gruff barks, which probably held any quantity of sage advice as to taking good care of herself, and allowed her to pass on, though when she reached the foot of the hill he was sitting on the end of his tail and looking wistfully after her, as though not exactly decided in his mind that it was right for him to desert her.

She had not walked more than a quarter of a mile farther when the sound of wheels attracted her attention, and glancing back she saw a one-horse waggon approaching, driven by an odd little old man. Just as she reached a second brook, which had a wooden trough placed to catch the water, the vehicle overtook her, and the man stopped to let his horse drink.

"Ho, the little girl, the little girl!" said the stranger, kindly. "Where does she go, the little girl?"

"Ever and ever so far; to see Hetty Flint and my aunt," replied Valery, unhesitatingly.

"*Himmel!*" ejaculated the small man, dropping the reins in astonishment. "And the house-mother lets a butterfly like you set off alone? But I suppose a quarter of a mile is ever and ever so far to your small legs. Is that where you are going?" he continued, pointing with his whip toward an old red building down the road.

"Oh no, no," explained Valery, shaking her head; "it's farther, farther—miles." Then a word that she had lately seen in some story occurred to her, and as it expressed a vague sense of great distance to her comprehension, she added, "more than that; leagues—leagues!"

"*Ach!*" cried the old German; "what you know of the leagues, small one? And you go alone thus fashion? I am outside of myself with the wonder!"

"Oh, I brought Cleopatra with me," replied Valery, in a tone as satisfied as Telemachus could have used in naming Mentor to any chance person who might have met him on his journey.

"Cleopatra?" repeated the German, glancing about to catch a sight of her Egyptian Majesty, "where she find herself?"

"Why here, of course," returned Valery, pulling the wooden lady out from under her shawl.

"The doll!" exclaimed the little man. "Oh, I think she is quite mad, the small one, else she is one of the fairies such as people meet in the Hartz mountains; but I never knew they journey so far from the Vaterland," he added thoughtfully.

"Oh, I've read all about them!" cried Valery, at home in the subject at once. "And there's witches there and ugly dwarfs. Oh, did you ever see them? But I'm not a fairy, you know; I'm just Valery Stuart, and Cleopatra and I are going to see Hetty Flint and my aunt."

"And where she live, this Heety Fleent and the aunt?"

"Ever and ever so far," repeated Valery.

"And who let you go all alone with yourself?" he asked gravely.

Valery thoroughly comprehended that she ran great danger of being put in his waggon and driven back to the presence of the woman who had struck her, but with her head full of the legends his words about the Hartz mountains had recalled, she answered very much in the fashion that she remembered the wandering princess in her story-books always replied to similar inquiries.

"It's a great secret," she said, gazing up at him with her solemn eyes; "I mustn't tell a word, else the wicked fairy would get me, and she struck me yesterday." Then the resolution of her character, which was so much beyond her years, asserted itself, and she came out of her romance lore, and added with quiet determination, "I'm not going back, you know; if you try to make me, Cleopatra and I'll jump into the water and be drowned!"

The German nearly turned a summersault with astonishment, and was more inclined than ever to think he had actually met one of the fairy tribe, in whose existence, old as he was, he had never wholly forgotten his childish faith.

"I should never not no more do it," he began eagerly to explain, piling up all the negatives he could think of to give emphasis to his words. "I'm Hans Vrooman, and I love the small maidens. I would never take you back to the wicked no more."

Valery gave him one of those searching looks children can give, when it seems as if some wiser spirit than they themselves possess shines in their wonderful eyes, and answered heartily,—



"I don't believe you would. I like you! Is your name Hans? You didn't write the Wonder Book, did you?"

"*Himmel!* She means Andersen! What she know not, the small one? No, no; but I can cut the pretty figures—wait a minute—like this."

He pulled a box from under the waggon-seat, opened it, and took carefully out a marvellously carved little figure of the Virgin holding the Child in her arms. Valery uttered a shout of ecstasy, and nearly dropped Cleopatra in her excitement.

"It is *schön*. How you say—handsome, *hein?*" he asked, his wrinkled old face beaming with pleasure.

"Oh, so pretty, so pretty!" cried Valery.

"Climb up into the waggon, and I let you hold it," he said.

Valery hesitated; after an instant's reflection she stepped back, saying,—

"I don't think I can stay any longer; I want to get to Hetty Flint;" but all the while her eyes devoured the graceful image with eager delight.

"You go straight ahead? I go this road too; you ride with me—old Hans loves the small ones. I go far and far, likewise. What they call the place? Corners—*ja!*"

"Why, that's close by where they live," returned Valery.

"Hetty Fleent and the aunt? Then you ride in the waggon and save the short legs, and I take you straight to the house, and call out, Ho, Miss Hetty and the aunt, see the present what old Hans brings! Then they laugh and was glad."

"I don't know," said Valery, just thinking aloud. "Hetty likes me, 'cause she said so; but they don't know I'm coming; and she was very grave—she said she didn't play with children."

"Is that Mees Hetty? Then she ought to shame herself!" pronounced Hans indignantly.

"No, no; but my aunt—Hetty said she was my aunt," replied Valery, making the whole case more mysterious by her peculiar style of explanation.

Hans fairly shook the Virgin in his eagerness to have some light thrown on the subject, for a moment absolutely unable to remember any English whatever in the dazed state of his faculties. He spluttered a number of long sentences, which sounded very awful indeed; then, becoming conscious that Valery looked uneasy under this torrent of inexplicable syllables, he struggled fiercely

to get back into a language that would ring more human in her ears.

"Better you go with me," he said; "we see Heety all the shorter."

"You're sure you're going right there?" questioned Valery, still regarding the image he held.

"*Ja! ja!* Come with me; we ride, jog, jog; after more time we eat; you see all the pretty things like this, and we get quite safe to Heety—Old Hans wouldn't lie. I take you away from the wicked woman faster than your legs; maybe she come before you from behind when you know not; but she couldn't catch Pipes no more. Pipes, he's my old horse mare—we find Heety very soon."

The possibility that she might be followed and taken back to the presence of her tormentor had not presented itself to Valery's mind; but now it filled her with horror, and she was glad to accept the old man's offer.

"If you're sure it's the place," she said.

"Yes—the Corners; and I know some one man by there—John Brent," said Hans.

"Why, that's his name! I know it is! Hetty said she lived there," cried Valery in astonishment.

"So!" exclaimed the German, and looked at her more oddly than ever, for in his visits to the village some hints had reached him of the tragedy which darkened the old farmhouse. "Should you tell me again how you name yourself?" he asked.

"Valery Stuart," replied the child; then added, with the strange womanly air that would come over her in the midst of her most childish talk, "But I mustn't tell any more! Now, we are in the great forest, and I'm the princess going out to seek my fortune."

"*Ja, ja!*" he cried, laughing; "and I'm the ugly dwarf—but good, *hein!*"

"I don't think you're so very ugly," answered Valery candidly; "when you smile you look really nice."

"Ah ha, the small one! Now I help you into the waggon! Pipes, he knows all about it, and means to trot like a wind. Say we eat now, though—did you breakfast any?"

"O yes, yes; I'm not a bit hungry," returned Valery.

"Then off we go," said Hans; "you may hold the pretty figure to look at, and I show you more."

The last of Valery's fears vanished before that promise. She allowed him to lift her into the waggon; the basket containing

Cleopatra was placed on her lap, the image in her hand, and old Hans settled her comfortably, pulling the wooden box forward so that her feet could rest on it.

"Off we sit!" cried Hans in delight. "Pipes he out-trot the wicked witch—hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" repeated Valery, and they both began to laugh, and Pipes, pricking up his ears in surprise, trotted away down the road, carrying Valery farther and farther from the peaceful retreat which had so suddenly been transformed into a place of torment.

Certainly no two people were ever thrown together more thoroughly adapted to enjoying each other's society than Valery and old Hans. Before an hour was over he had confided his whole history to his small listener, and she had talked so freely about the home she had left, that though he refrained from asking questions, he knew pretty well from whence she had come, and who it was that accompanied him.

Almost dwarfish in size, with shoulders so high that they had fairly the effect of deformity, poor old Hans would have been an unpleasant object to contemplate, but for the beaming good-nature which lighted his whole countenance. The head that crowned this misshapen body was fine enough to have made a study for a portrait of the chief disciple; and the truth was, old Hans possessed the soul of an artist, and in his humble sphere proved a much more faithful servitor of the great mistress than many a man whom the world delights to honour. Had his early associations been different he would have become a painter or sculptor; as it was, his productions in the matter of wood carving were marvellous, and the figures and groups he modelled in clay deserved almost equal praise.

Years before he had strayed over to America, toiled diligently, suffered untold ills from poverty and wretched health, fortunate at least in that he did not consider his fate nearly so hard as it was. But those troubles were over; he earned a decent livelihood now, and having neither wife nor child, was able, with the usual thrift of his race, to lay up something yearly against the days when his hand should lose its cunning and his brain its activity. He loved nature as well as if he could transfer its beauties to canvas or write volumes of poetry in their praise; so he had removed from the narrow city streets where he had so long languished like a wild bird in a cage, and taken up his abode in the outskirts of Newburg, among the beautiful scenery of our noble river. All the work he could do he sold



easily enough to tradesmen in New York; and having by this time acquired a certain reputation, was even employed by men of taste in carving ornaments for their dwellings. Two or three times a year he undertook a journey to the little hamlet near John Brent's farmhouse, to visit some old German friends who had established themselves there, carrying with him numerous specimens of his labour, in the hope of finding purchasers on the road; for Hans, more practical than many of his brethren in the higher walks of art, kept always an eye to the "main chance," and did not disdain to turn his holiday seasons to as much profit as possible.

Hans had a passionate love for children; but Valery was a new revelation to him, and he was half inclined, as he listened to her odd talk, to go back to the youthful superstitions which had always lain dormant in his mind and believe her an Undine or forest nymph endowed with a soul; a creature, at all events, of some race very unlike ordinary humanity. Then, in spite of all her wisdom in regard to fairy lore, and her acquaintance with poems and romances, she was far too young to have been allowed to read, she was so full of animal health and spirits, such a perfect child in this side of her character, that the long drive seemed a ramble through an enchanted region to the old wood-carver. In the delight of his society, listening to his explanations in regard to his work, his stories of life in Germany, his strange legends which linked a poetical interest to every mountain or laughing brook, Valery half forgot the troubles which oppressed her, and chattered like a whole nest of young thrushes.

Toward noon they stopped in the shadow of a clump of hickory trees to let Pipes rest and eat his dinner. Hans pulled a bright tin bucket from under the waggon-seat, and the two shared a sumptuous repast off a variety of heathenish edibles which possessed all the charm of novelty to Valery. By this time their friendship had grown to a tremendous height, and Hans completed Valery's happiness by telling her that if she stayed at the farmhouse perhaps he would settle down for a few months at the Corners, and teach her the mysteries of his craft.

"For to begin," said he, "only that! The small one will not be like poor old Hans; she is to be a great artist some day, don't forget that! No matter what comes, always remember the words of the old *vorschneider*."

Valery glanced up at him with her eyes full of wonder and delight; quite able, vaguely as she caught his meaning, to dwell upon it

and weave dreams which might have an effect upon her whole future. But she must know what the German word he had used signified; and after explaining that it was the name of his trade, he went on to repeat a variety of horribly ferocious phrases, and was so pleased with her quickness in catching them, that he assured her gravely she already spoke his language nearly as well as he did himself, and almost believed what he said.

But it was necessary to set out on their journey again, and they jogged pleasantly on, no shadow disturbing Valery's content until Hans told her that they were approaching the Corners and were not more than a mile from John Brent's house; then she began to look troubled and to shiver, and he tried to assure her as best he could.

"We shall go there in the waggon," he said; "the Heety Fleent shall be delighted at the gift old Hans brings—you see; and the aunt she smiled at the small one."

"Will she?" asked Valery earnestly.

"There was no doubt," returned Hans, with his usual weakness for putting a past tense to express the present or future; "there hadn't been none, not never, no!"

There was such force in his profusion of negatives that Valery allowed herself to be somewhat comforted, and with a rare thoughtfulness strove to hide the remaining doubts which beset her, lest the good old man should suffer from her distress.

They drove past the little knot of houses that believed itself a village, down the winding road for half a mile, then Hans pointed towards a low dwelling, its unpainted front so grey with age that it appeared picturesque, peeping out from among the maple-trees which surrounded it and the flowering vines that had twisted themselves over its gables and hung in heavy festoons about the moss-covered roof.

"There it is," he said cheerfully. "Now we go to surprise Miss Heety and the aunt."

Valery motioned him to stop, but he did not notice the gesture, urged Pipes quickly on, and drew up at the gate before she had time to grow as frightened as leisure to think would have caused her to do.

The sound of wheels brought a womanly-looking young girl out into the porch, and Hans feeling certain that she must be Valery's friend, called lustily—

"Ah ha! the Heety Flint; come and see what I brought you."

"Well, if it ain't old Hans Vrooman!" exclaimed the damsel.  
"What on earth—no, I never did!"

She ran down the path toward the gate, and getting near enough to see Valery's face as she shrank timidly against Hans, stopped short with another exclamation of wonder.

"So you did know my name, Miss Heety," said Hans.

"Dear me, yes; I've seen you a dozen times at the Corners," returned Hetty. "But who is——"

"Ah ha, who I brought? Look again, Miss Heety! The small one is a great friend of yours—tell me her name."

"'Tisn't little Valery!" cried Hetty, approaching the fence and peering at the child's half-averted countenance. "It can't be—why, I never did!"

"It's me, Hetty; don't you know me!" returned Valery, her lip beginning to quiver and her eyes to fill.

With a shout and a bound which would have excited the admiration of a Sioux Indian, Hetty darted through the gate, was up on the waggon-wheel, had lifted Valery down, and was kissing her and hugging her and exclaiming over her, so that the child had no opportunity to speak, which was as well, because by this time she was fully occupied in keeping back her sobs.

"*Ja, ja!*" cried Hans; "make the small one welcome; she's come all the road to see you, Miss Heety!"

"Welcome!" repeated Hetty, kissing her again, stepping back to look at her, then rushing up to embrace her anew. "I should think so! And how you have grown! And Miss Dorothy let old Hans bring you over—must you go back to-night?"

"O Hetty, Hetty!" gasped Valery, "I'm never going back—never! Ask my aunt if I may stay; you said she was my aunt! I haven't got any home if she won't take me; I'll try to be good; please, Hetty, please!" She hid her face in Hetty's dress and cried silently, while the girl stared at Hans in amazement and wrath, half as if she thought he must be in some way to blame, and had three minds to pull his beard at once and demand explanations afterwards.

"I don't know what the matter should be," Hans said, ready to cry himself. "Small one, small one, here is the Heety; she loves you; she is glad you have come; don't you sob no more."

"Are you?" questioned Valery, raising her head; "are you glad?"

"Glad? I should think so," exclaimed Hetty. "But do tell



me—mercy's sake, I shall go crazy! You don't mean to say Miss Conway sent you here this way—why she ought to be——”

“No, no, she doesn't know,” interrupted Valery, then caught her breath and added almost in a whisper—“I ran away, Hetty.”

“Bless the darling! Did you want to see me so much? But you oughtn't to have done that, Valery,” said Hetty, shaking her head reprovingly, though her eyes lighted up with such enjoyment of the child's escapade that it rather injured the dignity of her rebuke.

Old Hans shook his head too, and groaned dolorously.

“What on earth!” repeated Hetty. “Don't sit there nodding like a sleepy turkey, you silly old Dutchman! What is it—has any thing happened? What made you run away, Valery?”

“I couldn't help it,” Valery answered in a slow, difficult voice. She was not crying now; the crimson had died out of her cheeks, and her eyes grew black with the anguish which had dilated them as she looked at her persecutor the day before. “She struck me—she called me names. O Hetty, don't be angry—don't send me back!”

“Miss Dorothy struck you!” shrieked Hetty, and all the wonder that had been in her tones before was meaningless compared with the consternation which sharpened them now.

“No, no,” returned Valery eagerly, “she is always good; that strange lady, she came yesterday, and I was out playing with her little girl. She struck me and called me names—she said my mamma was naughty too. Hetty, Hetty, don't let her get me—don't!”

Hetty knelt on the ground and put both arms about the child, pale with wrath and trouble as she began to understand the full meaning of the broken account.

“Was it Mrs. Conway?” she asked.

“Yes—I heard Miss Dorothy call her that—and the little girl said her name was Cecil, and I liked her so! I thought she had come to play with me—I wasn't naughty, Hetty; indeed, indeed, I wasn't!”

“And what did Miss Dorothy do?” demanded Hetty, determined to have a full explanation on the instant.

“She told the lady to stop, and she put me to bed herself; she was so good. She said she would feed Troubadour. And Nurse Benson was away, and this morning I got up early, early; and then I met Hans, and he brought me,” said Valery, trying her best to render her story lucid and quiet.

"*Ja, ja!*" added Hans, brushing his hand across his forehead. "There she was, walking out to seek fortune with her doll in the basket. Oh, Miss Heety, love her, love her well."

Hetty sprang to her feet, her hands clenched and her face fairly livid with rage.

"I see through it all!" cried she. "Oh, if I had my ten fingers round that Conway woman's throat?"

She was so choked with passion that she could not articulate another syllable, but looking at her, absolutely tragic in face and gesture, old Hans thought it fortunate for the cruel stranger that she was not just then within Hetty Flint's reach.

"Come into the house, Valery," she said more calmly, after a moment. "You've got a home here—come, and I'll call Mrs. Brent."

"Wait—wait!" gasped Valery, holding her back by the dress. "Will—will she be glad too, Hetty?"

"Lord bless us, she's not a born fiend like that Conway woman!" said Hetty. "Don't you be afraid—come with me! I'm Hetty Flint—you know me—I'd like to see the creature, man or woman, that wouldn't be good to you when I'm around."

"Goot, very goot!" pronounced Hans, striking his palms softly together. "I can leave her with you, Miss Heety—the small one is safe under your care, *hein?*"

"Safe?" shouted Hetty. "Look here, Hans Dutchman—do you see these two hands—do you?"

She stretched them out, and the sleeves, loosened for convenience while at her work, fell back, revealing arms so beautifully shaped though brown from exposure, that Hans's artist eye was delighted.

"*Ja, ja!*" said he.

"You do see them? Very well, I'd have 'em both cut off if it would do that child a speck of good!" continued Hetty, slowly nodding her head between each word to give additional emphasis. "I'd use 'em to carry her miles and miles—through fire and water, but what I'd find a place for her to be happy in—and I mean it every bit, Hans Dutchman."

"I know you did," cried Hans, enthusiastically; "I know you did."

Hetty took Valery to her heart again; told her over and over how glad she was to see her; how much she loved her; how long she had hoped for her coming, and the gush of womanly tenderness

was so oddly at variance with her late fiery demeanour that the old man laughed and cried at once from pleasure and sympathy.

"Let's go in now," she said. "Say good-bye to Hans, and thank you too! I know John Brent 'll be glad to settle with you for the trouble, Dutchman."

"Ah, no, no!" pleaded Hans. "It makes me so happy to have see the small one—if she shake hands, I like that."

"Lift me up, Hetty," said Valery.

Hetty raised her up on the waggon-seat: Valery flung both arms about the old man's neck, and kissed him on either cheek.

"I love you so much," she said gratefully; "so much!"

Hans was completely melted, and won Hetty's golden opinions from that minute.

"Come over and visit us while you're staying at the Corners," urged she; "we'll all be glad to see you, take my word for it."

She lifted Valery down and took her hand to lead her toward the house.

"Good-bye, Hans," Valery said, "good-bye, dear Hans."

The wood-carver drove slowly off, looking back at her with eyes that were misty with tears, and Valery allowed Hetty to draw her on. When they reached the porch the girl called in a loud, cheerful tone, "Mrs. Brent, Mrs. Brent!"

The eager summons brought out of the dwelling a tall middle-aged woman, so grim and stern of aspect that Valery shrunk closer to her companion's side, not even daring to glance a second time at the face which regarded her in such cold surprise, with some deeper emotion stirring under its firmness.

"Here's little Valery come to see us," pursued Hetty volubly. "She's awfully afraid we won't be glad to see her, so kiss her right off."

Susan Brent retreated a step, and the ashen grey of her features deepened; she put out her hand for support against one of the rustic posts of the verandah, breathing hard like a person fatigued by violent exertion.

"It's little Valery," continued Hetty, a sudden anxiety trembling through the forced cheerfulness of her voice. "Hasn't she grown? Come all the way with old Hans Dutchman to see us."

"Valery come," returned Susan Brent, in a low, stern tone. "Who sent her to this house?"

"Don't!" was Hetty's answer, pronounced only by the motion



of her lips, unperceived by the child. "Kiss your Aunt Susan, Valery—she can't believe it's you, she's so surprised."

Valery released her hold of Hetty's hand and walked up the steps, trying with a restraint beyond her age for composure, while Susan Brent stood silent, that pale, grief-worn countenance shaken out of the apathy which had grown its habitual expression into a pang of keen suffering which left her incapable of speech or movement.

"Please let me stay in your house," said Valery, repeating the words she had said over and over to herself during her journey; "I'll be good. I haven't got any home now—may I stay?"

"Hasn't got any home, Hetty Flint!" exclaimed Susan, in chilly wonder and a voice hoarse with pain. "Isn't the world wide enough for all of them and me——"

"Hush!" interrupted Hetty. "Come here a minute—let me tell you."

She gave an encouraging sign to Valery, and drew Susan into the house, told the story she had gathered from Valery's account, adding, after a renewed utterance of her wish that Mrs. Conway could be placed for a single instant within her reach,—

"Miss Dorothy will be sure to send for her as soon as that wretch is gone—don't make the poor little thing suffer any more."

"I won't, Hetty, I won't," groaned Susan. "But it's only the beginning—only the beginning! She's got to bear it—to have it grow worse year by year. Oh, Hetty, why couldn't she have died that black night she came into the world—died and got rid of it all?"

"I don't know, but God does," sobbed Hetty; "that's all I can say. Come and tell her you're glad to see her, Susan—she's such a sensitive little thing—there she is shaking like a leaf."

"How can I say it? Oh, haven't I suffered enough—haven't I borne enough—am I never to have a grain of mercy shown me?" moaned Susan, flinging up her arms in a sudden burst of anguish that fairly startled Hetty from its contrast with her usual apathetic composure.

At that instant from the room above floated down the broken notes of a low sad song—Lucy singing to herself in the quiet of her chamber, so softly, so sweetly, that it was like the echo of the angelic voices good men have sometimes been allowed to hear in their dying visions. Susan Brent dropped into a chair, threw her apron over her head and cried silently for many moments, and Hetty

wisely left her to weep away her unwonted emotion. She stepped back upon the porch where Valery stood eagerly gazing in at the woman. The child lifted her agitated, apprehensive face, saying in a whisper,—

“Is she sorry I have come—don’t she like me, Hetty?”

“Yes, yes,” returned Hetty, “she loves you, and so do I, but she’s thinking about your mother! Don’t say a word, pretty soon she will stop crying.”

After awhile Susan drew the apron from her eyes, wiped the tears from her cheeks, and rose slowly, moving feebly like an aged person; but she stretched her hand toward the child saying,—

“You did right to come, Valery—you did quite right.”

“May I kiss you? Hetty says you are my aunt,” returned Valery. Susan struggled perceptibly with herself, then stooped and allowed the little girl’s lips to touch her cheek.

“If they weren’t his eyes,” Hetty heard her mutter; “if they weren’t his eyes!”

“Now, then,” said the girl, eager to bring matters down to a more common-place footing; “Valery must have something to eat, then she and I will go out to the barn and hunt hens’ nests! Come on, Valery, this is the way to the pantry, and I tell you there’s some cookies there will make your mouth water.”

“Yes, go with Hetty,” Susan said.

“You’re not sorry I came—are you?” urged Valery.

“No, I’m not sorry,” answered Susan. “Oh, Hetty, take her away—I mean, she must be hungry;—go, Hetty.”

Hetty knew that the woman could bear nothing further; she caught Valery in her arms, and danced away with her towards the pantry, affecting a lightness of heart which she was far from feeling.

Without warning, that soft, phantom-like melody floated through the house again, faint and tremulous as the notes of an æolian harp.

“Hark!” exclaimed Valery. “Oh, Hetty, what is that?”

“The wind, like enough,” returned Hetty, uttering the equivocation with perfect composure. “You never know what the wind may do.”

“It’s so beautiful,” whispered Valery, in a low, awe-stricken voice. “I never heard the wind sound like that, Hetty.”

“If you don’t look out I shall get all the cookies,” said Hetty, setting the child down, and running before her into the pantry.

"You'd better be quick—I'm a dreadful one to eat when I once begin."

Presently Susan called from the outer room,—

"Hetty, I promised Mrs. Miller to come over and see how her baby got on; I'm going now."

"That's right," returned Hetty, very much accustomed, young as she was, to finding her verdict of importance in the household upon all matters. "It'll do you good to run out awhile. If the baby's no better and they want somebody to sit up to-night, tell Mrs. Miller to send for me."

The fact that it was the busy season of the year with farm people, and that she must begin her labour by five o'clock the next morning, made no difference in Hetty's willingness to spend the whole night watching a sick child, if it was in the least necessary.

"I should think you had enough to do," Susan said.

"Oh, good gracious, not half to keep me from getting moth-eaten," replied Hetty, showing her laughing face in the doorway.

Mrs. Brent had put on her sun-bonnet, and stood listlessly in the centre of the room, not looking at Hetty, apparently not hearing what she said. Two or three times she walked about pushing a chair into its place, brushing imaginary specks of dust from the table, but in an absent, mechanical fashion which often irritated energetic Hetty. Finally, she sat down in a corner, and her hands dropped wearily upon her knees, her whole frame collapsed and shrank together till she seemed an old, old woman. The habit was growing upon her daily; she would sit so for hours unless Hetty roused her, which she was never slow to do if she could propose any thing which might interest Susan or take her out of her dreary thoughts.

"I'd go while it's pleasant," said Hetty; "as likely as not we'll have a shower before the afternoon is over."

Susan looked up wonderingly.

"I've actually forgot what I meant to do," returned she. "I get worse and worse every day, Hetty; I declare, I don't remember much better than that poor soul up-stairs."

"You have so many things to think of," said Hetty; "you don't let me do half enough. Now, go over to Mrs. Miller's—she won't be easy till you've told her what you think about the baby."

"O yes, that was it," replied Susan, rising and walking slowly toward the outer door.

"Where is she going?" she heard Valery ask from the pantry.



"It's just like his voice," muttered the woman; "Oh, it seems as if it would strike me deaf and blind every time I hear it!"

She quickened her pace, but on the threshold of the porch turned and looked at Hetty, her features working nervously.

"I'm a wicked woman," she said in a low tone, as the girl went forward to meet her. "O Hetty, Hetty, I try, but I can't help it—I can't! Be good to her—make her feel at home—I won't act so when I get back."

She walked away down the steps, and Hetty stood watching her as she passed along the flower-bordered path which led to the gate.

"Well," said the girl to herself, "I don't know! When I look at Susan Brent and mother I'm ready to be a Universalist, and think people get discipline enough in this world; but when I think about folks like that Philip Conway—and his wife's worse—then, if there's not some place for scorching, I don't see how you're going to make things even!"

"Are you there, Hetty?" called Valery.

"There, and here, and all over," cried Hetty, cheerfully. "I haven't got the dinner dishes washed yet. Come out into the kitchen when you've finished your bread and milk."

She departed into the regions at the back of the house, and Valery soon followed. While Hetty did her work, as usual at lightning speed, the two held an animated conversation and enjoyed themselves immensely.

## RUSSIAN FOLKLORE.

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FOLKLORE is not an inviting title for an article. The name alarms a good many sensible persons, who have not the time to wander back into the misty past, and who find it hard enough to know even a little of the daily discoveries of modern science. Yet Folklore is a branch of an important department of history. There is a stange tenacity on the part of the people as respects the observances of the past, that is scarcely duly appreciated even by the learned. The stone that tells of the fame of some hero of former days sometimes reveals to the eye of science a far more venerable record of by-gone ages. Embedded in it, may be detected the fossil form of what once was a living organism in the days when the earth was young, and man was not. If the rocks have their stony records, humanity has also its unwritten history. The eye of science detects the fossil form of the faith and the festivals of primeval man, in the unmeaning observances and superstitions of the people. "Custom is the king of men," said the father of history. Herodotus saw, what the world is only now beginning to see, that history should not be made up only of politics, and of the good and bad deeds of kings and statesmen, but that it should be a picture of the life of the people. His gossiping narrative is most valuable where it has appeared to critics most trivial. The dresses, the festivals, the manners of daily life of the million, all were photographed by him, and survive, when the great deeds of great heroes are lost sight of.

Herodotus did not limit his researches to what is popularly known now as "Folklore," but depicted the calendars, festivals, religious observances, creeds, and traditions of the great nations of his day. It has been suggested that this branch of science, for such it is entitled to be termed, should be called "*Ethology*." If we have "*Ethnology*," why not *Ethology*? *Ethics*, derived from the same root, has now a limited and restricted meaning.

If Geology is able to unfold to the eye of those who can read "the testimony of the rocks," the history of myriads of years, the science of Ethology will yet decipher the fossil memorials that linger in the observances and social life of the million.

Mr. Ralston's work is peculiarly interesting, as it opens up a field which has been practically closed against English inquirers. Marriage customs, funeral rites, and various festivals, are all charmingly illustrated by the songs of the Russian people, and by very interesting notes by the author. An examination of the Russian authorities which he quotes, will show the great attention paid to such matters in Russia, and the very commendable energy and learning that have been devoted by Mr. Ralston to his task. As specimens of poetry, some of the extracts are very interesting, though they hardly seem to compare with the popular songs of more southern nations. We must not, however, attempt to judge of the poetry of the Russian people by this work, for the songs are merely introduced in order to explain the manners and observances of the peasantry. We trust that the author will at some future day produce a version of the most interesting *builinas* and poems that are in vogue among the Russians. In the mean time we accept his work rather as a tribute to science than to poetry, and are not inclined to be ungrateful.

Mr. Ralston's work may at first glance disappoint the reader, for the songs of the Russian people occupy a very secondary position in his volume; but if it does not give all that he promises, he supplies us with something that is of even greater interest. We can sympathize with the author in the difficulty he must have experienced in selecting a suitable name for his most valuable and interesting work. It is, in fact, a very charming archæological treatise on the customs, superstitions and traditions of the Russian people. To have called the work "Russian Folklore, as illustrated by the Songs of the Peasantry," would have deterred thousands from reading a treatise which the more acceptable title selected by Mr. Ralston has made attractive to the public.

The most interesting traditions referred to by him are those relating to the Island of Buyan, the far Island of Atlantis of the Slavonic races. It appears in the Chinese traditions as the White Island of the West; and among the North American Indians it is the land of the blessed, the happy hunting-grounds of the Far West. In it are the white stone of Alatur and the home of the goddess of love.



It is most interesting to note, how general is the belief throughout the world that Paradise is an island.

From China to Britain there linger still primeval traditions that the ancestors of the human race came from islands; and learned treatises, from the days of Plato to the present, have discussed this universal belief. "Ne trouvez-vous pas, Monsieur," says a celebrated French philosopher, "quelque chose de singulier dans cet amour des anciens pour les îles? Tout ce qu'il y a de sacré, de grand, et d'antique s'y est passé; pourquoi les habitans du continent ont-ils donné cet avantage aux îles sur le continent même<sup>1</sup>?"

Davies, in his "Celtic Researches," has tried, with commendable patriotism, to prove that Britain was the Island of the Blessed, to which these traditions all pointed. Candour compels us, however, to remember an unpleasant offset to this, in the belief that existed in ancient Gaul, that the British Channel was the *Styx*, and that a ferry-boat daily carried over the souls of the departed as expeditiously as the proposed tunnel is likely to transport the living from the continent, to the land of mists and ghosts.

It is possible that Sir Henry Rawlinson's researches into the locality of Eden, which he places near the Euphrates, will hardly receive much confirmation when tested by these wide-spread traditions.

Most interesting are the popular superstitions as to the influence of the dead in the affairs of the living. The hearth is the altar, and the spirits of the dead linger near the domestic shrine, and at times share in the sorrows and the pleasures of their former homes.

The reader cannot fail to be struck with the sorrow that seems to be entailed upon fair damsels in Russia by the prospect of matrimony. We can easily understand that in a semi-savage state of society the marriage-bed is any thing but a bed of roses. The wife of the savage is generally a beast of burden, who toils and plants, while her red lord is dreamily dozing away the hours that are not devoted to war or the chase. Among rude races women are held to belong to an inferior order, and to be a pollution at sacred feasts. Hence in South Africa and in the New World the women are excluded from any participation in sacred rites. It can easily be understood how ideas suggested by the degraded social condition of women in a savage state should survive the barbarism that gave rise to them,

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<sup>1</sup> Lettres sur les Atlantides, par M. Bailly, p. 361.

and should linger on, when there is nothing apparently to account for their origin. To this cause we may attribute the peculiar ideas of the Jews as respects women; and when we remember the amenities of matrimony among savages, we can comprehend the causes that made marriage a matter of purchase or of force, and that gave rise to wife-capture as a mode of courtship. When an Australian beauty is *smitten* it is by aid of a boomerang. An impression is made, not on her heart, but on her head. To carry off a bride without first stunning her, would be a grave reflection on the successful suitor. In Russia the purchase of the bride is a formal and serious affair. Her *kosá*, or plait of hair worn only by maidens, pays the penalty, and is cut off and sold:—

“Not for gold do I mourn,  
Nor mourn I for bright silver;  
For one thing only do I mourn—  
For the maidenly beauty  
Of my ruddy *kosá*.”

The intending purchaser stands at the door and bows to the company. Then he tries to get at the *kosá*, but the girls keep him off, while the bride weeps and sobs. Turning to her brother, or to one of the girls who represents him, she entreats him to defend her, and not to sell her *kosá*; or, at all events, not to sell it too cheaply.

The girls sing,—

“Stand to it, brother!  
Brother, hold out!  
Sell not thy sister  
For a rouble, for gold.”

The answer is a very shocking one, in an age like this, when *matrimony* is never synonymous with a *matter of money*,—

“Dear to a brother is a sister,  
But dearer still is gold.”

We must turn now from the feigned woes of the young bride to the touching laments of the Russian peasantry for the dead, one of which strikes us as being most truly poetic.

A commemoration of the dead, called *Pomniki*, is held on the 20th of April. The date is somewhat remarkable, as this festival, though in some parts of the world held in February or August, is more usually observed at the season of our All Souls. It is probable that the Roman festival of the dead, the *Lemuria*

described by Ovid as occurring early in May, may have been derived from the same source as the Russian observance. It would, however, appear that among the Celts the same season of the year was associated with a commemoration of the dead, as the Irish peasant believes that witches, ghosts, and evil spirits are abroad on the eve of May-day. Hallow-eve, however, was, and still is, associated more especially with the memory of the dead.

The following is one of the laments which is poured forth over the graves of the dead :—

“ Oh ye, our fathers and mothers, in what have we angered you, that you have no welcome for us, no joy, no parental charm ?

“ Oh thou sun, bright sun ! Rise, rise at midnight, make bright with joyous light all the graves, so that our departed ones may not sit in darkness, nor languish in woe, nor endure endless longing.

“ Oh thou moon, bright moon ! Rise, rise at eventide, make bright with joyous light all the graves, so that the departed may not in darkness consume their bold hearts, nor in the darkness go sorrowing about the white world, nor in the darkness pour forth burning tears to their dear children.

“ And, O wind, wild wind ! do thou arise, arise at midnight, bring to our dear departed the welcome tidings, that for them all their kinsmen are painfully longing, that on account of them all their kinswomen are steeped in sorrow.”

Mr. Ralston also gives us the lament of an orphan, with which we must conclude this brief notice of his very interesting work :—

“ The red sun burns in the midst of the hot summer, but it heats not ; scarcely does it warm us, oh green mother-grave ! Have a care for us, mother dear ; give us a word of kindness ! No ; thou hast hardened thy heart harder than stone, and hast folded thy uncaressing hands over thy heart.

“ Oh my white cygnet ! for what journey hast thou prepared and equipped thyself ; from which side may we expect thee ?

“ Arise, oh ye wild winds, from all sides ! Be ye borne, oh ye winds, into the Church of God. Sweep open the moist earth ! Strike, oh wild winds, on the great bell ! Will not its voice and sound awaken words of kindness ?”



## THE WORLD-OLD STORY.

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AH, me ! for an old sweet story,  
 That was told when the world was young ;  
 So sweet that the echoes grew silent  
 And Time on its accents hung.  
 So sweet ! The rivulets listen'd  
 And carried its burden away,  
 And told it again to the south wind,  
 Wooing the summer to stay.  
 So sweet, that the glad birds sang it  
 To the sunbeams chasing the hours ;  
 And the forests heard, and the leaflets  
 Whisper'd it down to the flowers.

Ah me, for that old sweet story  
 The spirit of music was stirr'd,  
 And raptur'd said, " I will lend it  
 A melody yet unheard !"  
 And poets and minstrels have sung it,  
 And monarchs have own'd its sway,  
 And sorrow has fled from its presence,  
 And anger has died away.  
 E'en Beauty has bent to listen :  
 The proudest have thrill'd to its tone,  
 And found in that old sweet story  
 A happiness all its own.<sup>1</sup>

REA.

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<sup>1</sup> Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. will publish these words set to music.

## UNDER THE RED CROSS.

BY THE AUTHORESSES OF "OUR ADVENTURES IN THE WAR."

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### CHAPTER VII.

#### GENERAL REMARKS.

WE have now traced Red Cross work from its earliest beginnings, through long years of history, down to its full development under the Geneva Convention, when neutral nations first took a recognized position.

It is a difficult question how far neutral aid should go, and whether or not it tends to prolong war;—a question yet unanswered, and which deserves most serious consideration.

An admirable letter, written by Dr. Sutherland, and embodied in the Report of our National Society, contains very valuable opinions on this point, and others connected with the work. It is founded on his *résumé* of the correspondence and experience of various agents and workers sent out by the Society. It is both difficult and expensive to procure this Report, as it was not sent round to the Branch Committees, as it should have been, nor to private subscribers, and therefore we shall not scruple to quote largely from it.

Now, with reference to neutral work, Dr. Sutherland says (page 175),—

"It is a well-known fact, that the number of sick and wounded belonging to an army has in times past been a very important consideration in carrying out military movements; and, moreover, that the moral aspect produced by the amount of inefficiency from this cause has entered as an element into strategic questions. Have the benevolent efforts of neutrals, in relieving so large an amount of suffering, been instrumental in freeing combatants from their difficulties? A medical officer, who was with both armies during the war, has stated to me his experience under these heads, as follows:—'I have no doubt whatever that international aid, whether given in personal service, in kind, or in money, especially the last and the first, really contributes towards the work of the war; and that, although on the side of humanity, both sides benefit, the victor derives

in addition a military advantage. The personal services and stores from various countries, so promptly tendered at the very outset of the war, very much facilitated the rapid movements of the German armies, and contributed to their war-like successes. I firmly believe that the German armies did not halt or delay an hour on account of their sick or wounded, although in such enormous numbers. The general spirit of kindness and charity on the part of the French inhabitants, and the swarms of volunteers, relieved the army from all anxiety on that head.'

"The points here raised appear to require discussion. The Geneva Convention was intended solely for the relief of suffering. It was never intended to add a new element of efficiency to armies; still less to aid the victor. It appears to be doubtful whether it has not led to all three results."

An instance of this may be given. General Von Wittich sent a letter of thanks to Surgeon Manley, commanding the B division of the War Office Ambulance, *attached to the 22nd division of the German army*, for services rendered during the battles before Orléans in the first week of December, 1870. In it is this passage:—

"Receive our heartfelt thanks for your most valuable aid given to us in the moment of our great need, when our own Ambulances were not forthcoming."

Why not, with the superb organization of the Prussian medical service, and their swarms of "Krankenträger"? Evidently, because the General was too wise to expend his stores of medicine and material, and expose his medical staff to danger and hardship, when he could get the work done for him at the cost of rations and forage, England supplying the rest.

We ourselves saw, during the months of December and January, a long train of Ambulance waggons, stored with every requisite, standing on the Boulevard at Orléans, near the church of St. Euverte. They were guarded by a few sentries, but horses and drivers were all gone to the front with the guns and ammunition-waggons; and the soldiers on being questioned as to why the Ambulance remained useless there, with fighting going on near Le Mans, said, "It was because the English Ambulance was with their division, and therefore they were not wanted."

Again, to give money to the Central Committee of the belligerent powers is only sparing to those nations what they must otherwise have expended on their wounded. The 40,000*l.* given by England and divided between Prince Pless and General Trochu is a case in point. No account whatever has been given as to how the German half was expended; and the 20,000*l.* which went into Paris was spent in clothing and luxuries.

Sarcy, in his "Paris, during the Siege," speaks of the wealth of



the two great Societies—the International, and the Ambulances of the Press; they were originally formed to assist all France, and being shut up in Paris, and unable to send out money and stores to the Ambulances in the provinces, they always remained rich, their powers being concentrated on Paris alone. “Paris was well able to support them,” Sarcey tells us, and goes on to say,—

“Not a single benevolent work appealed to the public in vain. The Hospitals and Ambulances teemed with sheets, towels, and linen of every kind. We have lint enough for ten years, one doctor told me. When the cold set in, a society was formed for giving the soldiers warm clothing; it had but to insert an advertisement in the papers, and flannel, cloth, and eider-down poured on all sides. After the great battles of Villiers and Champigny it was feared that there would not be enough beds for the wounded, and the Parisians were asked to receive the convalescents, who would make room for the new-comers. The next day there were more than 20,000 offers made at the Préfecture de Police. A host of private families, some for feeding the needy, others for giving employment, sprung up in all quarters of the capital.”

This is all most noble and praiseworthy, most deserving of assistance, had it been needed; but it was not.

The story of this 40,000*l.* is, that the Germans requested a gift of 10,000*l.* in aid of their wounded. It was against the laws of our Society to give more to one belligerent than to the other, so it was necessary to give it to the French as well; and the Committee, wishing to be very magnificent, doubled the sum, and sent 20,000*l.* to be locked up in Paris, and 20,000*l.* to be taken charge of by Prince Pless.

Early in September, they had been warned in a letter from a very distinguished officer to send no money to either side; he wrote from the seat of war, and he clearly saw that to do so was only saving the military chest of the contending nations. It was certainly a hazardous proceeding to place so large a sum in the hands of belligerent committees; for, at all events, even if they had the honesty to appropriate it solely for the purpose for which it was intended, it set free a corresponding amount (if they had it) to be expended, as they had a right to expend their own money, on the comforts which kept their fighting men in good condition: and this argument applies to all money given to central or local committees to expend as they choose.

The same may be said of stores. It has been already stated that the Prussian Knights of St. John gave relief to the troops under arms. Sutherland remarks (page 151),—

“But it is quite understood by the German societies that the Johanniter

may, when occasion arises, administer to the necessities of healthy men going to the front. In certain matters there is thus a certain community of goods between the sick and the healthy; and there would be no security that blankets, warm clothing, and other things made over by a neutral society to the stores of the Johanniter, might not go directly, or at all events indirectly, to a quite different destination than the one for which they were intended."

It was thus it happened many times during the war, and the same danger of misappropriation occurs in leaving money or stores with military Ambulances.

No money should be given to belligerent Committees, and all stores should be distributed by agents of the Neutral Committee to every individual, hospital, or Ambulance, almost day by day, and from personal inspection, just what they want, when they want it, and no more and no longer. It has been said that the assistance given by England to Germany sent 20,000 fighting men to the front, and taking all things into consideration, it does not seem an exaggerated statement; and, while large sums of money are given and stores sent to be distributed at the will of the conqueror, such suspicions, even if unjust, will arise.

Neither should surgical instruments be given to any military surgeon of the combatant forces. We saw at Orléans, in the early spring of 1871, many cases of instruments which had been given to military surgeons in August, new and untouched, kept for private practice in Germany. If the surgical instruments become blunted or destroyed by use, they should be replaced at the cost of the medical department. It is not the business of neutrals to spare expense to Governments involved in war.

Under the head of improper relief may be classed reserve Hospitals, that is to say Hospitals at a distance from the actual seat of war. On this subject Dr. Sutherland says,—

"Was it justifiable to send money and supplies to reserve Hospitals and Ambulances in Germany? There was no war in Germany. Reserve Hospitals and Ambulances are part of the military system of the country. How far is it the duty of a neutral society to take upon themselves any part of the burden of a Government?"

"Again, the war was all on French territory, the support of reserve Hospitals in France falls on the Government. Did the existence of war within French territory justify the neutral societies in aiding those Hospitals?"

"There were Prussian sick and wounded in French Hospitals, but the proportion of French wounded in German Hospitals was far greater. The reply to these questions will be best reached by deciding what neutral societies ought not to do.

*"I have found no reason in any part of the correspondence to justify a neutral society in building or equipping reserve Hospitals any where."*

Now we did this largely during the last war. At Hanau, there was an Hospital in charge of Drs. Welsh and Dorin, but there was already sufficient hospital accommodation and assistance of every kind, and they only received 265 cases.

A temporary Hospital was constructed at Bingen, which did not last long. It consisted of a number of tents set on "a windy hill;" one night they caught fire and were burnt down, and it is said that seven men perished in the flames. The money expended on this unfortunate failure was about 10,000*l.* but as no want of stores or help existed any where in Germany, they had no business to be there at all. 172 cases were received during the ten weeks the tents were up, at an expense of over 60*l.* a case, or 6*l.* per week each man; our English hospitals average about 30*l.* a bed per annum.

At Darmstadt Dr. Mayo received authority from the Hessian Government to establish a military Hospital of 100 beds, a payment of half a thaler (about 1*s.* 6*d.*) per day being made for each patient, while all the cost of beds, bedding, and fittings, besides food, medicine, and clothing, was to be defrayed by the English Society. 710 cases were treated here, and the expense must have been enormous, but no details are given in the report.

This was a most improper use of money given in charity. If an Hospital was wanted there at all, the Government should have paid for it.

These are the most glaring instances of this mistake, but the relief given to many other Hospitals in France as well as Germany, for instance, Saarbruck, Dusseldorf, Bordeaux, Chalons, and Epernay, all may come in the same category.

One remark may be made on the paragraph of Dr. Sutherland's letter, in which he speaks of the number of French wounded in German Hospitals. The answer to this is:—"They had no right to be there." It was a breach of the sixth article of the Geneva Convention, which says of wounded men:—"Those who are recognized after they are healed as incapable of serving shall be sent to their country. The others may also be sent back on condition of not bearing arms during the continuance of the war."

There were hundreds and thousands of wounded in this condition, incapable (even if not amputated men) of serving at any rate for



many years; and not only that, but there were thousands belonging to the occupied provinces, where, if they had been sent back to their homes, they would have been safe under German surveillance, and unable to leave their cities and villages. If the Germans chose to encumber themselves with these poor fellows, they ought to pay for them, but they have exacted a certain sum from France for the maintenance of every prisoner, which includes the wounded.

And again, the argument that on this score the Germans required large assistance is utterly fallacious. They had thousands of wounded on French soil, if not in French Hospitals, at least in the best buildings every where, which they took possession of for their Ambulances, needless to say, rent free.

We must understand to how great an amount the system of requisition was carried out, to comprehend that literally the French nursed all the German wounded in their land, *at their own expense*.

Every German in France had a right to quarters and rations, provided by the Préfets of the Department and the Mairies of the Communes (or parishes): of course this included the wounded. Every morning a requisition paper was sent in from every Hospital and Ambulance, requiring a certain weight of bread, meat, vegetables, coffee, sugar, wine, and firewood, for each man in the establishment, the working staff included, and to this was very often added a demand for poultry, eggs, and various delicacies.

The bedsteads and bedding were all "required," and so were the medicines, surgical instruments, and other stores, a receipt being given for a certain amount to each tradesman, to be paid by the Mairie of the place after the war. This system was the ruin of many a poor chemist, cutler, butcher, and baker, and if ever they are paid, it will have to be by heavy local taxation, which will have to come out of their own pockets.

When to this is added the overflowing stores of the Knights of St. John, it may easily be seen how very cheaply the German wounded were nursed in France.

And now we will turn to another branch of the subject, Neutral Ambulances.

The best work during the late war was done by small civilian Ambulances, such as the Anglo-American, Mdlle. Monod's, and those from Belgium and Switzerland. The fate of the War Office Ambulance is an illustration of this fact. The cost of fitting out this

Ambulance was 35,000*l*. It consisted of 12 army medical officers, and 25 hospital corps men, besides drivers and servants, 8 Ambulance waggons, and 12 store-waggons. It was to go to Versailles, and we were even shown in the Chateau the rooms allotted it; but it was too large and too military not to excite jealousy on the part of the Germans and distrust on that of the French. To the very last, even after the peace, there was no persuading either the officials or the populace that it was not German "*pur et simple*," and no wonder, when its directors were always attached to some German Army Corps, and its officers messed with the Germans. Not that they were well treated by these latter, as we shall see.

On the evening of the 16th of October they arrived at Rouen, in number 108 men!. On the 18th they started for Versailles, by order of Colonel Loyd Lindsay, who had encountered them at Rouen. On the 21st they arrived at a village called Moule, where they halted whilst Drs. Guy and Porter went on to Versailles. Prince Pless declined their services then, and referred them to General Von Roon, the Minister-at-War, saying that they were a military organization. The General declined their services, on the ground that they were not wanted there, and that they must go to St. Germain. There they stayed some days, and at last obtained permission to establish an Hospital entirely under Prussian medical authorities. Now began the usual diversity of opinion between English and foreign treatment; and at last Mr. Manley, R.A., who was in charge, most sensibly came to the conclusion, as he says in his letter, page 131 of the Report,—

"That if we had continued to work under this supervision I conceive that we should have been taking the pay of the Aid Society, by whom we were employed, under a false pretence, as it must at once appear to any one that our services thus employed were not only of little good, but that we were not doing the work for which the Society had called us into existence."

He wrote to Dr. Guy, who remonstrated with the German medical authorities, but in vain, and the Ambulance prepared to leave St. Germain, the Germans taking possession of all the bedding and fittings.

Thus three weeks had been wasted in useless work, at an enormous weekly cost, to say nothing of the stores left behind. Mr. Manley says, "It cannot be denied that the sending us to Versailles and St. Germain was a mistake." A very costly one, it must be allowed.

After this the Ambulance was divided into three parts; the B division, under Surgeon Manley, was attached to the 22nd division of the Prussian Army, and accompanied it on the march. The A division, under Dr. Guy, was sent to Beaune le Roland, under the orders of the Prince of Hesse, where they took charge of 300 French wounded, many of whom were sent on to our Ambulance at Orléans during the armistice: and the C division, under Dr. Ball, was established in the old Castle at Blois. The Ambulance served from the 7th of November to the 7th of March, having been four months in the field.

The A division, by its returns, had charge in all of 754 patients. No return is made by the others, and it is a great question whether, however devoted and gallant were the individual members of this Ambulance, it did service commensurate with the cost of 35,000*l*., and high weekly expences. It went out furnished with every new invention, and a list of necessary stores was sent in which even Colonel Loyd Lindsay acknowledges was "quite appalling." It has been suggested that it was a great experiment, to see how Ambulance work should be carried on, when, if ever (which God forbid) England goes to war. If this is true it certainly is not the end for which so much hardly earned money was subscribed. Government, not charity, should pay for experiments; but however this may be, it is certain that it became solely and simply an addition to the medical department of the German army. This seems but natural, considering its entirely military organization.

Dr. Marion Sims in his letter says (page 105),—

"I would organize an Ambulance as follows: One surgeon-in-chief, two or three surgeons, dressers in proportion, and three or four women nurses. I would pick up *Infirmiers* wherever they were needed. . . . It would be better to send out several small Ambulances thus organized than one too large and unwieldy."

Experience has proved that this is the best and most practical form of Ambulance. Under the system of requisition, the presence of a large body of men and horses presses hardly on the inhabitants, who have to provide quarters, rations, and forage. Neutrals should never accept them gratis, but pay for them in ready money, thus becoming a source of relief rather than oppression to the inhabitants. It is to be regretted that we did not do this in the last war. Nor is it wise to bring together large bodies of young men under all the licence of a state of war. Too many went out from other motives than those of charity,—for profit (they were paid 2*l*s. per day), for



practice in scientific surgery, or for the love of excitement. All did their duty well, but the desire of practice in operations by no means leads to conservative surgery.

The Belgian Ambulances, of which we spoke in our last chapter, give us a good idea of the class of persons who should be sent on this service. "Place aux dames!" The indispensable value of female nursing is now-a-days nowhere denied, and it has been proved even on the battle-field during the wars in America, Italy, and that of 1870-71. The three or four women who should accompany each Ambulance should possess different qualifications, so as to utilise all the means of success to be found about them. There should be one in charge to superintend all, and communicate with the superior authorities. She must of course speak the languages of the belligerents fluently, and be able to read to and write for the wounded, and to see that all her companions, and those under them, carry out the orders they have received, and be able also herself to take up any part of the work, in case of the absence or illness of the others.

The next should be a trained nurse, to take charge of the wards and superintend the Infirmiers and hired assistants. She too should be able to speak to the wounded in their native tongue.

The third should have charge of the stores, and keep an account of all that is given out; whilst the fourth should take command of the cooking and laundry departments.

It is needless to say that all must be women of education and energy, able to hold their own, whilst strictly submissive to the Surgeon-in-Chief, and willing to carry into effect not only all his orders, but all his plans for the improvement of the actual situation. Four is a better number than three or even two, as, in case of illness or necessary work dividing the Ambulance, no one lady would be left alone.

It is a great mistake to rely on the assistance of the Sisters of Mercy, or of any other religious order, in any country. We forget, in so doing, that all sisterhoods are not *nursing* ones. The sisterhood of St. Aignan, at Orléans, out of 60 of its members in the city, had but one, really competent to nurse a wounded man. Five or six more were hastily trained for the emergency. Besides this every sister has her own allotted sphere of action with the parish or the schools, or if nurses with the civil hospitals; and to take them away in any large number, creates much pressure of work on the others,

or neglect of important duties. Very few can speak any language except their own, and, kind and good as they are, this was a sad drawback in the case of nursing foreign soldiers.

Mr. Parker, in his letter from Orléans, differs from Drs. Sims, Frank, and Davis, and by no means advocates female assistance, giving as an instance that at Orléans "the kindness of the sisters who helped to nurse the Bavarian wounded was little appreciated." But he does not mention, and perhaps did not know what we did, that the two poor little sisters in question were merely young, inexperienced, and uneducated girls. They belonged to a nursing sisterhood, under an English Mother Superior, who had an Ambulance of her own, and was about to open another, when she was requested to give the services of two or three sisters. She consented most unwillingly, having sundry qualms of conscience as to the propriety of throwing her young sisters amongst a number of young men, and by so doing was obliged to relinquish the plan of opening her other house for wounded, being short-handed. She sent for us to do it, but we had three Ambulances already on our hands, and five other applications in Orléans alone. She often confided to us her regrets on the point. The Caserne St. Charles, at Orléans, was taken up by the Anglo-American Ambulance, but they had no one to organize the female nurses, women hired out of the city, and the Caserne was given up.

Here are cases in point. How comparatively few members of sisterhoods are competent nurses! When they are, how few can be rightly spared to neutral Ambulances, and fewer still be valuable assistants from want of education in foreign languages.

The assistance on the spot must be utilised. To do this women must be sent out with more than mere nursing qualifications—women accustomed to train their servants into the ways of a household, good linguists, active and cheerful.

Ambulances formed on Dr. Sims's plan, with women such as these to accompany them, will hereafter do great things.

As a rule, English Sisters of Mercy are not very gay and lively. Now this is indispensable in nursing the wounded, especially foreigners. Cheerful conversation on the passing events of the day, or the aspect social and otherwise of their respective cities and villages, books of light reading, games of various sorts, music, and cigars, all formed an important element in French and German hospitals in the case of the long-suffering patients. It was a great point to

prevent nervous depression and a morbid turn of mind, and it gave an impetus to the zest for various amusements, if they were not only arranged but shared in by their nurses. It was a great pleasure to the poor fellows of both nations to talk about the books they were reading and the homes they had left, to refer some undecided point in a game to the superior authority of "the ladies," to be praised for their skill in winning, or consoled with for losing, but all this requires, both in surgeons and nurses, something beyond mere professional skill.

It does not seem that Anglican Sisters are quite fit for this peculiar work. Their grave faces and sombre dresses (more *outré* than those of the foreign Sisters), by no means tended to enliven the wards. In fact, two who passed twenty-four hours in the Caserne Asfelde, Sédan, objected so much to a cheerful (though carefully toned down) conversation at Dr. Marion Sims' breakfast-table, that they refused to "mess" again with him or the other ladies, on the ground "that it was frivolous and unfit for Sisters." It was impossible to arrange either a private bedroom or a private mess for these two Sisters, and they had to leave.

The truth is, Anglican Sisters are wonderfully unpliant; they are most hard-working and self-devoted (in fact, oppressively so); whilst Catholic Sisters can adapt themselves to circumstances, still preserving their own position and the respect so justly due to them.

Again, the very system of unquestioning obedience, the utter resignation of will, into the hands of their spiritual Director and "Reverend Mother," though doubtless very valuable training, and available in English hospitals, where only a daily routine of faithful service is required, is not a fit preparation for scenes where they may be temporarily obliged to judge and act for themselves, and where knowledge of the country, tact, and fertility of resource are absolutely required.

The women of the country were very kind, and anxious to be of use to the wounded of both nations alike, and thankful for the trifling remuneration they received of a franc and a half a day, and their food; but both they and the foreign Sisters required superintendence, to see that medical orders were carried out, and to prevent the giving of extra wine, fruit, and meat, to patients for whom these little luxuries were totally unfit.

For neutral nurses, to carry out the directions of foreign medical



men, and to see that though out of England the system of their own surgeons is faithfully followed, requires something more than mere mechanical obedience; and the experience of the last war has proved that lay-workers, headed by our own English Princesses, have shown themselves as courageous, as enduring, as regardless of personal comfort, as simple in their requirements, as obedient to the orders of the medical and ambulance officers in charge, and far more intelligent, than any Sister, Roman or Anglican. These latter (the Anglicans) worked well in Hospitals in the rear, where all was already arranged, and a large English staff, including their own spiritual Director and Mother Superior, on the spot to direct them; but, according to Dr. Sutherland, there should be no neutral assistance given in reserve Hospitals or after the first few days, and Anglican Sisters are not fitted to rough it in Ambulance work.

This brings clearly out one important point, that is to say, what very different qualifications are required from those who work in English Hospitals, or with English wounded, and from those who work with foreign wounded in a foreign land, and having to carry out what to them are novel systems of treatment. The constitution and habits of life of foreign soldiers differ entirely from those of our own army and from each other. The wine, beef, and beer, necessary to sustain a German patient would drive a French one into a raging fever; whilst, on the contrary, the weak potage, the *vin ordinaire*, and the beef stewed to rags with vegetables, which sufficed for a Frenchman's wants, would have been starvation to a German. When, after the battle of Coulmiers, so many Bavarian wounded were left to our care, and the French Mairie reduced the quantity of food granted to each man (French and German alike), we found it requisite to supplement the grant in the instance of our poor Bavarians, with extra meat and stronger wine, or the consequences would have been an increase of illness; but the French did just as well. Here we were obliged to act upon our own judgment, having only French surgeons who did not understand German constitutions, and who were content to rely upon our assurances, that English and Germans require more sustenance than French and Italians. It is therefore evident that those best suited to English Hospitals are possibly not those most useful in neutral Red Cross work.

To turn to another branch of the subject, we find all through the history of Ambulance work, how events have confirmed Baron Larrey's opinion, of the danger of massing together wounded near

the late scene of action. Paris, Metz, Sédan, and Orléans, were the great centres of wounded, and all were terribly infected. Epidemic disease broke out, not only amongst the military, but extended to civilians. Had the Geneva Convention been faithfully observed, and all the wounded who could be moved sent back to their homes, this would not have been the case. And very many more wounded can be moved than would appear possible at first sight. When on the 3rd December orders came down to our Ambulance to send off every man who could stir, as the Prussians were advancing, a wonderful amount of energy was displayed by the poor fellows. Some who had not left their beds for days were hastily dressed. Many new-comers, who ought to have been put to bed, were quickly bandaged up; and by the noon of Sunday, half-a-dozen legless individuals were all who remained of some 300! Their vacant places were too soon filled; but they were all sent off by train to the South, and for a few hours the wards remained empty.

Again, it must be observed, how ill suited are churches for Ambulances. There is no instance in which the wounded might not have been dispersed into other buildings after the first twenty-four hours. There is a great difficulty in at one and the same time warming and ventilating churches, especially those in towns and villages abroad, not furnished with stoves or hot-air pipes. They are too lofty, and the stone floors are very chilly. All sanitary arrangements are utterly wanting; no cooking can be done on the spot; and there is a general air of gloom and want of comfort, which is depressing. The mortality in churches has been always great; the best opinions are against their ever being converted into Hospitals. But in the face of all this, of the best local advice, of the enormous expense attendant on fitting up a church for wounded, and of the danger resulting from such a plan, it was done at Orléans by the Anglo-American Ambulance, when there were blanket factories available for the purpose, and where they could have had two large convents; and the consequences were, a fearful waste of the Society's money, and a more fearful loss of life. No return of the deaths has ever yet been sent in.

Another point is, that in future wars, far more attention must be paid to the cooking and laundry departments. In this the Belgian Ambulance was a model. It would in the end save much expense. A great deal of linen was lost and burnt as useless at Sédan, because it could not be washed in the grounds of the caserne, and a plan for so doing was postponed to a future that never came. In most

temporary Hospitals all the cooking is done in great kettles, and it cannot be so varied as it ought to be if superintended by a woman of education, who could arrange some means of roasting, baking, and making small dishes of cutlets and sweet puddings, which would cost no more than the rough style at present adopted for want of this organization.

Again, the stores sent out must be more judiciously selected, both in kind and quality. *Articles of feminine attire* are useless! Old shirts, sheets, and linen of any kind will not bear washing, and are not worth cost of carriage. All should be cheap, strong, and new, except a moderate quantity of linen pieces. Lint is not used by foreign surgeons; they prefer charpie, and linen cut in holes to place underneath, called by the French "*linge troué*." There was a great deal too much lint sent, and it weighs very heavy; but what the French surgeons most valued in rheumatic cases was our splendid cotton wool. Of one article very few were sent, viz., *trousers*, not merely hospital ones, but such as convalescents could go abroad in. In very many cases their own were utterly destroyed; and had it not been for using those of the poor fellows who would never want them any more, and for patching and mending, the state of affairs would have been difficult. In one instance, two one-legged men were provided for, by dividing one pair between them as regarded the legs, and finishing up at the top with the skirt of a coat, ingeniously made into the requisite width. We found dark blue linen trousers very useful for Infirmiers, and even for patients. They can be washed every few days, and are always neat and clean. They should be supplied to every Ambulance and Hospital, together with large aprons and short sleeves for the Surgeons and Infirmiers. Many more socks and drawers might be sent with advantage, as well as cravats and pocket-handkerchiefs.

Bandages were very ponderous to carry about, and far too numerous. We alone had 4000 or 5000. With a proper system they can be washed over and over again, except in a few cases; and besides this, it is not probable that in any war in Europe a great battle would be fought far from some civilized town, where there were shops that sell calico. It could easily be purchased on the spot, and with a bandage winding-machine they can be made as required, and a great expense in carriage be saved.

It is not our province to enter into any medical details.

The Surgeons of the belligerent and neutral nations had all their



own national systems of treatment, nor is there any table showing the difference in the percentage of deaths in the various Hospitals they attended. The French system was the most conservative, but then every leg and arm was of consequence to them in the future, if not in the present, and certainly their death-rate was very small. Experimental surgery is not suited for war-time, when the aim should simply be to save life and alleviate suffering, rather than to swell a list of "cases operated upon." And one thing may be truly said: amidst all the wild stories that flew about, of German cruelty and French revenge, no instance was ever adduced of unkindness or neglect on the part of any German surgeon to the French wounded, whilst the Germans always spoke highly of the kindness of the French to their wounded, and the courtesy of their surgeons.

We had one German, Dr. Bock, of La Charité, Berlin, who was fairly adored by the French, and they preferred him to their own medical men; but then he could talk to them in their own language, and had a cheerful, winning way about him, that soon found a road to their susceptible hearts.

A few concluding words on the work of Central Societies.

There should be a large and influential Committee, but at least half should be workers, and no important decision as to sending out personal assistance or giving grants of money and stores should be made by less than a quorum of five. In case of any difference of opinion, any complaint made by workers in the field, or against them, a special meeting of the Committee should be called, to hear and decide on the evidence before them. The heads of branch Committees should all be members of the Central Committee. The American Sanitary Commission is a model well worthy of imitation. Each branch Committee there reported to the Central one as to the class and amount of stores they could furnish if required. It only needed a telegram to any city or district the best provided with the article most wanted, and the stores were packed and sent straight to their destination, so avoiding an accumulation at head-quarters.

This in England would be very easy to carry out. The great agricultural and manufacturing centres would collect stores of those things most plentiful in their own neighbourhood, and have them ready; keeping the Central Society informed of what they have in hand, and when the call came, a local agent could be sent with the bales and boxes to the appointed place of embarkation, and give them over to the convoy agent sent from London in charge of all

stores from various parts. This plan would lighten the labours of the Central Society and the Ladies' Committee, and would help to ensure a better selection of the articles forwarded.

No stores should ever be sent except in charge of an agent, nor should any be distributed except by an agent, a member of the English Society, who should make himself well acquainted with the real wants, not only of the large Ambulances, but of the small private ones holding from ten to twenty wounded. These suffered very much during the war, especially in Orléans, and were totally overlooked. They in reality deserve the most assistance, being purely civilian and charitable establishments hastily extemporized for the occasion. Gifts of blankets, sheets, shirts, and medicines, would be invaluable to them; and had they been freely given, the effect would be felt even now, for many are still impoverished by their noble efforts to aid in the good cause, almost all their household linen being destroyed, and themselves in debt for the necessities of Ambulance work. To aid them would not have sent a single soldier to the front, but rather kept them back, for the convalescents were retained as *Infirmiers*.

There were forty or fifty of these Ambulances in Orléans most admirably conducted, averaging from ten to fifty patients, and not one of that number received any thing from England. Neither did the *Caserne d'Etapes*, with 500 wounded; the Ambulance at the Convent of St. Marc, with 1400 wounded; the little Sisters of the Poor, with 400 wounded; the "Ambulance du Cercle," with 80; the "Ambulance Pomme du Pin," with 200, and various others.

The service of neutrals in transporting wounded from temporary Ambulances to Hospitals in the rear is one of those things that fall to the duty of the belligerents. It was being done by the War Office Ambulance between Beaugency and Orléans while the German *Krankenträger* were drinking on the Boulevards. The German system is so perfect, their "sick-bearers" so well trained, that, except during such slaughter as took place at Gravelotte and Sedan, they are competent to carry out the work, even though the wounded of the enemy be left on their hands.

One very good remark is made by Dr. Sutherland (p. 176):—

"An intelligence department should be organized, to visit all houses and cottages where sick have been received. . . . The chief should be an army medical officer of inspecting rank, through whose hands all requisitions for stores should pass. This precaution seems necessary, for there is evidence of stores

having been issued in excess of requirements, and it has also been stated that stores supplied by other aid societies had been passed over as gifts to charitable institutions unconnected with either armies."

And there should be one more "Intelligence" branch in the work. One special agent to visit each scene of action, every sick and wounded man, take down his name, birthplace, and regiment, and enter them in a register; to record every change from Ambulance to Hospital, or his transfer as a prisoner, and his destination, or to enter the last record of his death and place of burial, and to take charge (if required) of all the letters or other relies, which may hereafter be restored to his friends.

This was done in America, and we must do it next time; for God only knows the breaking hearts that such a plan would have spared months of suspense. We received letters from many distant parts of France, imploring us to ascertain the fate of some missing relative; and thanks to a gentleman of Orléans, who kept such a register (though necessarily more imperfect than one carried out by neutrals would be), we were enabled to discover, in several instances, what had become of those so anxiously inquired after; but it should be kept every where, and copies be sent to London, where all inquiries might be made, and to the capital cities of the belligerent powers.

During the last war, there were Committees of the belligerent powers in London, who rightfully sent their supplies to their own wounded. The most notable were the committee of which M. Pierrard and M. Eugène Rimmel were leading members; the Committee whose stores were so capitally managed by Messrs. Piésse and Lubin; and the Protestant one, under M. Ponté de la Harpe and M. Marzials. There was also a very large German one. All did their work most judiciously and cheaply; but it would be wise in future for the Central Committee to ascertain from them what stores they have sent, and to whom, to prevent unnecessary aid being given.

We have taken every detail of our Society's work from their own Report, and to that we refer our readers for much that is interesting, for which we can find no space.

It is time to conclude this brief history of Red Cross work. We must plead to be excused for many omissions in detail; but all who feel an interest in the subject can follow it out for themselves, from the clues we have given, and draw out the practical lessons which, if well learned now, will enable us in the future to do twice as much



work with half as much money. The subscribers must take a more active part in the expenditure of their money, and have a greater control over it by means of the heads of the branch Committees, and above all, they must demand clear and detailed accounts of every shilling spent in the past (which have never yet been furnished), and a security that they shall in the future be kept aware of the exact state of financial affairs.

If Red Cross work is to be done, it must be freed from the abuses of the Geneva Convention, from brassards being given to those who only wear them that they may go to the front, and see and hear all that is going on. There were men even wearing Ambulance uniforms who never did a day's work, except to write for the papers. There were houses that received a few wounded, and from poverty half-starved them, simply to prevent their houses being made into quarters. There were men who made a living out of the whole thing; paid agents, when better unpaid agents were ready and anxious to work. There were perpetual mistakes and confusion as to whose orders were supreme, the Chiefs abroad or the Chiefs at home. There were useless stores and wasted money, but for all this much good and noble work was done, many of the best qualities of the human heart came brightly out under the Red Cross flag; and if we can but correct the mistakes of the past, and study to form a thoroughly good organization for the future, if we can avoid the difficult point of aiding warfare by our efforts to relieve its victims, then surely it is a work deserving of the warmest sympathy and the best support we can give it; and we believe that England will yet take a foremost place in the wisdom, as she has already done in the generosity of her Red Cross work.

E. M. P.

L. E. McL.

(CONCLUSION.)

## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

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April 26th.—At Salt Hill, near Dublin, the Right Hon. William Thomas le Poer Trench, third Earl of Clancarty, in the Peerage of Ireland, Viscount Clancarty, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and Marquis of Heusden, in the Netherlands, aged 69. The Trenchs are a French Huguenot family which emigrated to England after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and subsequently settled at Garbally, county Galway, in Ireland. During the period the Penal Laws were in force against the Catholics in that country, the strong Protestant proclivities of the family served greatly to the advancement of its members. The county Galway was represented in the Irish Parliament by successive generations of Trenchs; William Trench was 'knight of that shire' from 1768 to 1797, when he was created Baron Kilconnel, and as a reward for the important support rendered by him and his house to Lord Castlereagh, in carrying the Act of Union through the Irish Legislature, he was further advanced to the Viscounty of Dunlo, in 1801, and the Earldom of Clancarty, in 1808. Another member of the family who represented Portarlington in the last Irish Parliament being about the same time created Baron Ashtown. The second earl was created Viscount Clancarty, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, 1824; and being ambassador at the Hague, was made Marquis of Heusden, in the Netherlands, by the King of Holland. Several members of the family have been eminent in the Irish Church Establishment, amongst whom may notably be mentioned the late Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Tuam, and the present Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, who was for some years Dean of Westminster.

April 28th.—At Constantinople, the Hon. John Porter Brown, aged 54. He was born in Ohio, and accompanying his uncle, Commodore Porter, in the Naval service in the Mediterranean, became a permanent resident at Constantinople when the Commodore was appointed United States Minister at the Porte. Having applied himself to Oriental studies, Mr. Brown became one of the chief contributors on these subjects to the American Oriental Society, and to American journals. He published in London a

"History of the Dervishes," and a translation of the "Ancient and Modern Constantinople" of the Patriarch Constantius.

April 30th.—At Kensington, Horace Mayhew, Esq. Mr. Mayhew had been associated with *Punch* since the commencement of that favourite periodical. He was well known in the literary world, and very much respected. The following graceful tribute to his memory is extracted from the journal with which Mr. Mayhew had been so long and ably connected:—

"Horace Mayhew has been unexpectedly called away. Associated with this periodical from nearly its earliest days, he was for years an indefatigable and valuable contributor, and when fortune had made him independent of labour, he continued to share our councils, and he never abated his earnest interest in our work. This testimonial is easy. But when we would speak of the manly simplicity and childlike affection of his nature, of his indomitable cheerfulness, of his ready generosity, and of his singular sweetness of temper, we can write only what must seem to those who knew him not, in excess of the truth, while it fails to do justice to our knowledge of a beloved friend. But in the affectionate memories of us all, his worth and lovingness will be treasured while memory remains to us. Heavy is the grief that has fallen on those who lived in friendship with the kind, the just, the gentle 'Ponny' Mayhew."

April 30th.—Drowned, whilst bathing at Sandford Lasher, Oxford, Mr. George William Manuel Dasent, junior student of Christchurch, aged 23. Mr. Dasent, who was a son of Dr. Dasent, of the *Times*, was a young man of great promise. Sandford Lasher is a perilous bathing-place for even the most expert swimmers. Nearly forty years ago Mr. Fawcett, a scholar of University College, an excellent swimmer, lost his life there; in 1843, Messrs. Garsford and Phillimore, two students of Christchurch, were drowned at the same spot whilst bathing; and more recently Captain Kelly, a good swimmer, met the same fate. A monument, erected near the pool, to the memory of Messrs. Garsford and Phillimore, does not however serve to warn the Oxford undergraduate from taking a header there.

May 1st.—At Luxemburg, the Princess Henri of the Netherlands. This lady, the Princess Amélie of Saxe Weimar, was born at Ghent, 1830, and married, 1853, Prince Henri, brother of the King of Holland, and his Lieutenant in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. The Princess was sister of Major-General Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, C.B., who married, 1851, Lady Augusta Lennox, daughter of the late and sister of the present Duke of Richmond.

May 1st.—In London, Robert Gladstone, Esq., of Highfield House, Manchester, aged 60 years. Mr. Gladstone was a grandson of the late Sir John Gladstone, first Baronet, of Fasque and Balfour, Kincardine, and first cousin of the present Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., and also of the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the present Premier.

May 1st.—At Torquay, Marmion W. Savage, Esq., author of the



“Falcon Family,” the “Bachelor of the Albany,” “My Uncle the Curate,” and other works of fiction. Mr. Savage was born in Ireland, and the comparative obscurity of his name in the literary world is owing to the circumstance that he held a responsible office under Government in Dublin, and as his productions generally touched on political topics, he adopted a *nom de plume*. He settled in England in 1856, and was for some years Editor of the *Examiner*. Mr. Savage was a thorough scholar, and his writings are distinguished for their correct taste, exquisite finish, and quiet humour.

May 3rd.—In London, John Charles Pratt, third Marquis Camden, aged 31. The Pratts have been greatly distinguished in the law. The deceased Marquis’s great grandfather, Sir John Pratt, Lord Chief Justice of England, was called to the Bar in the reign of Charles II., made Serjeant-at-Law 1700, and Chief of the King’s Bench 1714. His most famous decision was respecting the right of a widow, who had married a foreigner, to claim parochial relief from the parish in which she was born, and which is thus reported:—

“A woman having a settlement

Married a man with none.

The question was, he being dead,

If what she had was gone?

Quoth Sir John Pratt, ‘The settlement

Suspended did remain

Living the husband, but him dead,

It doth revive again.’”

(*Chorus of Puisne Judges.*)

——“but him dead

It doth revive again!”

Eminent as was the Lord Chief Justice, his younger son, Charles Pratt, was still more so. He was called to the bar 1738, and appointed Attorney-General 1757. As Chief of the Common Pleas, in 1761, he ordered the liberation of Wilkes, then in confinement in the Tower, and, as the champion of the liberty of the subject, became one of the most popular men of his day. There is a fine portrait of him, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, placed in the Guildhall by the Corporation of the City of London, the inscription on which describes him as “the zealous assertor of English liberty by law.” So far, indeed, did his popularity extend, that foreigners coming to England were always taken, in 1764, to see THE GREAT LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PRATT, as one of the sights of London. He was raised to the Peerage by the Rockingham Administration, in 1765, and took the title of Lord Camden, of Camden Place, Kent. In the same year his maiden speech in the House of Lords—which was directed against the taxation of America—made the name of CAMDEN illustrious amongst the friends of freedom on that Continent and in Europe, and indeed wherever the English language is spoken. He maintained that taxation and representation are in-

separable—that God has joined them, that no British Parliament can put them asunder, and that to endeavour to do so, is to stab our very vitals. On the resignation of the Earl of Nottingham, in 1766, he was appointed Lord High Chancellor, and in 1784 Lord President of the Council. In 1786 Lord Camden was advanced to a Viscounty and Earldom, by the titles of Viscount Bayham and Earl Camden. He left a son, John, second Earl Camden, who was created Earl of Brecknock and Marquis Camden, 1812. The present Marquis is an infant, born in January last. The metropolitan district of Camden Town takes its name from this family, the Marquis Camden being the freeholder.

May 4th.—The Rev. Charles Parker Price, M.A., for 45 years Vicar of Uxbridge, aged 75.

May 4th.—Mr. Klaës, who was known among his acquaintances by the name of the “King of Smokers,” has just died near Rotterdam. According to the Belgian papers he had amassed a large fortune in the linen trade, and had erected near Rotterdam a mansion, one portion of which was devoted to the arrangement of a collection of pipes, according to their nationality and chronological order. A few days before his death he summoned his lawyer, and made his will, in which he directed that all the smokers of the country should be invited to his funeral, that each should be presented with 10 lb. of tobacco and two Dutch pipes of the newest fashion, on which should be engraved the name, arms, and date of the decease of the testator. He requested all his relatives, friends, and funeral guests to be careful to keep their pipes alight during the funeral ceremonies, after which they should empty the ashes from their pipes on the coffin. The poor of the neighbourhood who attended to his last wishes were to receive annually, on the anniversary of his death, 10 lb. of tobacco and a small cask of good beer. He desired that his oak coffin should be lined with the cedar of his old Havannah cigar-boxes, and that a box of French caporal and a packet of old Dutch tobacco should be placed at the foot of his coffin. His favourite pipe was to be placed by his side, along with a box of matches, a flint and steel, and some tinder, as he said there was no knowing what might happen. A clever calculator has made out that Mr. Klaës had, during his eighty years of life, smoked more than four tons of tobacco, and had drunk about 500,000 quarts of beer!

May 5th.—In London, General John Hall, late of the 1st Life Guards, and Colonel of Her Majesty's 19th Hussars, aged 74. General Hall was the eldest son of a large landholder in Cambridgeshire. He entered the army as Sub-Lieutenant in the First Regiment of Life Guards in 1817, and rose to the command of the regiment in 1846; in 1854 he retired on becoming Major-General. He was appointed to the Colonelcy of

the 19th regiment of Hussars in 1865, and attained the rank of General in the army in 1870. General Hall's death was caused by an internal scirrhus, after a few weeks' illness; it took place in Conduit Street. As commanding officer of a regiment of ancient and honourable traditions, few men could have earned a higher reputation than the deceased General. Having, when Colonel of the First Regiment, to deal with a class of officers of high social position, and independent in fortune and character, no small amount of tact and discretion was demanded, and in these qualities, as well as in a strong sense of justice, and essential honesty, Colonel Hall was never found wanting. In addition to his military career, General Hall sat for some years as M.P. for the borough of Buckingham, but beyond a steady vote on the Tory side, took little part in the business of Parliament. As a farmer on a large scale, he found occupation for a very active mind, and few can have seen "John Hall" striding across the boundless turnip-fields of his estate, armed with his unerring weapon, and not doubted the accuracy of the dates which made him an old man. One of the three best shots in England, the General brought partridge-shooting to its highest perfection, and to the last his cottage was the eagerly-sought abode of Princes, Dukes, and of the best society of this country. Dying at nearly 75, General Hall retained his great muscular activity to the last; his long-armed, bony frame, his mobility of feature, and ample gesticulation when excited, will not be forgotten by the generation that knew him. General Hall was placed in the vault of his family, in the church of Weston Colville, on the 10th of May. The funeral was attended by the near relations of the deceased, and by those, of whom the General had left a list, whose good opinion he had won, and for whom he had respect and regard: this included Lord Dacre, the Hon. Octavius Duncombe, M.P., Colonel the Hon. James Macdonald, C.B., Sir William Fraser, Bart., Mr. Lethbridge, and Mr. Carlisle.

May 6th.—At Stillington, Yorkshire, Admiral William Croft, aged 90. He entered the Navy 1795, and saw good service during the war with France. He assisted at the capture of "*L'Unité*," 28, and "*La Virginie*," 44; and on January 14, 1797, he was wrecked and taken prisoner near Isle Bas, at the close of a gallant action of ten hours with "*Les Droits des Hommes*," 74. He subsequently served as midshipman of the "*Centaur*," 74, at the reduction of Minorca, 1798, and of the "*Foudroyant*," at the landing, and during the subsequent events in Egypt. In 1807 he commanded the "*Alacrity*" at Copenhagen, and was then posted. Admiral Croft had received a medal.

May 6th.—George Robert Gray, Esq., F.R.S., Assistant Keeper, Department of Natural History, British Museum, aged 63. He was the author of the "*Genera of Birds*," which gave him a high reputation amongst English Naturalists. The trustees of the



British Museum have lost in Dr. Gray an 'able and accomplished officer; and students of Natural History will regret him as the oldest, and perhaps the most skilled, representative of Ornithology in England.

May 7th.—T. Weedon Cooke, Esq., M.R.C.S., aged 56.

May 7th.—In London, the Lady Mary Charlotte Howard, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Suffolk, aged 31.

May 7th.—In London, Humphy Wilyams, Esq., of Carnanton, Cornwall, aged 81. Mr. Wilyams formerly represented Truro in Parliament.

May 7th.—At Herne Hill, James Horburgh Macdonald, Esq., late Lieut.-Colonel Bengal Artillery, Lieut.-Colonel of the 1st Surrey Rifle Volunteers, and J.P. for Surrey, aged 66.

May 8th.—At Larkhill, near Liverpool, Benjamin Heywood Jones, Esq., Banker.

May 8th.—At Bath, Sir Thomas Bernard Dancer, Bart., of Modeeny, county Tipperary. The deceased was the sixth baronet, the honour having been conferred on Sir Thomas Dancer, Knight, Alderman and Mayor of Waterford, who was created a Baronet of Ireland by Charles II., 1662.

May 9th.—At the Governor's residence, Chelsea, after a short illness, General Sir John Lysaght Pennefather, Grand Cross of the Bath, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Sardinian Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, Second Class of the Medjidie, Colonel of the 22nd Regiment of Foot, and Governor of Chelsea Hospital. The late General entered the army in the year 1818, and attained his Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the year 1839. In February, 1843, Lieut.-Colonel Pennefather and the 22nd Regiment, by their gallant and steady conduct, greatly contributed to the victory obtained at the battle of Meanee by Major-General Sir Charles Napier over the army of the Ameers of Scinde, and to the conquest of that territory. Lieut.-Colonel Pennefather was very severely wounded at the battle, and in July of that year made Companion of the Bath. In 1846 he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. In 1847 Colonel Pennefather exchanged with Colonel Sydney John Cotton into the 28th Regiment: on its return home from India in 1848 he was placed on half-pay, and in August of the same year was employed on the Staff in Ireland as Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Cork district. On the formation of the British expeditionary army to the East, in 1854, Colonel Pennefather was appointed to the command of the 1st Brigade of the 2nd Division, with the rank of Major-General. At the battle of the Alma the 2nd Division was severely engaged in that great victory. Major-General Pennefather's horse was twice shot under him on

that day. He was engaged in command of his Brigade in the repulse of the powerful sortie on the 26th of October, 1854. On the 5th of November Major-General Pennefather commanded the 2nd Division at the hard-fought victory of Inkerman, and had his charger killed under him. In 1855 he was made a Knight Commander of the Bath and Colonel of the 46th Regiment. In 1856 Major-General Sir J. L. Pennefather was in command of the troops at Malta, which command he held for some years, and subsequently had command of the northern district in England; was removed from the Coloneley of the 46th Regiment to that of the 22nd Regiment in February, 1860, and in November of the same year promoted Lieutenant-General, and commanded the Aldershot Division from 1860 to 1865. Promoted General in May, 1868, and in September, 1870, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, on the death of the late Field-Marshal Sir Alexander Woodford. The late General Sir John Pennefather was throughout his military career a brave, zealous, and devoted soldier; as a commander a strict disciplinarian, but most careful of, and full of warm and sympathetic feelings for, the troops entrusted to his command. The large attendance of General, and Staff, and other officers, who had served with and under the command of the deceased General, at his funeral, at the chapel of Chelsea Hospital, testified to the esteem in which he was held. Many officers appeared surprised that the military honours enjoined in Her Majesty's Regulations to be paid at the funerals of General Officers were not rendered to the remains of one so deserving and distinguished as the late General Sir John Lysaght Pennefather.

May 13th.—The Right Hon. Robert Francis, second Baron Gifford, of St. Leonard's, Devonshire. The first Peer was Sir Robert Gifford, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, created Lord Gifford 1824, and who was for many years Master of the Rolls. The late Lord was a keen sportsman, well known and highly respected as a M. F. H. until his health unfortunately gave way.

May 13th.—At Bath, Admiral G. A. Eliott, son of Sir William Eliott, sixth Baronet, of Stobs, in the county of Roxburgh. The first Baronet, Sir Gilbert Eliott, was made a Knight Banneret on the field of Scone, 1643, by the King in person, and afterwards created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, 1666. The third Baronet had eight sons, the youngest of whom, George Augustus, known as General Eliott, was created Lord Heathfield for his gallant defence of Gibraltar in 1782, which title is now extinct.

May 13th.—At Cambridge, the Rev. R. E. Kerrick, M.A., of Christ's College, aged 73.

May 13th.—At Worcester, G. Darke, Esq., one of the proprietors of the *Worcester Herald*, aged 72.

May 14th.—Katherine Mary, widow of General Sir James Russell, K.C.B., and daughter of Sir James Hall, fourth Baronet,

of Dunglass, co. Haddington. Lady Russell was a sister of the late Captain Basil Hall, R.N., the well-known author.

May 14th.—Captain Charles Egerton Harcourt Vernon, Royal Navy, aged 44.

May 15th.—At Torquay, General Joseph Garnault, of Her Majesty's Indian Army, aged 77.

May 16th.—In London, William Marshall, Esq., late M.P. for East Cumberland, aged 76.

May 16th.—In London, the Lady Blanche Balfour, daughter of the late Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.

May 17th.—At Paris, suddenly, John Platt, Esq., M.P. for Oldham. Mr. Platt was head of the firm of Platt Brothers and Co., one of the largest machine manufacturers in the world, and pre-eminent as makers of machinery for spinning and weaving cotton. He was first elected for Oldham in 1865, and again returned in 1868, after one of the most severe contests, and by one of the most narrow majorities on record. In politics Mr. Platt was an advanced Liberal.

May 17th.—At Florence, the Right Hon. Grenville Leveson Proby, fourth Earl of Carysfort, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Carysfort, in that of the United Kingdom, aged 47. Lord Carysfort had sustained a severe fall last year, and spent the winter in Egypt in the hope of recovering from its effects. He was returning to England, when he caught fever at Florence, which caused his early death. The family of Proby, like many English houses, owes its stability to the City of London. It had already been settled at Brampton, in the county of Huntingdon, when Sir Peter Proby, a London citizen, was elected Lord Mayor in 1622. After his mayoralty he retired to his paternal home, and may be said to have been the founder of the family. His grandson, Sir Thomas Proby, represented the county in several Parliaments, and was created a Baronet by Charles II. in 1662, but dying without issue, the title became extinct, whilst the estate was inherited by his brother John, whose grandson, the Right Hon. Sir John Proby, K.B., was member for the county of Huntingdon in three successive Parliaments, and having been elevated to the Irish Peerage as Lord Carysfort, of Carysfort, county Wicklow, in 1752, served as one of the Lords of the Admiralty in 1757. His son John, second Baron Carysfort, K.P., was created Earl of Carysfort 1789, and enrolled amongst the Peers of the United Kingdom as Baron Carysfort, of Norman Cross, county Huntingdon, after the Act of Union in 1801. The second Earl was a General in the British Army, and dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother, Admiral Lord Carysfort, a distinguished Naval officer, who fought at the Nile and at Trafalgar. The deceased Lord had been a Captain in the 74th Highlanders, and Comptroller of the Household from 1859 to 1866. He leaves no issue, and is succeeded by his brother in the family honours.



## THE DEBATE ON THE COLONIES.

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THE recent discussion in Parliament cannot fail to have been highly satisfactory, on account not only of what was said, but also of what was not said. A Parliamentary debate is a very fair indication of public opinion, and public opinion in this case found vent in the most unmistakable avowals of a desire to promote the unity of the Empire, and in the strongest disavowals of any sympathy with those theorists who have advocated dismemberment. It must have been a sore trial to many persons present to remain silent, but as silence in the face of public opinion was golden, they were discreetly dumb. They have, it is true, discharged, in one or two newspapers, a Parthian shaft at these unanimous expressions of friendly feeling for the Colonies; but we should no more take such attacks as indications of national sentiment, than we should regard a sly shot at a landlord from behind a hedge as a fair indication of Irish public opinion.

Let us recall the history of this movement in favour of dismembering the Empire, which has so signally collapsed.

A few years ago some theorists, or as they are called by their admirers, "the wisest politicians of past days," we are told "predicted that a separation (as respects our greater colonies) is ultimately inevitable." The wish was father to the thought; and the wish, we fear, from the tone of this debate, is not likely in our day, at least, to be realized. Professor Goldwin Smith is frequently quoted as the father of this movement. No one is likely to question his ability or his sincerity, but many persons doubted his practical acquaintance with the colonial question when he first attempted to discuss the subject. He has since that lived in the United States, and having studied democracy, not from abroad, but at its very shrine, he has found what *Æsop* did when he visited a sacred oracle of his day, that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that sanctity and awe are the enemies of familiarity. He has also been thrown in with the people of Canada, and knows how to value the sterling qualities of the new Northern power, that is quietly but steadily gaining prestige and strength. So far from being regarded by the "Young Canadians" as the enemy of the Colonies, his intended residence in the New Dominion is hailed with pleasure and hope by them, some of them having within the last two years endeavoured to induce him to devote his abilities to public life in Canada, where his talents and, what is of even greater moment,

his wide experience of the society and politics of the New World, would be of signal service to the cause of the Colonies.

His views, however distasteful they may have been, were, to some extent at least, redeemed by the sincerity and the great ability with which they were advanced. Now, however, when experience has proved that they are dangerous and impracticable, they come to us in the most offensive form. Theorists, having neither his practical experience nor his great talents, have assumed his worn-out and cast-off garment, and parade it under the comfortable conviction that the mantle of the prophet has fallen upon them. They seem to be unconscious, apparently, that the political aspect of Europe has changed within the past five years; that the controlling genius of the age is not the principle of dismemberment, but of unity; and that the obsolete theories of universal peace and free trade, and of the obliteration of nationalities, which may have had some plausibility some years ago, when the French Treaty opened up a new era in our trade with our hereditary enemy, and when a reciprocity treaty united English-speaking people in the New World, are now merely anachronisms and absurdities.

As a general rule theorists, however wild and impracticable their views may be, are not likely to be actively dangerous. They can do nothing more serious than to bore us, and must be content to leave the practical to the public and to responsible statesmen who are amenable to the people. Unfortunately for the Colonies, they have no voice in the management of the Colonial Office, which is practically irresponsible.

There may be some men in the House of Commons, and even in the Cabinet, that have their pet theories on education, titles to land, the suffrage, &c., which a wholesome dread of the rod of public opinion, and a dreary vision of the hustings, may induce them to keep in the background.

The thinking owl, and that nuisance to housekeepers, the industrious spider, seek refuge in neglected nooks, where they may ply their vocation in peace and quietness. The thinker and the theorist have found such an asylum in the Colonial Office, where they may think in peace, and where cobwebs are not likely to be disturbed by the unrelenting besom of public opinion. Is it any wonder that when reform threatens to invade even this happy sanctum its inmates should loudly protest against the intrusion? Mr. Macfie's motion in Parliament suggested that some new system should be devised that would secure the empire the benefit of some sort of representation in the councils of the nation. An indignant lecture was of course read to him on his presumption, in intruding upon the quiet seclusion of the Colonial Office.

“The moping owl doth to the moon complain,  
Of those who, wandering near her sacred bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.”

The lecture was a formidable one, and for some time to come cobwebs will be sacred; but public curiosity is excited, and our readers may feel inclined to get, if possible, some glimpse of the work that thinkers and theorists have been attempting to accomplish in this safe retreat.

A few years ago the men who found their way into the Colonial Office were some of the few who took any interest in our empire abroad; and the only interest they felt in it was excited by the problem “How to get rid of the Colonies.”

Here then the scheme of dismemberment was quietly matured. The men selected to rule over the Colonies were frequently the enemies of our Colonial Empire. The Governors sent abroad were inspired to hint at independence. The great work of Colonial Confederation was organized, to try to artificially ripen that fruit that was so long about dropping off. When a Colonial Governor, on returning to England, protested against the manifest aim of the Colonial Office, one of the officials belonging to it silenced him by the quiet assurance, “Pray spare yourself any trouble as to that question; it is the settled policy of the Empire to confederate the Colonies, and to let them go.”

It needed some tact as to the first act of dismemberment. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*, so the Colonial Office selected one of the least desirable dependencies, the colony of *Gambia*, as a first offering. It was sold to France, and was to have been formally handed over on the natal day of the French Emperor, as a birth-day gift; but fate was unpropitious. The birth-day of a French Emperor has never arrived, and the sale will probably have to await that happy event, the restoration of the Empire. In the meantime, however, public opinion began to disturb the cobwebs of the Colonial Office. The quiet retreat of philosophic theorists was rudely invaded one fine day by a deputation, not of bellicose Fenians imperiously praying a gracious Government to yield a generous toleration to murder and rebellion, but of twelve sturdy British artisans, staggering under the weight of a ponderous petition from 104,000 of the working-men of London, protesting against the dismemberment of the Empire. The document is deserving of historical notice, as it was the first effort made by public opinion to control the thinkers of the Colonial Office.

The following is a Copy of the Petition, which was presented in 1870:—



“GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

“May it please your Majesty,

“We beg humbly to lay before you that a large number of men, women, and children, your Majesty’s subjects, have long been, and now are in a state of destitution, through inability to procure work, and that their condition in this country is very miserable and hopeless. That they are informed and believe that in other parts of your Majesty’s dominions there is a great demand for labour, and also a great abundance of food, so that all who are here famishing for want of the necessaries of life might there live, by their own exertions, in plenty and comfort; but they are unable to reach those distant countries without assistance.

“We, therefore, humbly pray your Majesty to see that such measures be taken, without delay, as may enable those who are willing to work to go to those parts of your Majesty’s dominions where their labour is required, and where they may prosper, and may increase the prosperity of the whole empire.

“We also beg to represent to your Majesty that we have heard with regret and alarm that your Majesty has been advised to consent to give up the Colonies, containing millions of acres of unoccupied land, which might be employed profitably both to the Colonies and ourselves as a field of emigration.

“We respectfully submit that your Majesty’s colonial possessions were won for your Majesty, and settled by the valour and enterprise and treasure of the English people, and that having thus become part of the national freehold and inheritance of your Majesty’s subjects, they are held in trust by your Majesty, and ought not to be surrendered, but transmitted to your Majesty’s successors whole and entire as they were received by your Majesty. And in order to discourage and defeat all such projects for disunion, we humbly pray your Majesty to cause England and her Colonies and Dependencies to be incorporated by name into one British Empire, and that proclamation be made that you are Sovereign thereof, in like manner as you have been proclaimed Queen of India.

“We believe that such proclamation would be joyfully welcomed throughout your Majesty’s dominions; and, if assurance of this be required, it may be found in the welcome which has been accorded to the Princes of the Blood in every one of the Colonies which they have visited.

“We would also submit that your Majesty might call to your Honourable Privy Council representatives from all the Colonies, for the purpose of consultation on the affairs of the more distant parts of your Majesty’s dominions.

“Finally, we pray your Majesty to assemble your Parliament without delay, that they may inquire into the causes of the present distress, and seek a remedy.

“We are, your Majesty’s humble subjects,

“THE WORKING MEN OF LONDON.”

[Here followed 104,000 signatures].

Fenian deputations, however dictatorial, always count upon success, and are sure, at least, of a prompt and conciliatory answer. The petition of 104,000 Englishmen, on behalf of the Colonial Empire, and of the millions of their countrymen abroad, *has never received a reply to this hour*. It is probable that the answer of the Cabinet, like their birth-day gift, is merely awaiting the arrival of that looked-for anniversary, the natal day of the Emperor of France.

This warning voice from the working men of England was the first blow which the dismemberment movement received. Its friends had been imprudent, and had shown their hands. A more discreet policy was thenceforth adopted. Confederation was adopted as a lever. The Governor-General of Canada, at the very time when the Gambia was being bartered away, gave friendly hints to colonists that the door of the Empire was not locked, and that a generous policy would be adopted of letting them go whenever they might ask it. To "speed the parting guest," it was desirable that they should realize how few were the benefits, how great the dangers, and how heavy the penalties of being British subjects.

But for two circumstances most serious results would have ensued. The first obstacle was that the British people had no idea of adopting this process of dismemberment; and the next difficulty was, that Englishmen abroad had no intention of allowing a clique of theorists to deprive millions of faithful subjects of the Crown of their nationality. The singular submission of the Canadians to the course of events has recently justified our estimate of their patience and their long-suffering. "Colonial loyalty has an embarrassing exuberance, and a vitality that defies control. Nothing apparently can kill it. It thrives on exile and starvation. Snubbing, patronizing, and neglect only call forth its energies and its gratitude, and cold water cannot drown it."

After having protested against the sacrifice of colonial rights as an atonement for British wrongs, the Canadian Cabinet made the wonderful discovery that anxiety for the welfare of Canada had been the moving principle of British diplomacy, and that loyalty required colonists to sympathize with the solicitude and the sacrifices of the Mother Country. Though England had a year ago assumed the crime and the liabilities of the miscreants who had shed British blood on British soil, it appeared that payment of any thing on account of these liabilities was not a very probable event. A year had already elapsed, and a little respectful dunning became an unpleasant necessity. Justice was therefore asked for as a charity, or at least as a favour. The Canadian Government offered to waive all claims on account of the Fenian raids, if the British Government would only guarantee the loan for the Canadian

Pacific Railway. It was a puzzling case, for which statesmen could find no precedent, except in "London Assurance," where the attorney, with an eye to the consolations of future costs, obligingly opens his coat tails, and invites a kick. Canadian statesmen have unwittingly, we must assume, placed their gallant and generous countrymen in the same humiliating position. "Kick, if you like, but for heaven's sake endorse our paper!" True to their principles, and pursuing a very consistent, if not a very generous, course, the British Cabinet have driven a bargain, and having beaten down the demand of the Canadians one-half, have agreed to guarantee one-half the loan—*perhaps*. The promise to endorse is only conditional! If the treaty falls to the ground, no compensation can be claimed by our patient and unlucky countrymen.

Henceforth when they are called upon to fight England's battles, the question will arise, "How much does Britain loan on British blood?" At present "The paths of glory lead but to"— $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.—*perhaps*.

The debate on the Colonies was most opportune, and has already changed the tone of the friends of dismemberment. A few weeks ago the relations of the Colonies with the Mother Country were so unsatisfactory that the only safety for us was to follow the example of Portugal and Brazil.

Now it appears that the tables are turned, and the case is reversed. As the friends of the Colonial Empire wish to solve the difficulty, not by severing, but by strengthening, the ties that bind it to the Mother Country, the apostles of disunion tell us, not in Parliament, for there they are silent, but in the press, that no change is required; that every thing is most satisfactory; that colonists are perfectly contented and very happy; and that nothing is needed but to wait in patience till the end of all things colonial—the dissolution of the Empire—takes place.

An election will be held in the New Dominion in a few weeks, and we greatly doubt, looking at the large majorities hostile to the Dominion Government that have been recently returned to the local Legislatures of Ontario and Nova Scotia, whether the Washington Treaty and this conditional loan, as well as the state of the relations of the Colonies with the Mother Country, will meet with the approval of the people of the New Dominion.



## THE CRAVENS OF CRAVENS-CROFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE."

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### CHAPTER XLV.

DARK December was drawing to a close, and the church bells preparing to herald in the bright new year, when the letter from Mr. Craven's lawyer reached Cravenscroft.

It came in the post-bag along with another from Hugh Ellerton, and Maud slyly hid the one in her bosom, and laid the other by her father's plate. When Mr. Craven came down to his usual ten o'clock breakfast, he found that bomb-shell lying quietly on the white tablecloth. He took it up and looked at it, eyeing the big blue envelope with a sleepy interest, while he deferred breaking the seal.

"I wonder where my spectacles are!" he said to himself, as he searched in his pocket with his right hand, holding the unopened letter in his left. "Graham, will you see,—did I leave them in the library last night?" he said aloud to the old butler, who was in attendance as usual.

When Graham disappeared to execute his orders, Mr. Craven threw down the lawyer's letter, and proceeded with his breakfast placidly, unconscious of the shock which awaited him. The man was some time absent, rummaging through the library for the mislaid glasses, and when he did return to the breakfast-room he returned without them.

"I certainly had them in the library last night," Mr. Craven declared, searching his pockets again. "However, never mind, Graham. Where is Miss Craven? she will do as well as my spectacles."

Graham believed Miss Craven was in her own room. She returned there after opening the post-bag.

"Well, send Peters for her," Mr. Craven said, as he helped himself to more toast.

Graham met Peters in the hall, and delivered her Mr. Craven's orders. He saw her ascend the front stairs to execute them, after which he lingered a moment in the hall himself, and then he thought he would go up-stairs to his master's room, in search of the missing glasses. If Mr. Craven did not want them to read his letters, he would want them to read his paper. The old butler mounted to Mr. Craven's room by the back staircase, as no servant in the house ventured to walk up the front stairs but the privileged Peters, who, in the dark days of Cravenscroft, was half a friend, and only half a servant.

When Graham reached the corridor leading to the bed-rooms and dressing-rooms, Maud's dressing-room door was ajar, and he heard Peters and Miss Craven speak alternately inside the room; all which time the unexploded bombshell lay upon the breakfast-room table. Graham entered his master's bed-room, and closed the door; he stood in the middle of the floor, looking round the room to see if his eye might light on what he had come in search of. While he so stood, he heard Maud come out of her dressing-room. She laughed back some remark to Peters, as she crossed the landing, and then Graham heard her run down-stairs. Mr. Craven's spectacles were not in his bed-room; Graham searched the room from stem to stern, before he proceeded to the dressing-room, where he got them at length, in the pocket of the coat his master had taken off the previous night. The old man went down again slowly, with the recovered glasses in his hand. He was not so active as when he first ascended that staircase forty years before. He came up the passage to the entrance-hall, and turned the handle of the breakfast-room door.

What he saw there, he saw for many a day after.

Mr. Craven sat almost as Graham had left him, only that his chair was moved a little sideways from the table. He was leaning back in it, with his two hands clasped together on his knees; his attitude was the attitude of despairing helplessness, and his face, which was turned towards the face of his daughter, was as white as death. Beside her father stood Maud Craven, looking down on him with troubled eyes, one hand was on Mr. Craven's shoulder, the other, dropped by her side, held an open letter, the big blue letter Mr. Craven wanted his spectacles to read.

Neither of them saw the door open, neither of them heard it gently closed, as Graham retreated to the library, and laid the spectacles on the table.

For a whole hour father and daughter stayed together alone in the breakfast-room. For a whole hour Peters and Graham sat alone below, wondering and fearing. During that hour they talked of the past, and the present. They discoursed of doings in Cravenscroft in the reign of its last wicked old master, which certainly was not a millennium of peace or goodness. They raked up anew many a past iniquity of that dead sinner, whose very memory Peters hated in her soul. They spoke in whispers of the drinking, the wassailing, the card-playing, and the devilry, which had brought the Cravens to their present pass, and then they wound round again to the big blue letter, which had come out of all that wassailing and card-playing.

Whoever it was from, it brought dismay. Dismay to those faithful, whispering domestics below, who did not know its contents, and dismay to the old master, and young mistress above, who did.

Trouble and pain and care. "Man is born to trouble as sparks fly upwards," wrote patient Job, thousands of years ago; and in every generation of the world there are men and women who seem born for nothing else. Maud's reckless old grandfather, lying down in the vault of the Cravens, in a velvet-covered coffin, studded with silver nails, had seen good days, so long as his life lasted. He had taken care to keep the ball rolling, while he was in Cravenscroft to share in the play. He sowed the wind, and left those who came after him to reap the whirlwind. Yet I think even he, selfish and hard of heart as he was in his selfishness, would turn in his coffin if a Poland reigned in Cravenscroft.

When this proud old Craven wanted money, he was apt to think of the lender as some low, mean usurer, sent into the world to gather gold for his spending, as spend it he did bravely, without stint or measure. He did not live to see the day when that obliging individual would turn into a belligerent creditor, rapacious of maw, eager to swallow up those burdened lands of his forefathers. He who had seen men ready to advance money on his wood and water, his meadows and ploughed fields, did not live to see the day when the hand outstretched with gold, would lay its grasp on something less fleeting than gold.

The Cravens, neither father nor son, had calculated on the ambi-



tion which would lead the ex-city clerk, or his son, to cast covetous eyes on Cravenscroft. Mr. Poland, senior, had perhaps not dreamt of vaulting into possession of such an ancient domain, when he strode between the city and the Nelson Square boarding-house; but the son, who had been born in a West-end lodging-house, reached a standpoint from whence he could suggest the possibility that those who are not born to the inheritance of grand old oaks, and the glory of ancestral domains, may yet wring them from those who are.

The Twickenham villa, with its gilded furniture and velvet upholstery, might suffice the father, but Cravenscroft was not too high a flight for the son, who was well pleased with the notion of driving a dashing drag down its stately avenue, and seeing its rooms overrun by city knights, and city merchants. Cravenscroft would be something to show his Lombard Street acquaintances, and Gracechurch Street intimates, and the richest of them might envy him his possessions.

Sir Gregory Muskings would grunt out his boastings, and brag of his money at after-dinner convivialities held in the long-unused dining-room, whose great sideboard had once groaned under the Cravenscroft plate, and at whose table had once sat some of the best company to be had in Mainshire.

As Mr. Craven had sat in Cravenscroft seeing visions and dreaming dreams, so did Mr. Poland see visions, and dream dreams, as he rode into London from Twickenham, on his fast-trotting blood horse, the day the notice of foreclosure reached Cravenscroft; but there was this difference between the two men,—Mr. Craven's visions were shifting fancies, which had no solid foundations, while Poland's had a good basis to rest upon. He had had more than one conversation with his lawyer on the subject of the Cravenscroft mortgages, and knew the state of the London money-market better than his own lawyer, and Mr. Craven's put together.

There have been crashing failures in the city, in which the acute son and father have been too wary to burn their fingers; and Mr. Poland knew, when he rode into London that day, that there were shutters up in Lombard Street, and closed doors at the office of one of the oldest houses in the city. Mr. Craven would read of these things in the daily papers, without clearly understanding their bearing on a line in his lawyer's letter, wherein he informed his client that "money was tight in the market."

"There is only one thing we can do, Maud," Mr. Craven said, after the first shock had passed, "tell Mr. Andrews to find some one to take a transfer of the mortgages."

Mr. Poland knew that as well as he did; and he knew too that money was scarce, and lenders cautious.

He had no puling pity for the old man, on whom the storm broke when he was past age. A young fellow of five-and-twenty, finding an inheritance slipping from under his feet, can get up and work. If he have any energy in him, he can put his shoulder to the wheel, and earn bread to satisfy his hunger. Such a man may fall down and rise up again, but a blow struck in the winter of life does not bear repeating. Not that this fact troubled Mr. Poland, and I believe in my heart that the only fact which would have troubled him just then, would have been the transfer of the securities to a fresh creditor. But money was scarce, and lenders cautious.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

PRIDE and poverty and ruin; that was the inheritance which came down to Maud Craven with the roll of an ancient ancestry.

You and I who have been out in the world, you and I who have walked in its highways, and mixed with the wisest of its children, know what a pitiful legacy that is.

The poverty which maketh ashamed, the poverty which lies to the world, and eats brown bread in secret, the man of to-day despises it, and the man of yesterday laughs it to scorn. A rising democrat can bow before a duke with a hundred thousand a year at his command, but who would bow before a duke in broken boots, and a napless hat? The old nobles of the revolution were hunted from city to city. The new nobles of the empire, were honoured in high places. Dagon upright on his throne, was a god for the Philistines to worship; Dagon prostrate on the threshold of his temple, was but a broken image.

Sir Gregory Muskens stands on the steps of his spic-span new house, with his fat hands stuck into his trousers pockets, and his fat cheeks puffed out, while he contemplates the waving red flags fluttering on the turrets of Cravenscroft; crimson ensigns which have been an eyesore to him for many a day. He can stand there now and watch them, thinking to himself how much brighter the

place will look when new crimson banners, embroidered with the Poland arms, flaunt from those weather-beaten flagstaffs, and his daughter's carriage drives out of the gates of Cravenscroft.

What the precise arms of the Polands might be, the old knight was perhaps rather uncertain at the moment, but the king-at-arms would suggest some suitable shield to emblazon on the floating flags, and the panels of the carriage. Sir Gregory's arms were a little device of his own selection, made up of the keys of the city, and the British lion, so small as to look like a cub of the puissant animal which adorns the royal arms. Sir Gregory had been proud of it when he first adopted it, but he felt now that it was rather shabby, and that the rising star of his daughter deserved something better.

He was going to give the girl a good fortune, and he would not mind paying a handsome fee besides to the king-at-arms for a happy suggestion in the way of a shield, and Latin motto for his son-in-law.

"A man's a man for a' that," Sir Gregory had thought a very capital thing, when a friend of his had it cut on a signet ring, round the figure of a man carrying a heavy hammer. By which device his friend bluntly showed his uprising from the ranks of labour.

But for Sir Gregory Muskins those days of honest independence were over, and he had learned to envy his betters the possession of floating flags, and armorial quarterings.

Yonder from the tall flagstaff will flutter the emblazoned Poland banners, and when that day comes, Sir Gregory may mount flags likewise from his red brick towers.

Before another year shall have passed, Poland will be stabling his hunters in the Cravenscroft stables, and driving his four-in-hand down its stately avenue.

In all his life Sir Gregory had never entered the gates of Cravenscroft. For miles round, the houses of the county gentry were open to him, if not for familiar intercourse, at least for ordinary visiting. Forty years ago, when Mr. Craven was a young man, society was more exclusive than it is at the present time, and Mr. Craven, clinging to the ideas of forty years ago, left no card at Woodlands. To the puffy, purse-proud old knight, the omission was a deadly offence, and there was a gleam of malice in his eye, as he looked at the closed gates of Cravenscroft, and thought how soon they would fly open at his coming. He has no sympathy with the proud old man, who hides



his pride and his poverty, behind their iron bars, and sits there silent, waiting for that which is to come. Mr. Craven says nought to any man. He seeks no pity, he makes no confidant. "I don't want to hear people say they are sorry, there is always a sort of contempt mixed with the world's sorrow for our misfortunes," he said to Maud, as he locked the lawyer's letter up in his desk, and having so delivered himself, he sat staring blankly at the fire, staring with stooped shoulders, and unspeculative eyes.

If this Mr. Poland had only waited, if he had only had patience, till that undrained land by the sea was ready for the market, he might have had some power of staying the avalanche. He seemed a nice young man enough as far as Mr. Craven had seen of him the day on which they had walked over a portion of the domain together, when Mab Ayre brought him to Cravenscroft in her train.

Thinking the young man over in his own mind, it occurred to Mr. Craven, it might be as well to take advantage of the slight acquaintance made on that occasion, by writing to him to beg a little grace. If he could contrive to stave off the sale for even three months beyond the time when Poland's notice would expire, Rudkin's farm would be out of lease. The farm was one of the most extensive on the estate, and Rudkins would gladly advance two thousand pounds on the condition of a low lease for a long term, and that two thousand pounds alone, would go far towards discharging the three thousand pounds secured on the domain.

Half hoping impossible success, half fearing possible disappointment, Mr. Craven penned the letter to young Poland; in answer to which that gentleman assured Mr. Craven he had laid his letter before his father, who, he was extremely sorry to say, was quite unable to extend the time. They had had heavy losses lately, which compelled them to turn all outstanding securities into cash. Many houses in the city had failed, "causing a crisis in the market, and he regretted extremely, &c., &c."

There was no hope there, and Mr. Craven put the letter in his pocket with a sigh. Perhaps it was all true what this man said. He was too ignorant of business exigencies to know, that a house needing to withdraw its outlying funds to support it in a commercial crisis, must transfer the title-deeds of Cravenscroft, and the mortgages on them, for what they would get at the moment, and not depend on a foreclosure to take place in six months' time.

Ruin had been coming gradually on Mr. Craven for many a day. It had not come thundering at the door, but rather creeping in at the window; and it was very possible he imagined embarrassment had come on the Polands leisurely enough, to bide a leisurely remedy. He had sat so long dreaming, sketching out impracticable projects, to stop a rushing mill-dam with a child's bank of sand, that he felt helpless and distraught, when any thing like active warfare assailed him.

He was too old to do battle with the acute intellect, and grasping covetousness of such a man as Poland. The blood ran thin in his veins, and the slumbrous life he had led for the last thirty years was against him.

"If you had any one to consult with, papa," Maud ventured to suggest once, when she sat at his feet in the twilight, with his hand laid lovingly on her head. "Lord Ellerton might advise perhaps, if you wrote to him."

"Nonsense, child," Mr. Craven answered, shrinking behind that hard pride of silence, which would die rather than speak of the weight of its cross. "Lord Ellerton could not stop these people, and Mr. Andrews will do all that can be done."

"I am sure every thing will come right," Maud said hopefully, false little prophetess that she was, "and when all is straight, and Rudkins pays in his money, we shall have Cravenscroft back again; but still I thought Lord Ellerton might advise."

"If we can get the mortgage transferred, and Rudkins' money in, I shan't care for advisers," Mr. Craven observed, rousing himself up from staring at the fire, and turning towards Maud. "You see, darling, I'm an old man, and I don't care much about myself, it's you I am thinking of, and if I really believed that any body's advice could do good, why I would not mind, but"—and then the shell of his pride, which had opened a little, went together with a snap.

"I don't know that it's much good advising the master," Peters declared that night, as she stood behind Maud's chair brushing her hair, and talking over her suggestion to her father. "If he got bad advice and followed it, it would ruin him, and if he got good advice, he would not take it. Many a tear your poor mamma cried, Miss Maud, after he signed the mortgage on the domain. I think it mainly helped to kill her. Mr. Grant, Mr. Andrews' uncle, was alive then, and said all he could, but it was no use."

"Still, I wish papa would consult Lord Ellerton, Peters; he seems so good-natured, and he is such an old friend too.

"He is a nice, kind gentleman, and very friendly," Peters answered thoughtfully. "And do you know, if I was you, Miss Maud, I'd just write to him myself. Maybe, the notion has come into your head by an inspiration, and we have no right to go against an inspiration."

"Papa would never forgive me, Peters; he is too proud to tell his trouble to any one."

"Much good that will do him, when, if he does not look sharp, his trouble will tell itself. Men think a power of themselves, and the half of them can't see beyond the tip of their nose. I've seen a heap of foolish creatures in my time, but there's none so foolish, as a foolish man."

"I hope you don't mean papa in that, Peters."

"Lord bless you, no, Miss Maud. I was only talking at random, and men are cattle I never had much respect for, I suppose because I saw too much of them. We had lots of them here in the old times. The lot that used to come before the young ladies were married, was fit for nothing but courting, and spouting poetry; and them that came after, were a drinking, card-playing set, a hundred times worse than the others.

"There, you have brushed my hair enough," Maud cried, putting her hands suddenly behind her, and twisting her hair into a coil round the back of her head. "Now come round here, and let us have a solemn talk."

Privileged to take a seat at such invited conferences, Peters drew a chair over to the fire near to her young mistress.

It was new year's eve, a cold, wet new year's eve, and the rain was falling with a sluggish drip from the broad coping of the house, on to the old-fashioned stonework mullions, which arched outwards above the dressing-room window. The sough of the wind was dolorous amongst the trees, now dying away with a sob, now rising with a moaning howl.

"Dear, I wish the wind did not sound so sad, Peters, and that those dreadful rain-drops would cease falling. It's like a night one would sit by the fire telling ghost stories," Maud said, gathering herself up to the blaze, and bending her head over on her hands.

"Don't be listening, Miss Maud, the night is a night to be



expected at the season," Peters answered, not the least affected by fanciful sounds in rain or wind.

"You are so dreadfully sensible, Peters. It must be very dull to be so sensible," Maud answered, half good-humouredly, half testily.

"Any sense I have, I learned from other people's folly. I was as foolish a creature as ever was born, till I stood sobered beside poor Mary's death-bed; that would have taken the folly out of a wilder head than mine, Miss Maud," Peters answered seriously.

"Peters, you are worse than the wind outside," Maud cried, raising her face out of her hands. "I hate that story, and if you say another word about it, I'll go to bed."

"Ay, there's deaf adders that stops their ears, Miss Maud," Peters answered, clasping her thin brown hands together in her lap. "David sang of them many a day ago, and the world's full of them yet. Why, I suppose if I put that story on the gate of every barrack in England, there would be women got to trust the rascals inside all the same."

"Peters, what nonsense. Don't soldiers marry as well as other people? I never heard such folly in all my life."

"Marry—of course they marry. After cheating the women, they marry one; ay, and some of them do more," Peters replied with hard irony; "for only last week there was an artillery fellow tried for marrying two. That was a nice boy, and a dear boy; the Queen ought to send him the Victoria Cross."

"I tell you I'll go to bed," Maud repeated. "If you don't find something better to discuss than your unreasoning dislike to foot-soldiers."

"Foot or horse, they are all alike; officers and men, they are all the same, going about from house to house," as St. Paul says, "taking captive silly women."

Maud pounced down on her at once.

"Don't wrest the Scriptures, Peters. St. Paul was talking of preachers of false doctrines when he said that, not of soldiers or officers."

"It fits them any way, as neat as if it was made for them," Peters answered, showing an unconquered front.

"Well, I'm not theologically disposed to-night, Peters," Maud said, bending her head downwards on her hands again. "I'm tired, and weary, and miserable."

"God help you child," Peters said, pityingly. "And God forgive them that brought all this trouble, though there's no good praying for the dead."

"Papa wrote to Mr. Poland, the Mr. Poland you saw here once, to ask for only three months' time, but he said he was in distress for money, and it was out of his power to wait."

"Did you ever know any one send in even a five shilling bill, that they didn't want the money ever so bad? And did you ever see a man with a nose like Mr. Poland's, loose his hand off any thing he once clapped it on?" Peters answered.

"I never minded Mr. Poland's nose, Peters; but his letter was very nice. Papa believes he really wants the money."

"Not he. I have been mousing about, and I can tell you more than your papa can. He wants to marry Miss Muskins, and plant her here. A pretty bundle she'll be to be mistress of Cravenscroft! But all's not lost that's in danger; we have six months to look about us yet, and who knows what the Lord may send in the way of a deliverance!"

But Maud looked hopelessly into the fire.

"It would break papa's heart to see those Muskinsees in Cravenscroft," she said.

"One lot of rubbish is as good as another," Peters answered contemptuously. "Poland is as good as Miss Muskins, and Miss Muskins is as good as Poland; I could not choose between them."

Maud raised her head, and looked Peters in the face.

"Oh, Peters, it must be grand to be rich," she said, with tearful longing in her blue eyes. "It must be grand to be like the Hopes, and the Ayres, to owe no man any thing. I often wonder how Miss Hope can be so bitter, when life ought to be so fair to her. I wonder people can ever be cross or disappointed about little things, when they have as much money as they can spend."

"Miss Maud, darling, money can do a great deal, but money can't do every thing."

"Money could save Cravenscroft," Maud answered. "Money could prevent papa being thrown on the world in his old days. I have read of people selling their souls for money—people who wanted money ever so badly, as we want it here now."

"Miss Maud, dear, don't talk that way, it's wicked, and it's flying in the face of God," Peters pleaded, laying her hand on Maud's shoulder. "There never was any one who made a bargain

with the devil, that he didn't cheat them; only wait the Lord's time, and He will send a deliverer. Even if He doesn't see fit to save Cravenscroft, He'll send a friend to take care of you. A man as true as steel, that won't be frightened away because you have no money to cross his palm with."

"Ugly George Ayre," Maud rejoined, scornfully. "I'll not marry George Ayre, I'll die sooner. You talk of bargains with the devil, but it would be a real bargain with the devil to sell myself to George Ayre for money, if he could buy up Cravenscroft, if he could save papa from being turned adrift even; but he can't."

"Miss Maud, dear, be quiet. If it had pleased Providence to make you ugly, would you like every man to throw it in your teeth? And as for Mr. Ayre, he is a good man and true, and I don't believe there's a young lady in the county would turn up her nose at his fifteen thousand a year except yourself."

"I won't marry for money. It's more wicked to marry for money, than to say people are ugly," Maud said, holding stoutly to her position.

"Ah, Miss Maud, you'd rather marry for sake of a handsome face, and a smooth tongue. You would rather have such an idle good-for-nought as Captain Ellerton, who, by all accounts, does nothing but go about telling women lies, like all his sort. You would rather have a man like him, than an honest estated gentleman like Mr. Ayre."

"Who told you I cared about Captain Ellerton?" Maud demanded, with a scarlet cheek.

"I did not just say you did, Miss Maud; I said he was the sort you'd rather have than Mr. Ayre. It's always the way with us, from the highest to the lowest. It's one in a thousand of us that wouldn't rather have a scamp of a red-coat, with a cigar in his mouth from morning till night, than a sensible gentleman who had something in his head."

Maud rose up off her chair, and propped herself against the mantelpiece.

"Peters, I'm going to bed," she said; "and I'm not going to Ayrefield to-morrow. I'll write a note in the morning to Miss Ayre, and you must have it sent over immediately after breakfast."

"Miss Maud, dear, don't do that; they will all be so disappointed at your not going," Peters cried, rising, and standing before Maud.



"No they won't," Maud answered; "Lady Ayre will be glad; only Miss Ayre will be sorry."

"Was it any thing I said put it in your head? I'm sure if it was, I'm sorry," Peters said, with penitence sincere.

"No, indeed it was not, my good Peters; only what's the use of it. I've no business amongst these rich people, it only makes me miserable."

"And it's New Year's Day, and all the nice clothes you have got to wear, and every thing. I'm sure you look a real beauty in your blue silk. The Hopes are to be there too, and half the county. To think that you should dream of missing such a grand party, to say nothing of that rich gentleman Sir Henry King has brought down."

"Poor wizened little soul!" Maud said, with a contemptuous toss of her head; "he's three and twenty, and looks nineteen. Why. George Ayre is better than that fair-haired baby. There, go to bed, Peters; I'll not go to Ayrefield, so there is no use talking, Papa won't go, and all the Ayrefields in the world won't make me leave him alone the whole long day." Then Maud put her arms round Peters' neck, and added, "Peters, I was very cross to-night, but I'll not say a word for a whole week about George being ugly, or Mr. Clinton being wizened, if you don't make papa press me to go to Ayrefield. I cannot bear Ayrefield when it's full of company. I can't bear the happy people I meet there, who look as if poverty never dare touch them, or trouble darken them. I feel fierce, and angry, and wretched, until I sometimes think I am like the beggar in the streets, who curses the rich man out of the bitterness of his own miserable poverty."

## A NOSEGAY OF TRANSLATIONS.

No. V.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

## LORD OLUF AND THE ELFIN DANCE.

"LORD Oluf rose at the morning dawn,  
 And the elves were dancing on the lawn.  
     The dance went round  
     On the dewy ground.  
 His snow-white hand the elfin king  
 Stretch'd out—'Lord Oluf, come join the ring!'  
 I cannot join your dancing play,  
 Because to-morrow's my wedding-day.'  
 Her snow-white hand the elfin queen  
 Stretch'd out—'Lord Oluf, come dance on the green!'  
 'I cannot join your dancing play,  
 Because to-morrow's my wedding-day.'  
 Her white hand stretch'd the elfin maid—  
 'Come, Oluf, and dance with us in the shade!'  
 'I cannot join in your dancing play,  
 Because to-morrow's my wedding-day.'  
 The bride spoke out to the guests—'O tell!  
 What means that sound of the morning-bell?  
 In our isle the morning-bell is rung  
 When we welcome the bride and the bridegroom young.  
 But now, alas! we must tell you all—  
 The bridegroom, Oluf, sleeps in his hall!  
 When the sun arose on the following day,  
 Three corpses in Oluf's dwelling lay:  
 Lord Oluf lay by his maiden's side,  
 And the mother, of grief and woe who died!"

From the Spanish :—

TO THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FLOR MODESTA Y DELICADA.

“ Sweet flower, whose azure eyes are seen  
Soft-peering thro’ those lids of green  
So modestly !

Thou heedest not the revelries  
Of glancing birds and singing bees.  
’Tis thine to be

The comfort of the absent—thine,  
Not to adorn the warrior’s shrine,  
But, happier lot !

Upon the snowy, heaving breast  
Of gentle maid to smile and rest—  
Forget-me-not !

“ Oft wand’ring on a foreign shore,  
The exile’s eye-balls, brimming o’er  
With sudden tears,  
Look upon thee, and thoughts of home  
In melancholy visions come  
In doubts and fears.  
Thou gatherest up thine own perfumes,  
Shrinking from sun-light that illumines  
The neighbouring spot.

Sweet flower of memory, whisper now  
Thy gentle name in accents low—  
Forget-me-not !

“ Thou art a mystical record  
Of promised faith and plighted word,  
Pleasure and pain ;  
And sometimes musing over thee,  
A half-effaced felicity  
Revives again ;  
And early dreams and smiles of youth,  
And sunny rays of light and truth,  
That were forgot ;  
Like ashes kindled into flame,  
Brighten—so tell me thy sweet name—  
Forget-me-not !”

*José Joaquim Dedlas.*



## SHADOWS OF OLD LONDON.

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

## No. I.—PEPYS IN BUCKINGHAM STREET.

LONDON is changing its aspect daily. In these times of energetic demolition and alteration—almost as rapid, often as startling, as the transformation scene in a pantomime—we leave a familiar spot one week and return in the next to find it unrecognizable by eyes of flesh. When churchyards are demolished to make way for Metropolitan railroads, when even the consecrated dust reposing in the shadow of Westminster Abbey is disturbed, no spot can be sacred enough to stay sacrilegious hands.

Health and commerce undoubtedly are benefited by the changes which substitute broad open streets and stately viaducts for close courts and crowded footways. Our city is assuming more symmetry; material prosperity is stamped on its stately banks, insurance-offices, exchanges. But the antiquary sighs for the picturesque overhanging buildings of inconvenient “Middle Row,” and the poet mourns over the desecrated site of Milton’s house.

A vivid imagination can people spots still outwardly the same with forms, now become historical, which trod them in bygone epochs. But how, when the substantial landmarks themselves are swept away, can memory guide the “backward flowing tide of time” through its proper channel?

We were told by Robert Browning, our greatest living poet—we call him so fearlessly, though the pure gold of his poetry has not been stamped for popular currency with the courtly laurel-wreath—that many years ago, when anxious friends were studying how to provide Leigh Hunt with some work less exhausting to brain and body than continuous composition, he (the brother-poet) proposed to create an office for him. Why not copy the graceful Italian custom of distin-

guishing houses where great men had lived or died with tablets bearing those names which gave the buildings interest? And who so fit to execute the task with care and taste as the pleasant historian of "The Town," the cheerful chronicler of "The Old Court Suburb"? When Leigh Hunt "walked down Fleet Street," the burly form of Dr. Johnson strode before him, nervously touching each door-post he passed; Oliver Goldsmith's active figure darted through the Temple archway, clad in the "bloom-coloured suit" with which he hoped to dazzle the eyes of his lovely "Jessamy Bride;" when he crossed Lincoln's Inn Fields, that was no ordinary bricklayer he saw plastering up the old wall, but Ben Jonson, with the light of poetry flashing from under his heavy brows, and the dignity of mind elevating his clumsy figure.

The suggestion was too excellent, the task too appropriate, ever to be put into operation. And even if it had been, the contemplated benefit would have been but temporary; for now the houses themselves, which Leigh Hunt would have delighted to identify, are vanishing from among us, and even buildings which are permitted to remain have been ludicrously affected by surrounding changes. It is possible to picture the brief and melancholy procession which conducted Charles I. to execution, winding through the low archways of St. James's Palace, on its way to the fatal window at Whitehall; but if we people the Thames with the merry water-parties of the second Charles, where shall we suppose them landing? Somerset House is cut off by a formidable wall and a noble terrace, and Buckingham Water-gate stands high and dry in a public garden!

While any spots of historical association still retain their original features, it may be well to refresh our memories of some among their more distinguished inhabitants; and as we have paused at Buckingham Gate, let the first shadow we summon up be that of

#### PEPYS, IN BUCKINGHAM STREET.

A pleasant and a prosperous man was Master Samuel Pepys, who knew well how to gain the favour of the great, and look with lenient eyes on the frail, without hardening his heart against the humble, or forfeiting the esteem of the good. Learned, pious John Evelyn, who only survived his friend two or three years, thus wrote of him in his Diary, on May 26th, 1703:—"He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the

conversation”<sup>1</sup>. Pepys was descended from an ancient family in Cambridgeshire, and boasted some illustrious connexions, though his own branch had suffered deterioration, and his father had taken to the humble trade of a tailor. He seems, however, to have been anxious for Samuel’s proper education, sending him first to St. Paul’s School. Thence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and in his twenty-third year he married lively young Elizabeth St. Michel (an Englishwoman born and bred, in spite of her pretty foreign name), fresh from her convent, just fifteen years old, intelligent and accomplished; his honest affection for whom, in that age of unblushing immorality, is one of the best features in Pepys’ character. Elizabeth was doubtless glad to take shelter in the comfortable home provided her by Pepys, since, young though she was, she had already known trouble. Her father served against the Spaniards when Dunkirk was taken, but he does not seem to have weighted his purse with Spanish doubloons. Settling in France in poverty, some “deluding Papists,” as a contemporary account calls them, inveigled Mrs. St. Michel and her children into a Roman Catholic establishment, whence the “extreme handsome” eldest daughter was removed to the Ursuline Convent. In a couple of years her almost distracted father succeeded in rescuing her, and they all returned to England together, soon to accomplish a happier destiny for Elizabeth in her union with Samuel Pepys; the influence of whose powerful cousin, the first Earl of Sandwich, secured him Government employment. “None in England exceeded him,” says Evelyn, “in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all of which he performed with great integrity.”

Pepys was a thorough lover of London; and when we grow familiar with the comely shadows of himself and his wife, there are few spots of any historical interest where we shall not trace them. The first house occupied by the young couple was in Axe Yard, on the south side of King Street, Westminster. Here Pepys began his famous Diary, to which we are indebted for some of the most minute and amusing details of both public and private life ever given to the world.

The convent-bred bride does not seem to have known much about the value of money, and Mr. Pepys senior, who was a tailor, could not resist the instinct of trade, even on behalf of his daughter-in-

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<sup>1</sup> “Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn, F.R.S.” Vol. ii. p. 383-4.



law's simplicity; for we find Pepys writing, "I landed my wife at Whitefriars, to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth, of 26s. a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to 5*l*. But she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry." An unsatisfactory petticoat altogether the young husband seems to have found it. A later entry says, "Home to dinner, when my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth, and a fine lace, but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show." Pepys was himself very fond of fine clothes, and puts on record not only his white coat with silver lace, and the first time he wore buckles in his shoes, but also "a pair of blue silk stockings, with which I was greatly pleased."

Her domestic duties, too, the poor little housekeeper occasionally found rather onerous. On the first Sunday in 1660 Mr. Pepys writes, "Dined at home, in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in doing of it she burned her hand." Apparently this frightened her from any more cooking for a time, as on Monday her husband and two friends "went out and drank a cup of ale together in the new market, and then I ate some bread and cheese for my dinner." Pepys and his Elizabeth were a lively young couple, fond of receiving company at home, and going about together to see the sights or visit their friends; sometimes these expeditions were made under difficulties. On the 24th of January Pepys says, "I took my wife to Mr. Pierce's," (surgeon to the Duke of York) "she in her way being exceedingly troubled with a pair of new pattens, and I vexed to go so slow, it being late." It is to be supposed that Mrs. Pepys had not to struggle along in new pattens much after this, as her husband was appointed Secretary to the two Generals of the Fleet, and went to Scheveling, on board Sir Edward Montagu's flag-ship, to bring home Charles II. "My mind is still much troubled for my poor wife," he writes, on March 19th, 1660, the day before his departure, "but I hope that this undertaking will be worth my pains." When Charles came on board the ship that was to take him "to his own again," Mr. Pepys says, "All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down, very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through." Pepys was quite a connoisseur in churches, and we find him attending almost every noted place of worship erected in his day. He was generally attentive to the sermons, on

which he formed decided opinions, not uniformly favourable. On July 8th he says, "To Whitehall Chapel, where I got in with ease, by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good music, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organ, and singing men in surplices, in my life. The Bishop of Chichester preached before the King, and made a great flattering sermon, which I did not like, that the clergy should meddle with matters of state."

On one Sunday in September Mr. Pepys' experiences were of a mixed nature. In the morning he went to Westminster Abbey, where "before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that He would imprint His words on the thumbs of our right hands, and on the right great toes of our right feet. In the midst of the sermon some plaster fell from the top of the Abbey, that made me and all the rest in our pew afraid, and I wished myself out." In the afternoon Mr. Pepys with three friends went to the Hope Tavern, where they drank two or three quarts of wine, and ate "above 200 walnuts!" Two days later Pepys records a more sober repast: "I did send for a cup of *tea* (a China drink), of which I had never drank before."

About this time Pepys received the appointment of Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, and with it a house belonging to the Navy Office, in Seething Lane, Hart Street, Crutchedfriars, at which he says his wife was "overjoyed."

Mr. Pepys was as indefatigable in his weekday theatre-going as in his Sunday church-going. Leigh Hunt, in "The Town," gives a lively picture of Pepys at the play:—

"To the society of this jolliest of Government officers we shall consign our reader and ourselves during the reign of Charles II., and if we are not all three equally intimate with Old Drury at that time there is no faith in good company. . . . Our friend Pepys listens and looks every where; tells all who is who, or asks it, and his neighbours think him a most agreeable fat little gentleman. The curtain rises: enter Mistress Marshall, a pretty woman, and speaks a prologue, which makes all the ladies hurry on their masks, and convulses all the house with laughter. Mr. Pepys 'do own' that he cannot help laughing too, and calls the actress 'a merry jade.' 'But lord!' he says, 'to see the difference of the times, and but two years gone!' And then he utters something between a sigh and a chuckle, at the recollection of his Presbyterian breeding, compared with the jollity of his expectations."

Peter Cunningham, in a graver strain, bears testimony to the same effect.

"This precise and lively diarist (who makes us live in his own circle of amuse-

ments, by the truth and quaintness of his descriptions) was a constant play-goer. To see and to be seen, when the work of his office was over, were the leading objects of his thoughts. Few novelties escaped him, for he never allowed his love of money to interfere with the gratification of his wishes. . . . . He loved to be found wherever the King and his brother were. . . . . He was known to many of the players, and often asked them to dinner. The gossip and scandal of the green-room of Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields were in this way known to him, and what he failed to obtain behind the scenes, he would learn from the orange-women at both houses<sup>2</sup>."

The same authority says that we owe our first introduction to Nell Gwyn to the Clerk of the Acts, and are also indebted to him for the earliest notice yet discovered of her appearance on the stage. History, indeed, in some of the gloomiest as well as giddiest scenes it had to depict, placed largely under contribution the almost inexhaustible Diary. We have purposely chosen to dwell on Mr. Pepys' domestic details, but the pen which records so conscientiously Mrs. Pepys' failures or successes in dresses or dinners, and his own shortcomings in temper and self-control, as when he "took a broom and basted the maid till she cried extremely," and then was sorry for it—or, "notwithstanding my resolution did eat flesh this Lent, but am resolved to eat as little as I can"—records also the appalling scourge of the plague, "this disease making us more cruel to one another than we are to dogs," and the wild terrors of the Great Fire, when he climbed "to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that ever I saw; every where great fires, oil-cellars, brimstone, and other things burning." But whatever national afflictions might fall on England, the prosperity of the Clerk of the Acts was assured. His salary was ample; his fees were numerous; he was consulted and complimented by the Lord High Admiral, Lord Chancellor Hyde, and other statesmen, a nod from whom would have turned his head a few years before. He received noblemen and their wives, and bought good store of plate and fine cutlery for their better entertainment. Yet the busy man of the world sometimes looked back on the days of his early troubles with the half regretful tenderness so well depicted by Thackeray. In February, 1667, Pepys wrote, "Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it."

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<sup>2</sup> "The Story of Nell Gwyn." By Peter Cunningham. Pp. 22, 23.



Through all his new grandeurs and gaieties Pepys' home affection is the pleasantest trait in his character. He is "peevish" with his wife sometimes, when she wears "light hair" or a "silly dress;" but that is because he almost always thinks her "the handsomest woman in company," and loves to see her admired. He buys her "light silks trimmed with fine point," and promises her "a necklace of pearl, value fifty pounds." Pretty Mrs. Pepys has no need to burn her fingers or her pies at her cookery now, for she has several maids to wait upon her. Pepys is pleased with her skill in drawing, which he thinks unequalled, and laments her want of ear for music, in which she constantly takes useless lessons. To his father and mother Pepys is always dutiful and attentive. His mother's last words, "God bless my poor Sam," set him "a weeping heartily." He is anxious about his father's health. "I long to have him in town," he says, "for I would fain do all I can that I may have him live, and take pleasure in my doing well in the world." Of one of his sisters Pepys shows some amusing terror, because of her ill-temper, and when he takes her to live in his house he gives her clearly to understand that it must be as a servant. However, as servants at that time were treated as members of the family, this was not so harsh a measure as it appears. Pepys suffered long from weak eyes, and on May 31st, 1669, he writes, "Thus ends all that I doubt I shall be ever able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes, almost every time that I take a pen in my hand. . . . And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!" Pepys's melancholy foreboding of loss of sight was not realized, but in the autumn of the same year an unlooked-for calamity befell him. After the close of his Diary he took his wife for some months' tour through France and Holland, which they both greatly enjoyed, but very soon after their return, Mrs. Pepys died, having been ill only a few days. The following March Pepys wrote to Captain Elliot, "I beg you earnestly to believe that nothing but the sorrow and distraction I have been in by the death of my wife, increased by the suddenness with which it pleased God to surprise me therewith, after a voyage so full of health and content, could have forced me to so long a neglect of my private concerns." Pepys's career as a public man was not altogether untroubled; its prosperity excited the envy of certain slanderers who accused him of

joining in a plot against the King and Protestant religion. In that disturbed and uneasy time the proverb about giving a dog a bad name was more than ever applicable. Pepys and some companions in misfortune were committed to the Tower in 1679, and after several remands were allowed to find security in 30,000*l*. In 1680 they were discharged, as their accuser refused to acknowledge the truth of his first deposition. In 1684 Pepys was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty, with a salary of 500*l*. a-year. At this time he was living in his house in Buckingham Street, the last on the west side, looking on the Thames—the one, Mr. Cunningham “suspects,” formerly occupied by Peter the Great<sup>3</sup>. Buckingham Street was then better known as York Buildings, being one of the streets built on the site of the famous York House, which was partly pulled down by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in 1624, with the intention of erecting another in its place; the remainder being demolished by the second Duke in 1665. All of the permanent structure completed was the Water Gate, then called York Gate, designed by Inigo Jones, which now stands, an interesting anachronism, in the Embankment Gardens. At the time that Pepys occupied this house he was President of the Royal Society, and in it he used to entertain the members of that learned body<sup>4</sup>. To these entertainments Evelyn alludes when, after describing his happy engrossment in country life at Wootton—where, he says, “as the patriarchs of old I pass the day in the fields, among horses and oxen, sheep, cows, bulls, and sows, *et cetera pecora campi*”—he proceeds: “But can you thus hold out? Will my friend say, Is philosophy, Gresham College, and the example of Mr. Pepys, and agreeable conversation of York Buildings, quite forgotten and abandoned? No, no! *Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret*. Know I have been ranging of no fewer than thirty large cases of books destined for a competent standing library<sup>5</sup>.” On the accession of William and Mary, in 1689, Pepys lost his official appointments, and it must have been altogether a bitter time to him, for James II., both as Duke and

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<sup>3</sup> “Handbook for London, Past and Present.” By Peter Cunningham. Vol. i. p. 148. Mr. Jesse says that the Czar lived in the house on the *east* corner of York Buildings—opposite Pepys’ house, in which lived subsequently Etty and Clarkson Stanfield. *Vide* “London: its Celebrated Characters and Remarkable Places.” Vol. iii. pp. 345-6.

<sup>4</sup> “The Book of Days.” Edited by R. Chambers. Vol. i. p. 682.

<sup>5</sup> Pepys’s “Diary and Correspondence.” Vol. iv. p. 296.

King, had been his good and fast friend. Pepys's retirement into private life did not save him from political persecution. In 1690 he was committed to the Gatehouse, a prison near Westminster Abbey, on pretence of his intriguing with the exiled Court. He was soon allowed, on the ground of ill-health, to return to his house in Buckingham Street, where he busied himself in reforms connected with the Government of Christ's Hospital and in literary pursuits. In 1700 his physician induced him to leave Buckingham Street, for change of air at Clapham, but in that quiet retreat he studied more assiduously than ever, and thus increasing his ill-health, he died there in May, 1703. Dr. Hickes, formerly Dean of Worcester, wrote to Dr. Charlett, on June 5, 1703: "Last night, at nine o'clock, I did the last office for your and my good friend Mr. Pepys, at St. Olave's Church, where he was laid in a vault of his own making, by his wife and brother. . . . I administered the Holy Sacrament twice in his illness to him; . . . and I never attended any sick or dying person that died with so much Christian greatness of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality, or so much fortitude and patience." On hearing of his death Evelyn wrote, "Besides what he published of an account of the navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand, the 'History of the Navy,' or *Navalia*, as he called it; but how far advanced, and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son, Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad, from whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir<sup>6</sup>." This Mr. Jackson was the son of the sister "Pall" (Paulina) of whose temper, we have noticed, Pepys stood somewhat in dread; notwithstanding which he gave her the handsome wedding portion of 600*l.*, though at the time of her marriage he was not rich himself. Pepys left his fine collection of prints and books to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where they still are preserved under the name of the Pepysian Library.

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<sup>6</sup> Evelyn's "Diary and Correspondence." Vol. ii., p. 383-4.



## PAUL MAXWELL'S CAREER.

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### CHAPTER I.

ON a certain still Sunday afternoon, late in August of 186—, I found myself sauntering between ripe orchards and blooming hop-gardens along the shady side of the road leading from Tunbridge town to the Wells. On the previous day I had pushed forward from Sevenoaks, determined, if possible, whilst in that part of Kent, as in the course of some years I had done in other parts of the country, to see and hear my old friend Paul Maxwell; and having gathered that he was that evening to preach at the favourite Kentish Spa, after an early dinner I set out from my hotel for an easy walk, for the purpose of attending the service. Ten years before I had visited the Wells with my dear mother and sister, who passed one season there for their health, having a little faith in the chalybeate waters, and much more in the splendid breezy common and open country around, where furze-bush, fern, and heather flourish, and where, as the natives will have it, an atmosphere is always to be enjoyed which blesses no other part of the world. I myself had a very lively recollection of the quiet beauty of the place and its rural environs, the walks and drives, the exhilarating effect of the air, the “High Rocks,” and Mounts “Ephraim,” and “Calverly,” truly “with verdure clad” on every side—luxuriant gardens, lawns, and plantations. I was, therefore, glad to learn that “Max.,” as I always familiarly call him, was to hold forth that evening in this select and delightful resort.

A quarter of an hour brought me to the top of “Quarry Hill,” from whence we look back and down upon the quaint little town of Tunbridge—nestling in the sylvan bosom of the rich valley of the Medway. The river glides stealthily on, peeping only here and there through some break in the foliage. You see, also, the massive ivy-covered towers of the old Norman Castle, darkening up to the horizon—a treasured relic which consecrates the place to history. After the great battle and memorable victory of Hastings, the castle and town were presented for a possession to Richard de Fitz-Gilbert, companion-in-arms of William the Conqueror.

Another quarter of an hour and I was at the picturesque little village of Southborough, just midway between Tunbridge and the Wells, and noticed by all travellers on that road for its pretty church in the wood, and the spacious green, where the inhabitants recruit their lungs, and the youths of the neighbouring schools gambol and play cricket.

It was here, on passing out of the village on the Wells side, that I fell in, on the footway, with sundry knots of persons going in the same direction. From their earnest chatter and clatter as they strode along, I found that they, also, were bound for the evening service. Much I heard of the name of "Maxwell," or something like it, connected with talk about "farewell sermons." It at once occurred to me that the Wesleyan Conference had just held its annual sittings in a Midland town, and for the first time, I believe, in the world's history, its proceedings had been paragraphically noted in the daily journals. It was thus that I came to know of the fact. The conclusion now was unavoidable from what I heard by the way, that Paul Maxwell was transferred to some other "station," and was then about to take his "farewell" of the people at the Wells. Nothing draws larger audiences of Methodist people than "farewell" sermons, except it be "funeral" sermons. To see and hear the last of a preacher they will sometimes travel for miles; and the farther he is going to remove from them, the greater interest they take in the occasion.

The group of fellow-pedestrians from whom I casually gathered the above important information was composed of two old people—apparently man and wife—who might have been born and bred together, played on the one village-green, and married from the cottage homes which saw their entrance into life full seventy years before I saw them on the way. These were heading a train of ten or a dozen young or middle-aged persons—mostly females—and a youth—a tall, loud-spoken boy—walked by the side of a cheery healthy-looking girl in the rear. This geographical disposition of persons, together with the habitual rustic habit of loud talking, was highly favourable to my hearing any thing and every thing that passed. The old gentleman, as he trudged along, with a heavy walking-stick in his right hand and a very ancient family umbrella under his left arm, constantly talked of Mr. "Max'ell," of one Cartwright, a class-leader, of the "quarterly meeting," of a certain Mr. Snappington, a circuit-steward, and of a superintendent whose

name appeared, as well as I could distinguish, to be "Worriman." He was evidently very much impressed about the current Methodist local events of the day, thrusting his huge stick with energy to the ground at the end of every sentence, by way of giving emphasis to his views. The youth who brought up the rear of the party vociferated his agreement with, and additions to, what the good patriarch said, whilst the old lady and the young ones joined every now and then in a perfect chorus of exclamations as, "There now!" "What do you think of that!" "What a shame!" "What a shame!" "Such a nice young man, too!" "See," said the old lady, "what congregations he got when he come to our place!"

"Ay, lass," chimed in the old man, "and *what collections!* I believe as how we shall niver get his fellow heer agin, that's my belief; and as for this heer Mr. Stamper wots put down ver us, why nobody don't know nothing about 'en."

"There," added another of the party—a young woman—" 'tis allays so, you know, father. Jest when we get to know 'em and like 'em, and they begin to do us some good, then they'm took away."

"Not allays, lass, so quick as this, though quick enough in all conscience," was the reply.

Mrs. Maxwell was spoken of and inquired about by one of the party very feelingly, with such expressions as "dear heart," "poor dear creature;" and the old man communicated the information that "he had hard at the quarterly meeting that her was a sarten Miss Jewell, who Mr. Max'ell married from a circuit somewheer northerd," and that she had "a goodish bit o' money."

This particular circumstance gave, I am bound to say, much satisfaction to the company, they appearing to think that the money power might serve as a good set-off in Maxwell's experience, and secure his independence and comfort, despite any persecution or tyranny to which he might be subjected. It was a significant fact that this rustic, humble party, evidently without much money themselves, looked upon that article in this connexion as a great boon, because it might serve to shield its possessor from some of the evil effects of human weakness or malice. So money has a divine mission, after all, among men; and surely it never performs a higher part than when it supports and comforts the weak against the strong, the injured man against the thoughtless or cruel man.

I, of course, was deeply interested in this way-side conversation, and quickened my pace instinctively several times, that I might



keep within sound of the voices; but the party were evidently so eager to reach their destination that I was fairly beaten in the race, and fell behind. It was clear, however, from all I could hear, that Max. was the great talk of the neighbourhood just then—and for some cause or other, then unknown to me, had come to be regarded by these villagers, and perhaps by many others, in a very interesting light. I congratulated myself on the opportuneness of my visit, for had I been a week later, it is possible Paul Maxwell might have been at the other end of the land.

A most peculiar mode of life is that of the “itinerant,” or, as more commonly termed, the “travelling” preacher. Be acquainted with him in youth at his starting, and in the course of a few years you may meet him fifty times, and in almost as many different places. He is a kind of wandering, albeit a Christian Jew; and if one is much about the world, as I am, he may be seen as often as may be desired, with but little effort or extra journeying. Max. and I had thus met, during the sixteen years of his itinerant life, in nearly all the counties of England, where he was either stationed for the short term allowed by the Conference, or occasionally visiting on duty. We were now about to meet once more; and the incidents of our meeting will be told in the sequel.

For the present, my thoughts are absorbed with some reminiscences of his early life and career up to this point. Our intimacy from boyhood, bosom friendship, correspondence, and frequent intercourse, gave me an insight into a character unique and sharply defined, and into a public path of life in England, with many curious associations, “ups and downs,” and strange vicissitudes of personal experience, and which has not, hitherto, been much explored. I may thus be enabled to write something interesting to the general reader, to the Christian and Philosopher who may wish to acquaint themselves with the manifold and varied influences operating in our midst, and together producing that collective phenomenon “our modern social life.”

As an itinerant preacher Paul Maxwell is no more; but it may lend some interest to the story of his life to learn the why and the wherefore; something about the influences which first led him into that course, and then those which, after years of experience, led him to abandon it. His rise and progress as an itinerant, his courtship and marriage (for travelling preachers woo and marry as well as other men); his prosperity and troubles, his happiness and infeli-

cities, his successes and failures, his friends and foes, and connexions on all sides, of every complexion and persuasion, are topics which may well furnish us with another chapter in illustration of the social, religious, and political aspects of our times.

## CHAPTER II.

PAUL MAXWELL and I were natives of the same town, a pretty clean little town in the South West, kept fresh and fragrant by the sparkling waters of the Exe, which flow in all their liveliness and fulness through its centre, and for many miles above and below. We were sworn friends at six, defended each other in all our scrimmages in schooling days, spent most of our holidays together, fished and bird's-nested, bathed and rambled, laughed and cried together. Ah! what a softening and subduing influence comes over one at the recollection of those days! What a world within a world is that of our own little story! There was a time, we were about thirteen years of age, when a mysterious power was at work among us boys in the sunny southern town. It was a strange thing, and one which ought to be recorded, as a main thread in the wonderful texture of our mundane existence. Some score of us fell into a spiritual mood, and became "serious." Something, or rather several things happened to arrest our attention and make us thoughtful. A boy about our own age was drowned whilst bathing on a Sunday morning. A workman, a pious man, had met with a tragical fate, being buried alive under an embankment which fell upon him whilst at his work. One preacher spoke of the boy's drowning as a judgment upon him for Sabbath breaking; another of the pious workman's death, as a sudden and blessed dispensation which summoned him to the skies. And although some cavilled at the teaching, and ejaculated as they listened to it, in effect if not always in words, "All things come alike to all; there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked, and no man knoweth either love or hatred by all that is before him," yet, by such a treatment of current local events, a manifest concern was awakened in many minds.

A long series of special religious services were conducted by a popular lay preacher, a Methodist farmer from the North, who as soon as his harvest was in at home, was accustomed to set out for a good part of the year on a revival tour, or as he used to tell

the people, "to try and gather home a harvest of souls." He was a novelty in our quiet little monotonous town. His Lincolnshire dialect, his calm earnestness (different in this respect from most so-called revival preachers), his natural eloquence, his drab breeches and gaiters, his popular sacred melodies, which he sometimes started in the midst of his sermons, and at intervals at all the meetings, formed altogether so powerful an attraction that thousands crowded to a chapel that when packed to the ceiling would not contain more than one thousand. We boys liked the old man amazingly. There was nothing rough or vulgar about him; and he told such touching and pertinent anecdotes, painted bible scenes so vividly, and drew such pretty, affecting domestic pictures, that he completely fascinated and won us. No doubt it was curiosity that led us to hear him so often; but curiosity or not, his preaching and manner wrought a very powerful effect among us. Half-a-dozen of the lads went up to the rail in one night.

Does the reader ask what that means? Why it means that they left their seats, and went and knelt at the communion-rail, repenting and praying to be forgiven their sins, and taking advice of the experienced in spiritual matters. All were exhorted to do so. I did not go; being brought up in the Church of England, and going only as an occasional visitor to Maxwell's family pew to hear the popular Lincolnshire man, my boyish ideas were, that it was not my duty to go to the rail. Paul, however, who was sitting next me, after, as I could perceive, a good deal of hesitation and mental strife with himself, yielded to the pressing invitation, and after looking earnestly at me, as though questioning with himself what I would think of it, opened the pew-door and courageously took his place among the kneeling penitents. The whole scene, I must confess, deeply impressed me; and I felt in no way inclined to rail at going to the rail; and although, on describing it after I got home, my father strongly denounced the whole proceeding as "fanaticism," "folly," and fostering "hypocrisy," yet I felt a secret impression that there was something more and better in it than that. It was the first time in my life that I remember to have seriously rebelled against my father's dictum. I felt morally certain that Max. was not in error in going to the rail; and that he would make a good Christian I had the greatest confidence.

Well, whatever may be said against Methodist revival services, it cannot be denied that in this case many of the good effects re-



mained. Many grown-up people were reformed, and some of the boys were "converted." Max. of course, was one of them ; and I, though not exactly within the same ecclesiastical fold, somehow or other, partly no doubt from the mutual friendship which previously existed between us, was drawn into a strange sympathy with him in his new experiences and doings. For some time on Saturday afternoons a few of us passed a quiet hour in the hollow of an old tree, in a lonely meadow a little out of the town. Hear we read the Scriptures, prayed together, sang hymns. Sometimes one of our "converted" friends made a little speech, and once, I recollect, Paul Maxwell pronounced, in a voice and manner which astonished us, something very like a sermon.

In the long evenings of autumn and winter this practice was improved upon in a room in Maxwell's house, which his mother lent us for the occasion. There was a plain deal table in the centre, with a stool put upon it at the end for a desk, a Bible and a hymn-book. The meetings were held once a week, each member taking his turn at the desk according to a prescribed plan. Things began to look formal and serious. The "preacher" for the evening used to contrive to come into the room at the moment when we were supposed to be all waiting, proceeded straight to the desk, bowed in prayer, gave out a hymn, offered prayer, read a portion of Scripture, announced another hymn, and then proceeded with his discourse. I was no preacher myself, but a kind of preaching *furor* fell upon all my companions. They all seemed to aspire to be preachers ; but only one, as it appeared to me, was ever likely to make a preacher, and *he* was the most reluctant to assume the character. Some of the extempore attempts were of course very childish, and at best it seemed but playing at preaching. My peculiar position in the circle sometimes placed me in awkward circumstances, exposing me to be *preached at*, in so small a company rather too personally, by a certain brother whose zeal outran his knowledge. I always, however, felt safe under Paul Maxwell's wing, who in the discussion which followed the "oration," generally contrived very adroitly to turn a point or two in my favour. Then Paul's sisters (naughty sprites) would sometimes creep up to the door, and listen for their amusement ; and once (I shall never forget it) some hesitating brother was on his legs, very much straitened in speech, and labouring hard to say a few things feeble enough in themselves. Sitting near the door, I heard repressed merriment without, then successive bursts of girlish

laughter, and a rush from the door. The lads inside caught the facetious infection. One exploded with laughter after another, until all roared together; and the preacher, much disconcerted, abruptly terminated his discourse, and the meeting ended without the usual solemnities. Grave offence was taken at this awkward incident; and Max. himself, although he could not help joining in the fun, felt afterwards very much pained at it. It seemed to him that the very thing against which his mother (good creature) always cautioned him, had really taken place. She had two or three times said to him in my presence, "Beware, Paul, lest the *cloven foot* get amongst you." And now he feared that the "*cloven foot*" was there; and it was quite apparent that the moral tone of the meetings was shaken. Little personal conceits and prejudices, began to assert themselves against good sense, piety, and humility, and brought their attendant troubles.

An event of great importance, however, now happened in the history of this college in miniature. In every religious community, in every town, there will be found some one or more good, well-meaning souls of the feminine gender, who spend their time quite voluntarily, in going among their fellow-members of society, and making themselves acquainted with their spiritual and temporal concerns. They are generally persons who can, at least, live without work; they live easily, perhaps, in furnished lodgings, at as low a rental as it is possible to conceive. After breakfast, they read saintly biographies and society magazines, and then, after an early dinner, attend to their modest toilet and walk out in the exercise of their spiritual functions. In the Methodist body, this particular genus of membership may attain to the position of "class-leaders," and are much relied on by the preachers, as safe intelligencers on all matters appertaining to the society. Some of them have many weaknesses, it is acknowledged, but still they fulfil their mission, and answer their social purpose. I am not about to say that Mrs. Judkins was one of the most obtrusive or officious of this class. Indeed, she was not as far as I know offensively obtrusive at any time; but still she *did* like to know *every thing* that was going on. Her husband had been a foreman somewhere, and had left her at his death just enough for her to live upon, and she was always "thankful" for the fifteen shillings a-week which she enjoyed for life. She was a corpulent person, and could not visit many in a day; and when she once fairly sat down, and had put her little

reticule on the floor by her side, and the few leaflets and tracts she carried on the table, to await her pleasure, it was generally a considerable time before she rose again to take her departure. At least this was so when she came to see her "dear sister" Maxwell; and as a rule, she tarried to drink tea with her, to which she was always welcomed, being considered as a sort of "mother in Israel." Over the cheery cup she, bit by bit, drew out all about the proceedings of the lads upstairs on Tuesday evenings; and once she contrived to be there when they were assembling and retiring from the private service. She looked earnestly and inquisitively at us, but said nothing. Paul, remarked to me, "That woman has some purpose in being here at this time, I know."

The next day, Mrs. Judkins felt herself inspired to make a startling revelation. As early as convenient she was knocking at the superintendent preacher's door; and very soon was in his little parlour, telling him what she had discovered at Maxwell's house. She then called upon the principal Methodists in the town—dining with one, taking tea with another, supping with another—and communicating to all, the discoveries she had made. The secret was out; we felt it was a "burning shame," and the publicity thus given to the affair was, of course, a terrible shock to our native modesty. Yet, I fancy it was not difficult to see, that some after all were secretly proud of the prospect of notoriety, and rejoiced at the idea of being talked about.

The results of this untimely disclosure and tattle of "Sister" Judkins were momentous. The preachers brought the matter up at their weekly meeting, and like wise master-builders, instead of issuing their mandate against the juvenile divines and orators, and harshly correcting their presumption, considered on the whole, as one of them sagely remarked, that "the hand of God might be in it." They were very much in want of local preachers in the circuit, and had been long praying for a supply. Peradventure, the "great Head of the Church" was now about to "thrust forth labourers into His vineyard." Henceforth, then, the youthful college fell under the control of the ministers. The lads were formed into a theological class under the care of one of them. At this stage I withdrew from the meetings, but in two years Max. and three others began to "exercise" in the villages and hamlets around, and by the time he was sixteen he was selected to preach a sermon on the "Watch-night,"—the last night in the old year—in the town pulpit. To be asked by the



superintendent to preach on this grand and solemn Methodist occasion was considered a great mark of honour and confidence. My father and some other church people—as well as many dissenters—singularly enough, always used in those days to attend the Methodist Watch-night, and did so very interestedly on the present occasion. Paul, after a little flurry and nervousness at the first—on finding himself before so large an audience—acquitted himself well and to the satisfaction of all. My father, who seldom passed remarks on preachers, was constrained to remark as we went home, “that’s a clever youth, that young Maxwell; if I mistake not we shall hear something more of him.” At that early age, it was feared by a few solicitous souls that the boy-preacher might develope too fast, and that so the breath of popularity would spoil him; and Mrs. Judkins, who always prided herself on being as she used to say “the instrument of his calling out into the work,” uniformly concluded her compliments and “encouragements” about his preaching by admonishing him, “Be sure now, Paul, you keep humble.”

From this time I was a frequent hearer of Paul’s, often going with him to his country appointments, and enjoying many a moonlight walk and talk, and many a rainy and boisterous one too. Although belonging to another church outwardly—from which, be it said, my friend never sought to draw me, for he was of a thoroughly catholic genius—we enjoyed a closer spiritual fellowship than exists between many Christians of the same communion. Then I remember one year, it was a memorable one to the future itinerant. He was so busy in theological studies and reading that one could hardly get a word with him. One evening, it was in February, he called me up into the old preaching-room, which was now his study, and showed me a whole row of books on his little shelf, which he informed me he had to read all through, note, and study, before some great event that was to come off in the May following. “Good-bye, then,” said I, “Max.; we may as well dissolve partnership. If you’re going into all these—‘Wesley’s Sermons,’ ‘Notes,’ ‘Watson’s Institutes,’ ‘Earnest Appeal,’ &c., &c., we may as well make up our minds to it. They’ll bury you alive. Good-bye, old fellow.” I neither saw him, nor heard of him, for two long months and more, and then I was told that my friend Paul Maxwell was “passed” by the quarterly meeting of the circuit; then again, in May, that he had gone to the “district meeting” of preachers, and that he had been “recommended” to be a travelling preacher. As

I considered he must now be breathing rather more freely, I ventured to call at his house early in June, but found him as busy as ever, composing a sermon which he was to send in MS. to London, consulting all the authorities within his reach, and preparing for a great examination he had yet to undergo in the metropolis during that same month.

"Why, Paul," I remarked, "when is all this to end?"

"End!" he exclaimed, "never in this world."

"Nay, nay, you are joking!"

"No I am not. Look here," he continued, "I have already undergone three theological examinations, preached three 'trial' sermons, thrice told the story of my conversion; I am now writing a sermon as a specimen of composition. I am summoned to London for three weeks hence, where I shall have, before the President and the great preachers there, to go over the same ground, only in a more extensive and searching form. Another account of conversion, another theological and literary examination, another sermon to preach in a London pulpit, which has to be reported of, and then, if I pass all this ordeal successfully, my name will be mentioned in Conference in August. If approved, I suppose I shall go to one of the colleges, where I am told there is an examination by the tutors on entering, examinations at the end of every month, and a grand one at the end of every collegiate year for three years. Then I go to a circuit, and for three years more have an examination to pass every year; and at the end of that time to undergo one great scrutiny prior to ordination at the Conference!"

I felt mightily amused at all this, and remarked,—

"Why, Paul, you have got into a world of examinations. They'll get to the bottom of you sure enough by-and-by."

"It is a 'world,'" said Paul, "'without end.' For even then, mark, after ordination, there are two annual ordeals to pass every year, in order to maintain the *status* of a minister,—an inquisition made into the character and conduct of every one of us before the highest courts of Methodism."

"Well, then," said I, "Max., you will have to behave yourself; you will have enough to think of henceforth. No time to think about or correspond with your old friend Alec Thompson. You are off upon a life of examinations, wanderings, and trials; God help you! I strike into another path."

"Ay," sighed Paul, "the God of our fathers and our youth

defend us ! I will write to you, Alec," he called out as I went down stairs ; "don't forget me."

The words brought my heart into my mouth. It seemed a violent rupture of the tender ties of youth ; and in a voice broken and stifled with emotion, I spoke back to him,—

"No, Paul, we'll not forget each other, will we?"

Tears filled my eyes as I hastened through the little parlour below, where sat Paul's mother, musing and alone, to whom I simply said good night on leaving, not venturing to attempt the utterance of more. As I closed the little garden gate and entered the yard which communicated with the street I cast my eye up at Paul's homely study-window, which faced that way, and saw him looking thoughtfully after me. The sun was going down on the other side of the house, and his high, shining, intellectual forehead stood out through the shadow on the glass, as on catching my eye he waved his hand, and watched me until I had disappeared,—parting, Heaven only knew for how long, and for what ultimate destinations, in any case severed for ever from the dear associations of childhood and youth. It seemed like tearing one's heartstrings away, and my soul was thrilled with emotions which leave a clearer record on the mind than can be reduced to writing. The first great period of life at that moment closed, and life opened with a sterner and more earnest aspect. I had parted with the only youthful companion of whom I could ever say, his heart was as my heart, and with whom from childhood I had enjoyed an unbroken, because a pure and genuine, companionship. He was good and pious without being gloomy ; and contrived in some way or other to blend even a playful disposition with a consistent attention to the higher duties of being,—so as to distinguish him from the common type of converted juveniles, who, too often, under religious influence, I found to lose all the buoyancy and radiance of a natural youth.

In another two months it was currently reported in the town that Paul Maxwell had been "accepted" by the Conference, and was visiting some of his friends in Exeter, before going to the Wesleyan College at Richmond in Surrey. I about the same time left home to undertake a responsible situation under a firm of merchants in the great world-city. So we were now fairly launched upon two distinct currents of this great sea of life, destined, however, as it happened, to meet in our progress at many points, and to sympathize in each other's experiences at different stages.



## A SULTRY NOON.

THERE is not a wave on the ocean,  
There is not a cloud on the sky,  
There is not a leaf-stirring motion  
From even a zephyr's soft sigh.

If brightness and stillness be Beauty,  
Then Beauty unrivall'd is here—  
To claim our devotion and duty,  
As Goddess and Queen of the sphere.

But Beauty exists not in tameness,  
'Tis spirit and motion that charm :  
The loveliest aspects of sameness  
Can never its dulness disarm :

I love the sweet play of emotion  
On features lit up by the soul,  
And welcome the waves in commotion  
That under the breezy clouds roll.

COLIN RAE-BROWN.

## THE ADVENTURES OF THREE ENGLISHMEN AND THREE RUSSIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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### CHAPTER III.

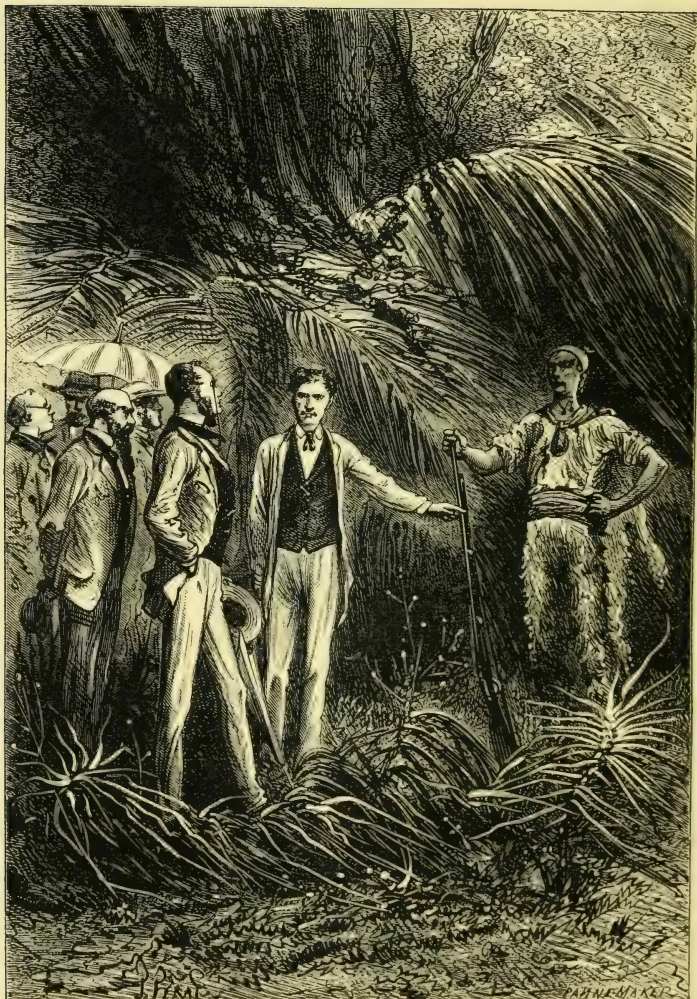
#### THE LAND JOURNEY.

THESE introductions over, William Emery put himself at the disposal of the new arrivals, for in his position as astronomer at the Cape, he was inferior in rank to Colonel Everest, a delegate of the English Government, and, with Matthew Strux, joint president of the commission. He knew, as well, that he was a distinguished man of science, famous for his reductions of the nebulæ and his calculations of the occultations of the stars. He was a cold, methodical man, of about fifty years of age, every hour of his life being portioned out with mathematical accuracy. Nothing unforeseen ever happened to him, and his punctuality in every thing was like that of the stars in passing the meridian, and it might be said that all his doings were regulated by the chronometer. William Emery knew all this, and had therefore never doubted that the commission would arrive on the appointed day. During this time he was waiting for the Colonel to tell him the object of this mission to South Africa; but as he was still silent on the point, Emery thought it better not to ask any questions, as very likely the hour fixed in the Colonel's mind for the subject had not yet come.

Emery also knew by repute the wealthy Sir John Murray, who (almost a rival to Sir James Ross and Lord Elgin) was, although without office, an honour to England by his scientific labours. His pecuniary sacrifices to science were likewise considerable, for he had devoted £20,000 to the establishment of a giant reflector, a match for the telescope at Parson Town, by whose means the elements of a







"THE HUNTER, MOKOUM," SAID WILLIAM EMERY, PRESENTING HIS COMPANION.

number of double stars had just been determined. He was a man of about forty years of age, with an aristocratic bearing, but whose character it was impossible to discover through his imperturbable exterior.

As to the three Russians, Strux, Palander, and Zorn, their names were also well known to William Emery, although he was not personally acquainted with them. Nicholas Palander and Michael Zorn paid a certain amount of deference to Matthew Strux, as was due to his position, if it had not been to his merit.

The only remark that Emery made was that they were in equal numbers, three English and three Russians; and the crew of the "Queen and Czar" (for that was the name of the steamboat) consisted of ten men, five English and five Russians.

"Mr. Emery," said Colonel Everest, when the introductions were over, "we are now as well acquainted as if we had travelled together from London to Cape Voltas. Besides, your labours have already earned you a just renown, and on that account I hold you in high esteem. It was at my request that the English Government appointed you to assist in our operations in South Africa."

William Emery bowed in acknowledgment, and thought that he was now going to hear the object of the scientific commission to the southern hemisphere; but still Colonel Everest did not explain it.

"Mr. Emery," he went on, "are your preparations complete?"

"Quite, Colonel," replied the astronomer. "According to the directions in Mr. Airy's letter, I left Cape Town a month ago, and went to the station at Lattakoo, and there I collected all the materials for an expedition into the interior of Africa, provisions, waggons, horses, and bushmen. There is an escort of 100 armed men waiting for you at Lattakoo, and they will be under the command of a clever and celebrated hunter, whom I now beg to present to you, the bushman Mokoum."

"The bushman Mokoum!" cried the Colonel (if his usual cold tone could justify such a verb), "the bushman Mokoum! I know his name perfectly well."

"It is the name of a clever, brave African," added Sir John Murray, turning to the hunter, who was not at all discomposed by the grand airs of the Europeans.

"The hunter Mokoum," said William Emery, as he introduced his companion.

"Your name is well known in the United Kingdom, bushman," replied Colonel Everest. "You were the friend of Anderson and the guide of David Livingstone, whose friend I have the honour of being. I thank you in the name of England, and I congratulate Mr. Emery on having chosen you as the chief of our caravan. Such a hunter as you must be a connoisseur of fire-arms, and as we have a very fair supply, I shall beg you to take your choice of the one which will suit you the best; we know that it will be in good hands."

A smile of satisfaction played round the bushman's lips, for although he was no doubt gratified by the recognition of his services in England, yet the Colonel's offer touched him the most: he then returned thanks in polite terms, and stepped aside, while Emery and the Europeans continued their conversation.

The young astronomer went through all the details of the expedition he had prepared, and the Colonel seemed delighted. He was anxious to reach Lattakoo as quickly as possible, as the caravan ought to start at the beginning of March, after the rainy season.

"Will you be kind enough to decide how you will get to the town, Colonel Everest?" said William Emery.

"By the Orange River, and one of its affluents, the Kuruman, which flows close to Lattakoo."

"True," replied the astronomer, "but however well your vessel may travel, it cannot possibly ascend the cataract of Morgheda!"

"We will go round the cataract, Mr. Emery," replied the Colonel, "and by making a land journey of a few miles, we can re-embark above the falls; and from there to Lattakoo, if I am not mistaken, the rivers are navigable for a vessel that does not draw much water."

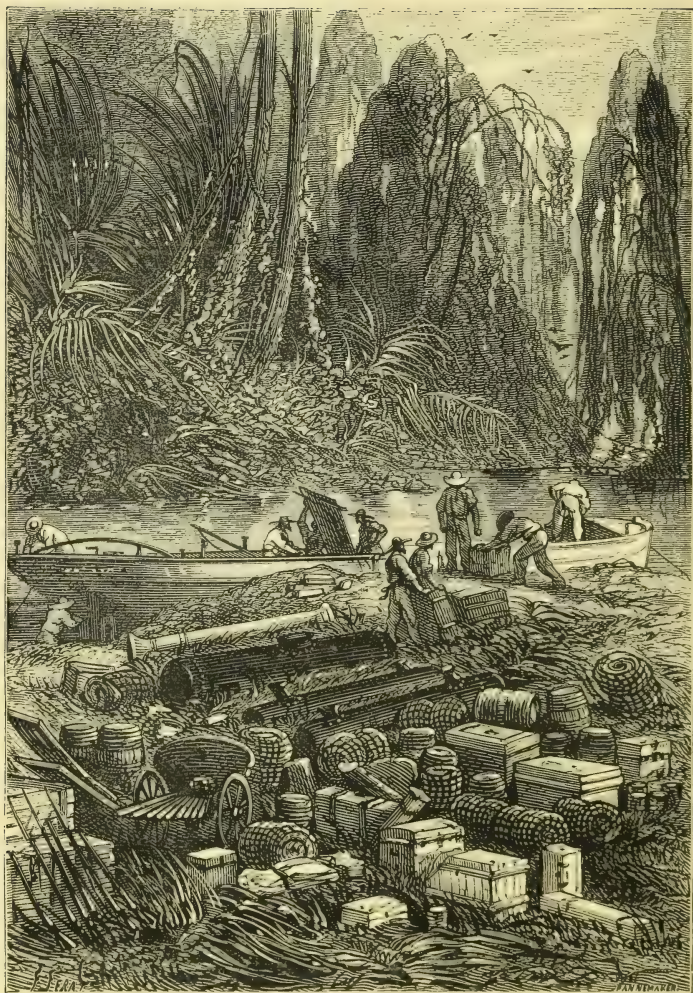
"No doubt, Colonel," answered William Emery, "but this steam-boat is too heavy . . ."

"Mr. Emery," interrupted the Colonel, "this vessel is a masterpiece from Leard and Co.'s manufactory in Liverpool. It takes to pieces, and is put together again with the greatest ease, a key and a few bolts being all that is required by men used to the work. You brought a waggon to the falls, did you not?"

"Yes, Colonel," answered Emery, "our encampment is not a mile away."







ALL THESE OBJECTS WERE DEPOSITED ON THE BEACH.

“Well, I must beg the bushman to have the waggon brought to the landing-place, and it will then be loaded with the portions of the vessel and its machinery, which also takes to pieces; and we shall then get up to the spot where the Orange becomes navigable.”

Colonel Everest's orders were obeyed. The bushman disappeared quickly in the underwood, promising to be back in less than an hour, and while he was gone, the steamboat was rapidly unloaded. The cargo was not very considerable; it consisted of some cases of philosophical instruments; a fair collection of guns of Purdey Moore's manufacture, of Edinburgh; some kegs of brandy; some canisters of preserved meat; cases of ammunition; portmanteaus reduced to the smallest size; tent-cloths and all their utensils, looking as if they had come out of a travelling-bazaar; a carefully packed gutta-percha canoe, which took up no more room than a well-folded counterpane; some materials for encamping, &c., &c.; and lastly, a fan-shaped mitrailleuse, a machine not then brought to perfection, but formidable enough to terrify any enemy who might come across their path. All these were placed on the bank; and the engine, of 8-horse power, was divided into three parts: the boiler and its tubes; the mechanism, which was parted from the boiler by a turn of a key; and the screw attached to the false stern-post. When these had been successively carried away, the inside of the vessel was left free. Besides the space reserved for the machinery and the stores, it was divided into a fore-cabin for the use of the crew, and an aft-cabin, occupied by Colonel Everest and his companions. In the twinkling of an eye the partitions vanished, all the chests and bedsteads were lifted out, and now the vessel was reduced to a mere shell, thirty-five feet long, and composed of three parts, like the “*Mâ-Robert*,” the steam-vessel used by Dr. Livingstone in his first voyage up the Zambesi. It was made of galvanized steel, so that it was light, and at the same time resisting. The bolts, which fastened the plates over a framework of the same metal, kept them firm, and also prevented the possibility of a leakage. William Emery was truly astounded at the simplicity of the work and the rapidity with which it was executed. The waggon, under the guidance of Mokoum and the two Boschjesmen, had only arrived an hour when they were ready to load it. This waggon, rather a primitive vehicle, was mounted on four massive wheels, each couple being about twenty feet apart; it was a regular Ameri-



can "car" in length. This clumsy machine, with its creaking axles projecting a good foot beyond the wheels, was drawn by six tame buffaloes, two and two, who were extremely sensitive to the long goad carried by their driver. It required nothing less than such beasts as these to move the vehicle when heavily laden, for in spite of the adroitness of the "leader," it stuck in the mire more than once. The crew of the "Queen and Czar" now proceeded to load the waggon so as to balance it well every where. The dexterity of sailors is proverbial, and the lading of the vehicle was like play to the brave men. They laid the larger pieces of the boat on the strongest part of the waggon, immediately over the axles of the wheels, so that the cases, chests, barrels, and the lighter and more fragile packages easily found room between them. As to the travellers themselves, a four miles' walk was nothing to them. By three o'clock the loading was finished, and Colonel Everest gave the signal for starting. He and his companions, with William Emery as guide, took the lead, while the bushman, the crew, and the drivers of the waggon followed more slowly. They performed the journey without fatigue, for the slopes that led to the upper course of the Orange made their road easy, by making it longer, and this was a happy thing for the heavily laden waggon, as it would thus reach its goal more surely, if more slowly.

The different members of the commission clambered lightly up the side of the hill, and the conversation became general, but there was still no mention of the object of the expedition. The Europeans were admiring the splendid scenes that were opened to their view, for this grand nature, so beautiful in its wildness, charmed them as it had charmed the young astronomer, and their voyage had not yet surfeited them with the natural beauties of this African region, though they admired every thing with a quiet admiration, and, English-like, would not do any thing that might seem "improper." However, the cataract drew forth some graceful applause, and although they clapped perhaps with only the tips of their fingers, yet it was enough to show that "nil admirari" was not quite their motto. Besides, William Emery thought it his duty to do the honours of South Africa to his guests; for he was at home, and like certain over-enthusiastic citizens, he did not spare a detail of his African park. Towards half-past four they had passed the cataract of Morgheda, and being now on level ground, the upper part of the river lay before them as far as their eye could reach,

10000  
10000  
10000  
10000



ON BOARD THE STEAMER.





and they encamped on the bank to await the arrival of the waggon. It appeared at the top of the hill about five o'clock, having accomplished the journey in safety, and Colonel Everest ordered it to be unloaded immediately, announcing that they were to start at daybreak the next morning. All the night was passed in different occupations. The shell of the vessel was put together again in less than an hour; then the machinery of the screw was put into its place; the metal partitions were fixed between the cabins; the store-rooms were re-furnished, and the different packages neatly arranged on board, and every thing done so quickly that it told a great deal in favour of the crew of the "Queen and Czar." These Englishmen and Russians were picked men, clever and well disciplined, and thoroughly to be depended on. The next day, the 1st of February, the boat was ready to receive its passengers at daybreak. Already there was a volume of black smoke pouring from the funnel, and the engineer, to put the machinery in motion, was causing jets of white steam to fly across the smoke. The machine being at high pressure, without a condenser, the steam escaped at every stroke of the piston, according to the system applied to locomotives; and as to the boiler, with its ingeniously contrived tubes, presenting a large surface to the furnace, it only required half an hour to furnish a sufficient quantity of steam. They had laid in a good stock of ebony and guaiacum, which were plentiful in the neighbourhood, and they were now lighting the great fire with this valuable wood.

At six o'clock Colonel Everest gave the signal for starting, and passengers and crew went on board the "Queen and Czar." The hunter, who was acquainted with the course of the river, followed, leaving the two Boschjesmen to take the waggon back to Lattakoo. Just as the vessel was slipping its cable, Colonel Everest turned to the astronomer, and said,—

"By-the-bye, Mr. Emery, you know why we have come here?"

"I have not the least idea, Colonel."

"It is very simple, Mr. Emery: we have come to measure an arc of meridian in South Africa."

## CHAPTER IV.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE "MÈTRE."

THE idea of an invariable and constant system of measurement, of which nature herself should furnish the exact value, may be said to have existed in the mind of man from the earliest ages. It was of the highest importance, however, that this measurement should be accurately determined, whatever had been the cataclysms of which our earth had been the scene, and it is certain that the ancients felt the same, though they failed in methods and appliances for carrying out the work with sufficient accuracy. The best way of obtaining a constant measurement was to connect it with the terrestrial sphere, whose circumference must be considered as invariable, and then to measure the whole or part of that circumference mathematically. The ancients had tried to do this, and Aristotle, according to some contemporary philosophers, reckoned that the stadium, or Egyptian cubit, formed the hundred-thousandth part of the distance between the pole and the equator, and Eratosthenes, in the time of the Ptolemies, calculated the value of a degree along the Nile, between Syene and Alexandria, pretty correctly; but Posidonius and Ptolemy were not sufficiently accurate in the same kind of geodetic operations that they undertook; neither were their successors.

Picard, for the first time in France, began to regulate the methods that were used for measuring a degree, and in 1669, by measuring the celestial and terrestrial arcs between Paris and Amiens, found that a degree was equal to 57,060 toises, equivalent to 364,876 English feet, or about 69.1 miles. Picard's measurement was continued either way across the French territory as far as Dunkirk and Collioure by Dominic Cassini and Lahire (1683—1718), and it was verified in 1739, from Dunkirk to Perpignan, by Francis Cassini and Lacaille; and at length Méchain carried it as far as Barcelona in Spain; but after his death (for he succumbed to the fatigue attending his operations) the measurement of the meridian in France was interrupted until it was subsequently taken up by Arago and Biot in 1807. These two men prolonged it as far as the Balearic Isles, so that the arc now extended from Dunkirk to Formentera, being equally divided by the parallel of lat.  $45^{\circ}$  N., half way between the pole and the



equator; and under these conditions it was not necessary to take the depression of the earth into account in order to find the value of the quadrant of the meridian. This measurement gave 57,025 toises as the mean value of an arc of a degree in France.

It can be seen that up to that time Frenchmen especially had undertaken to determine that delicate point, and it was likewise the French Convention that, according to Talleyrand's proposition, passed a resolution in 1790, charging the Academy of Sciences to invent an invariable system of weights and measures. Just at that time the statement signed by the illustrious names of Borda, Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, and Condorcet, proposed that the unit of measure should be the *mètre*, the ten-millionth part of the quadrant of the meridian; and that the unit of weight should be the *gramme*, a cubic centimètre of distilled water at the freezing-point; and that the multiples and subdivisions of every measure should be formed decimally.

Later, the determinations of the value of a terrestrial degree were carried on in different parts of the world, for the earth being not spherical, but elliptic, it required much calculation to find the depression at the poles.

In 1736, Maupertuis, Clairaut, Camus, Lemonnier, Outhier, and the Swedish Celsius measured a northern arc in Lapland, and found the length of an arc of a degree to be 57,419 toises. In 1745, La Condamine, Bouguer, and Godin, set sail for Peru, where they were joined by the Spanish officers Juan and Antonio Ulloa, and they then found that the Peruvian arc contained 56,737 toises.

In 1752, Lacaille reported 57,037 toises as the length of the arc he had measured at the Cape of Good Hope.

In 1754, Father Boscowitch and Father le Maire began a survey of the Papal States, and in the course of their operations found the arc between Rome and Rimini to be 56,973 toises.

In 1762 and 1763, Beccaria reckoned the degree in Piedmont at 57,468 toises, and in 1768, the astronomers Mason and Dixon, in North America, on the confines of Maryland and Pennsylvania, found that the value of the degree in America was 56,888 toises.

Since the beginning of the 19th century numbers of other arcs have been measured, in Bengal, the East Indies, Piedmont, Finland, Courland, East Prussia, Denmark, &c., but the English and Russians were less active than other nations in trying to decide this delicate point, their principal geodetic operation being that undertaken by

General Roy in 1784, for the purpose of determining the difference of longitude between Paris and Greenwich.

It may be concluded from all the above-mentioned measurements that the mean value of a degree is 57,000 toises, or 25 ancient French leagues, and by multiplying this mean value by the 360 degrees contained in the circumference, it is found that the earth measures 9000 leagues round. But, as may be seen from the figures above, the measurements of the different arcs in different parts of the world do not quite agree. Nevertheless, by taking this average of 57,000 toises for the value of a degree, the value of the mètre, that is to say, the ten-millionth part of the quadrant of the meridian, may be deduced, and is found to be 0.513074 of the whole line, or 39.37079 English inches. In reality, this value is rather too small, for later calculations (taking into account the depression of the earth at the poles, which is  $\frac{1}{299,135}$  and not  $\frac{1}{134}$ , as was thought at first) now give nearly 10,000,856 mètres instead of 10,000,000 for the length of the quadrant of the meridian. The difference of 856 mètres is hardly noticeable in such a long distance; but nevertheless, mathematically speaking, it cannot be said that the mètre, as it is now used, represents the ten-millionth part of the quadrant of the terrestrial meridian exactly; there is an error of about  $\frac{1}{50,000}$  of a line, i. e.  $\frac{1}{50,000}$  of the twelfth part of an inch.

The mètre, thus determined, was still not adopted by all the civilized nations. Belgium, Spain, Piedmont, Greece, Holland, the old Spanish colonies, the republics of the Equator, New Granada, and Costa Rica, took a fancy to it immediately; but notwithstanding the evident superiority of this metrical system to every other, England had refused to use it. Perhaps if it had not been for the political disturbances which arose at the close of the 18th century, the inhabitants of the United Kingdom would have accepted the system, for when the Constituent Assembly issued its decree on the 8th of May, 1790, the members of the Royal Society in England were invited to co-operate with the French Academicians. They had to decide whether the measure of the mètre should be founded on the length of the pendulum that beats the sexagesimal second, or whether they should take a fraction of one of the great circles of the earth for a unit of length; but events prevented the proposed conference, and so it was not until the year 1854 that England, having long seen the advantage of the metrical system, and that scientific and commercial societies were being founded to spread

the reform, resolved to adopt it. But still the English Government wished to keep their resolution a secret until the new geodetic operations that they had commenced should enable them to assign a more correct value to the terrestrial degree, and they thought they had better act in concert with the Russian Government, who were also hesitating about adopting the system. A Commission of three Englishmen and three Russians was therefore chosen from among the most eminent members of the scientific societies, and we have seen that they were Colonel Everest, Sir John Murray, and William Emery, for England; and Matthew Strux, Nicholas Palander, and Michael Zorn, for Russia. The international Commission having met in London, decided first of all that the measure of an arc of meridian should be taken in the Southern hemisphere, and that another arc should subsequently be measured in the Northern hemisphere, so that from the two operations, they might hope to deduce an exact value which should satisfy all the conditions of the programme. It now remained to choose between the different English possessions in the Southern hemisphere, Cape Colony, Australia, and New Zealand. The two last, lying quite at the antipodes of Europe, would involve the Commission in a long voyage, and, besides, the Maoris and Australians, who were often at war with their invaders, might render the proposed operation difficult; while Cape Colony, on the contrary, offered real advantages. In the first place, it was under the same meridian as parts of European Russia, so that after measuring an arc of meridian in South Africa, they could measure a second one in the empire of the Czar, and still keep their operations a secret; secondly, the voyage from England to South Africa was comparatively short; and thirdly, these English and Russian philosophers would find an excellent opportunity there of analyzing the labours of the French astronomer Lacaille, who had worked in the same place, and of proving whether he was correct in giving 57,037 toises as the measurement of a degree of meridian at the Cape of Good Hope. It was therefore decided that the geodetic operation should be commenced at the Cape, and as the two Governments approved of the decision, large credits were opened, and two sets of all the instruments required in a triangulation were manufactured. The astronomer William Emery was asked to make preparations for an exploration in the interior of South Africa, and the frigate *Augusta*, of the royal navy, received orders to convey the members



of the Commission and their suite to the mouth of the Orange River.

It should here be added, that besides the scientific question, there was also a question of national vainglory that excited these philosophers to join in a common labour ; for, in reality, they were anxious to out-do France in her numerical calculations, and to surpass in precision the labours of her most illustrious astronomers, and that in the heart of a savage and almost unknown land. Thus the members of the Anglo-Russian Commission had resolved to sacrifice every thing, even their lives, in order to obtain a result that should be favourable to science, and at the same time glorious for their country. And this is how it came to pass that the astronomer William Emery found himself at the Morgheda Falls, on the banks of the Orange River, at the end of January, 1854.

## “LOOKING BACK.”

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Nor always a very wise or convenient thing to do, but one which nevertheless has a pleasant, although perhaps a rather melancholy fascination about it, and one almost irresistible at times to a town-bred peripatetic ; for should he have turned that awkward corner of forty years, and be describable by his friends in that pleasant expression of “getting on for fifty,” he cannot go wandering about his favourite city, watching and observing the changes, overtaking men and manners, without constantly looking back upon the ways and habits in vogue when he was young. Curious it must ever be for him to contemplate the gradual transitions, or sudden revolutions in little matters, which in their accumulation have quite transformed the aspect of the streets in the course of his limited existence.

We are not speaking of mighty political, social, or mechanical events, but only of the merest trivialities, which involuntarily catch the eyes of all observant people, the seers, in fact, on whom nothing objective is lost. We will not even at present revert to such very marked changes as are effected by the Haussmanic improvements, demolitions, rebuildings, and widenings, now fortunately continually going on in our midst ; but let us rather descend to much more trifling items.

Look at yonder grenadier guardsman, for instance, in his trim scarlet tunic, narrow-collared, single-breasted, un-epauletted, neatly-faced, simple—and does it not seem at the first glance that it is thus we have ever known him ? Yet still, with a moment’s consideration, we can recall those ante-Crimean days, which appear as it were but to belong to last month, when he wore a swallow-tailed body-coat, with white worsted, heavy-fringed epaulettes, and a multitude of cross-belts, buckles, buttons, and straps, complicated, cumbersome. His stock and his bearskin were almost twice the height they are now, and his white ducks, clinging tight and ever soiling,

were found in lieu of the present dark, loose, and useful nether garments.

In the matter of facial hair too, what a change! Then, with the exception of an inch or so of mutton-chop whisker, his countenance was as smooth as a baby's. Now, save for two fingers' breadth on the chin, nature has fair play, whilst his comrade, the civil guardian of the streets, equally transformed as to shape and fit of coat, breaks out in handsome beard. Yes! the policeman of years gone by, in swallow-tailed coat, and in glazed-topped chimney-pot-like hat, in lieu of modern helmet, would cut as great a guy, could he suddenly appear amongst us, as would the soldier, officers included; and should not we ourselves be somewhat startled by a peep back at the appearance we then made, if we piqued ourselves, as of course we did, on personal adornment, in tightly-strapped, gaiter-legged trousers, which showed but the tip of our Wellington boot, and could not be got off except in conjunction with that superfluous amount of leather foot-gear.

"Looking back" at razors, and what we suffered when we used them is so appalling, that we dare not dwell upon the sharp-pointed high shirt-collar for which they cleared the way, and stiffened scarf twisted twice round the throat, or buckled at the back, and pinned in front by a great parent pin, linked to its many offsprings by little chains. The close-clinging frock-coat with sleeves that followed the undulations of our brawny biceps so closely as to resemble an outer cuticle buttoning at the wrists with ever-increasing tightness, likewise is a subject only to be looked back upon for the boundless joy it gives us in feeling free of it. Let us fervently hope, by the way, that the slight tendency now apparent, to relapse into this old bad habit of tight-fitting garments may never gain much farther ground, or that that abomination the dress or body-coat may never again supersede the practical and useful tunic or round jacket which came in for all official and lay purposes after the Crimean war.

Imagine our postmen and letter-carriers being compelled to wear scarlet swallow-tails again, as we can remember their doing before envelopes were invented, when franking by members of parliament was in vogue, and when it cost eightpence to send a letter from London to Windsor, and twopence from one part of the metropolis to another, and when the general postman went through our streets at five p.m. ringing a bell, collecting letters for the night mails, at



an extra charge of one penny per missive, and when scarecrow twopenny postboys, on their miserable hacks, clattered over the stones of the suburbs and the main thoroughfares leading to St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Those were “male habits” (meaning no pun), in every sense of the word, which we are well rid of; but, with regard to feminine habits, if we may venture to look back at such a delicate subject, it seems to us there are some points to be regretted. The poke or coal-scuttle bonnets, flat-banded hair, hiding the ears, short-waisted spencers, and sandalled shoes of five and thirty years ago, (for the vista of our past closes, be it remembered, somewhere thereabouts) would no doubt suggest Colney Hatch or Bedlam, were they to re-appear without warning. Doubtless they were unbecoming; but, mildly philosophizing on such things as we look around to-day, may we not ask if they did not bespeak some simpler taste and purer ways than are suggested by the modern outrageous chignon and head-gear, Dolly-vardens, and high-heeled, long tasselled semi-Hessian boots, than are suggested by the tawdry finery, the cheap imitation jewellery, and the general “sham,” both in appearance and manners, of which the average “girl of the period” is made up?

The utmost justice, we are fain to admit, was not done to the pretty English faces as sheltered by the absurd pent-house form of the aforesaid bonnets,—but then the faces themselves! Surely paint, powder, patches, pencilled brows, stained eyelids, and vermilioned lips, were valuable by their absence. And what shall in a small way alter the aspect of our thoroughfares more than the faces of our women? The modern mask, with its bold expression and leering eyes, would have been a startling spectacle when we first knew “the town,” but like the rest of the changes, good and bad, we have glided into condoning it almost imperceptibly, and it is only by a wholesome backward glance that we can remark the transformation, and set upon it the value it deserves. In no spirit of fageyism, in no belief that every thing was better—

“When all the world was young, lads,  
And all the trees were green,  
And every goose a swan, lads,  
And every lass a queen,”

do we halt for a moment here, in “looking back,” but only because in this particular matter it seems to us that the great sham now so

prominent throughout society, of trying to appear what we are not, is a serious evil much more ominous of mischief than is supposed, and did not exist formerly to the like disheartening extent. Of course there used to be, as there will ever be, plenty of people who were fond, as the phrase went, "of cutting a dash," but it was not *de rigueur* for every body, as it is now, to "make-believe" that hundreds are thousands. It was not "the right thing" universally if one had five hundred a-year, to live, talk, and behave as if one had five thousand. Broughams could be dispensed with by ladies whose husbands kept shops, or who earned five or ten pounds a week at an office, and the suburban villa, with its gilded, be-satined sham furniture, was not considered a positive necessity. A moustache on the lip of any but a cavalry soldier made its wearer a "snob," and not a "swell," and the word "swell" itself was, like hundreds of others of the same kind now in vogue, considered vulgar; not that its then equivalent of "dandy," or "beau," of "blood," or "buck," of "nob," or "fop," was intrinsically perhaps one whit less ridiculous, but, with the exception of the few, men of every calling did not try to be mistaken for soldiers, or nobs, or dandies; they were contented to be known for what they were, for tradesmen, clerks, or what not, and, as far as our poor thinking goes, it was a healthier, honester, and more rational fashion, not so "awfully jolly," perhaps, but, on the other hand, not such "a beastly bore."

Less important items too than all these, and the "requisites for the toilet," come crowding as we look, conspicuous now by their absence. The river pageant of the Lord Mayor's Show is prominent among these; and, less agreeable picture of the past, such five-act tragedies as "Venice Preserved," "The Gambler," and "The Stranger." Strangers all, fortunately, to our stage, as we think now, despite the drama's decline. And "declined" it undoubtedly has since there was a half-price, and we saw Macready and Helen Faucit in "Virginius," and the rest of the remnants of "the play's" palmy days lingering before the public, at the period of our first pantomime.

The May-day "Jack-in-the-Green," with his rapsallion, shouting crew of mock sweeps, tawdry and tinselled, is not an institution to be regretted any more than the real climbing-boy chimney-sweep, swept away by the "Ramoneur" machine; but, looking back, we can no more fail to see it than we can the few remaining specimens

of the night watchman, heavy-caped and wheezy-voiced, then perambulating in useless senility the quieter purlieus of Gray's and Lincoln's inn.

With the galloping post-boy and bell-ringing postman have disappeared two other noisy elements of the streets, the bells of the dustman and the crier. In place of the first two essentials to our caligraphic and other intercourse, Mr. Harlequin has slapped his wand, and up from the stones have popped, like pantomime tricks, the pillar letter-box and the ex-warrior “Commissionaire,” with attendant telegraph and shoe-black imps, whilst the hoarse-throated crier of our losses, wares, and wants is superseded by the gigantic hoarding placards, and the advertising columns of the penny press.

Trifles individually some of these, no doubt, but all tending marvellously to alter the look of things from what they were. Another, that old “buy-a-broom” woman, she too is quite gone! Had she vanished suddenly, it is to be supposed we should have missed her, as we do the lamp-lighter's ladder, but slipping out of the pale so gradually as she did, and serving no intelligible purpose, she has not been replaced by any such specific itinerant toy-seller, and it is solely by “looking back” that we can recall her quaint Dutch dress, and her broken-English yodling ditty. What has become of her? Was she, as well as the grey-garbed Quakers (for they, too, have nearly all disappeared) carried away for good in the yellow chariot-shaped post-chaise, or the lumbering pair-horsed hackney-coach, or in one of the few remaining sedan-chairs still extant when we went to school? and failed to return in the modern Hansom, that successor of the two-wheeled cabriolet, that short-lived dangerous adaptation from the French, where the driver sat outside over the wheel in close proximity to his fare?

But if we trench on the vehicular transmogrifications of our days, the field is vast indeed, for exclusive of the two or three just referred to, is there not the contrast between the present fairly roomy, high-roofed, well-lighted omnibus, or the saloon on the tramway, and the first vehicle of the kind, narrow, low, dark, and without ventilation, or “knife-board,” introduced by Shillibeare, to ply between Paddington and the Bank? Then, saying nothing of any number of experimental cabs intervening between the hackney-coach and the existing “four-wheeler,” which we seem at last placidly to have accepted as the perfection of a hackney-carriage, and to say nothing of the ever-recurring change in the fashion of private equipages, starting from



the “gig” or “one-horsed chay,” up to the elegant “Victoria,” has not the mighty railway movement, with all its rapid development, happened within our little span of memory? and of course to the entire abolition of the stage-coach, and the gay, rattling, four-horsed mail.

What sights there were in connexion with these to be seen along Goswell Street and Goswell Road, when Mr. Pickwick, looking out of his window, discovered that somewhat dingy thoroughfare to be on his right and left and over the way! What a treat it was to be taken to the “Angel,” at Islington, on the King’s birth-day, or the first of May, we forget which, to see the glossy teams come spanking up Goswell Street from the General Post Office about seven or eight p.m., to the cheery sound of the red-coated mail-guards’ horns, and how we envied the coachmen in their new scarlet and gold-laced coats, and low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats!

Yes; that is a pretty sight to look back upon, and ill-replaced, as far as seeing goes, by the Great Northern and Midland termini. On the other hand, there *are* modern compensatory replacements which even, from an ocular point, are infinitely satisfactory; by example, photographs.

The bare mention of photographs naturally recalls the system of popular portraiture which obtained before it was discovered how great an artist Jack Phœbus could be, in black and white. Are we not taken back to those festive occasions of visits to such haunts as the Thames Tunnel, the wild beast shows at fairs, and the chain-pier at Brighton—where dark and gruesome spectres were evoked at the bidding of a melancholy magician by means of black paper and a pair of scissors? What dreadful sombre and gilded demons can we not conjure up before us, as we think of those profiled presentments of ourselves and the other notables of that era? Nay, have we not somewhere in our possession a relic of the art, where flowing locks, arched eyebrows, eyelashes, frills, cuffs, trimmings, and other details were superadded in gold to the black, flat profile, at a charge of sixpence extra, for the better realization of the likeness?

Curious is it to look back at such shadowy records of ourselves, as we appeared in those veritable dark ages, but more interesting, if not so curious still, will it be for our youngsters, when their time for looking back shall be reached, to see themselves in their progressive states, as they will have the opportunity of doing through

the medium of the photographer's camera. There are few amongst us, we opine, who would not be glad to possess a series of photographs from their earliest days, up to the present interesting period! Say, if we could have had our photographs taken on every birthday from the time that we were one year old, should we not treasure an album containing such “cartes-de-visite” by the time we had reached our forty years?

But now, looking back, we are fain to have recourse to such few specimens as are extant of the “scissors and black paper” process, if we would examine in detail our features and our finery, as they existed during our first and second decades.

Well! we must make the best of them, it is not very important; we do not rely on being handed down to posterity in black and white, and profiled portraiture makes only another item in our catalogue of trifles past and gone. If “the light (or darkness) of other days has faded,” and has been supplanted by sunbeams and magnesium, it only reminds us that illumination too, as a science has become quite another thing as applied to the rejoicings necessary on royal birthdays. The twinkling, feeble, many-coloured oil lamps which did duty in lieu of gas for the devices of crowns and laurel wreaths on the public buildings, can be quite well remembered, and for private use, the little square block of clay to support the candle on the window sash at the upper panes is positively a sort of household god in our memory. Modern illumination likewise, in another sense, had almost blinded us to the fact that in connexion with our childhood's literature it was hardly known when we pored over the fortunes of “Jack and the Bean-stalk,” and a little later over the adventures of “Aladdin and his wonderful Lamp.” A Christmas present of the “Arabian Nights” was then but a sorry, dull-looking volume both outside and in, as compared with the wonderful and sometimes exquisite ornamentation, illustration, and illumination now bestowed on annuals and gift-books. Chromo-lithography may sometimes produce a too gaudy replica of the oil or water-colour artist's skill, and the rapidity with which wood engravings have to be brought out may interfere with the nicer refinements of which the art is susceptible, but surely there is an advance upon the coarse old caricature and coloured lithographs which were doing duty in illustrated books, and for wall decoration in cottage and inn, at the time when “Boz” was engaged in writing about, and George Cruickshank and Seymour in portraying, the doings of the “Cockney

Sportsman” in the field. Days too those, by-the-bye, ever memorable, if only for their immediate precedence of the time when the whole of the reading public was set in a flutter of excitement every month, as the first series of our great novelist’s green leaves were periodically put forth. “Pickwick and Boz!” Those indeed are conspicuous beacons in our retrospect; the beginning of a new age in literature. Can we imagine what our world would look like without the whole succeeding mass of letter-press and illustrations? Can we understand how we should fare now without our weekly illustrated and penny daily papers, monthly-issued novels and magazines, our “Punch” and our “St. James’s”?

Hardly! look back as we may, we can hardly realize such conditions of existence, any more than we can realize the look of our shop windows without photographs, or our streets without volunteers, omnibuses, and hansom cabs.

Upon the point of laying down our pen, the very instrument itself reminds us of the epoch when we first superseded the goose-quill by the then rare and valuable steel; and with the thought of that mighty social revolution starts up a list of so many more banished domestic utensils, that to set them down in rotation as they come into our minds is about all we have space for.

Snuffers, to wit! Let us hope a pair are preserved in the British Museum, and in the same glass case with a rushlight in its ancient, round-hole-perforated shade; with these, too, there should be the flint, steel, and tinder-box, and a bundle of the long, pointed, sulphur-tipped slips of wood called matches. The first dawn of the “Lucifer,” in the shape of a bottle of fluid into which had to be dipped the prepared end of the new invention to produce combustion, likewise should have a place in the treasury of wonders in Great Russell Street; otherwise, like the Dodo, they will be quite extinct. A pair of pattens and French clogs might be added, with the modern golosh to point the contrast, whilst an interesting and valuable “annexe” might be contrived, where a model of the old Semaphore, in use to connect the Admiralty with the Downs, should be set up; and if it would not trench too far on the province of Madame Tussaud, a couple of life-sized dummy presentments of two gentlemen shooting at each other with pistols, at twelve paces, might illustrate pertinently, and with high moral teaching to the rising generation, the popular custom of duelling, as it existed at the time to which we are looking back.



## THE SECRET OF A GOOD LIFE.

### A SKETCH.

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SAY if thou can'st, why Time oft passes by,  
Or touches lightly some fair face and form.

I know a lovely woman, who retains  
All the best charms that youth can own, and more ;  
For with it all—with beauty and much grace—  
She's gain'd a richer tone, which naught but years  
Could give to one, whose constant aim in life,  
Has been to gather wisdom for the sake  
Of all around. She humbly walks, and takes  
Her cup of bitterness, as sweet, from Him  
Who knoweth what is best, and doth all well.

But see, she's envied ! people look askance,  
And wonder how it is, what tricks of art  
Are used to hide the tell-tale marks of time ;  
Her brow is smooth, no furrows there are seen,  
Her auburn locks are free from silv'ry streaks ;  
So younger women may with envy gaze,  
And marvel more and more whence comes the charm  
Which all who see must own, but none explain.

She's shy withal, and when admiring looks  
Are bent upon her as she moves along,  
Though conscious of the homage she inspires,  
Yet seeks not, neither wishes further gaze ;  
But rather shrinks from looks which others please,  
And blushes a reproof she cannot speak.

When I began, I scarcely thought to have  
This question solved, since few heed subtle things,  
And take the outer side,—or well or ill—  
But after all, the simple truth is this,  
There is no “ secret ” save the one I tell.  
Sublimest things are ruled by simplest laws  
Of nature, and are therefore soonest found,  
By those who seek the TRUTH with single mind.

While waiting for a kindred spirit here,  
’Tis well to live on love derived from Heav’n :  
That boon, the best preservative, which keeps  
Th’ entire SELF more free from mortal ills.  
Blest Love Divine! which like a shield protects,  
From shafts of envy dealt by worldly foes,  
’Gainst all who better, purer are than they ;  
Who grudge the Good which they refuse to know,  
And hate the virtuous, who, unlike themselves,  
Live in an atmosphere of truth and love.

\* \* \*

## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

## MOTHER AND CHILD.

HETTY Flint was fourteen now, rather tall for her age, with a face which promised to be pretty, though it looked more wilful and determined than was exactly pleasant. She would have her own way; no one except Susan Brent could ever influence her in the least, and even in their intercourse Hetty was decidedly the ruling spirit.

Her father was a worthless, dissipated man, who had fallen from a good position to what would have been absolute want had not his wife's indomitable energy intervened. There were three children, Hetty the eldest, and she accepted her hard fortune with ready cheerfulness, though she had mapped out a future for herself very different from the dull present and never lost faith in her ability to overtake it, sorely as it might puzzle her to tell how or when that success was to come about.

She had a great thirst for knowledge, and hard as she worked, found leisure to read and study. The Corners boasted a good school, kept by a man whose health had held him back from his rightful career, and during such seasons as Hetty's duties prevented her attending the classes, he came each evening to the farmhouse to give her lessons, so much interested in her talents and perseverance that he could not bear to leave her unaided.

It would sound absurd to write of any other than an American girl in that walk of life, but Hetty was not only a more than average English scholar; she had mastered Latin enough to read the three first books of the *Æneid*, and could have asked for something to eat and a place to sleep had she suddenly been landed in France. This is by no means an unusual case, as every person



who has lived in almost any country neighbourhood of the Middle States could testify, though the girl's courage, independence and boundless ambition, certainly were beyond the qualities one often meets in any rank.

The village possessed a circulating library, and Hetty had devoured every attainable volume in the line of romance, from those of Miss Edgeworth's reign to the novels of the present period; was acquainted with the best biographies, and had revelled in works of travel about the famed countries she meant hereafter to see until they seemed as familiar as the quiet haunts in which her existence had hitherto passed. It was a miracle that between work and study her health remained uninjured, but nothing ever affected it; she scarcely knew fatigue; and often, after a day's unremitting labour which would have tired a strong man, she spent more than half the night over her books, forgetful of every thing but their charm. With all this she never neglected Lucy, never was too busy to find time to amuse her; her spirits never flagged, her courage never yielded, and her presence afforded the one gleam of light in the desolate homestead. Susan Brent clung to her as helplessly as the poor demented invalid, and with Hetty alone could break a little through the stern reticence in which she shrouded the shame and misery that, so far from lightening as the years went on, only pressed more wearily upon her soul.

The oddest thing about Hetty was the fact that so confirmed a dreamer proved practical and efficient in the daily round of the commonplace existence she led. Of her visions and fancies she seldom talked, or of her plans for the future, aware that she should be set down as an idiot by every body who knew her; but young as Valery was, she found in her a more congenial companion than often fell in her way. Their talk about the novels they had read set Hetty off into one of her dreams, which were so clear and strong that it was very possible they might to a certain extent prove prophetic from her faith in them, aided by her force of will.

"You don't suppose I mean to spend my life dish-washing and scrubbing floors, do you?" cried she. "Not a bit! It's all very well for now, but it's not going to last much longer."

"Oh, what shall you do, Hetty?" asked Valery, eagerly.

"Well, I don't mind telling you," returned she, rubbing a tumbler with a linen cloth till it shone again; "because, though you're little yet, you can understand things, and you won't tell."

"Indeed I'll not," promised Valery, perfectly able to enjoy the idea of having a secret confided to her. "What is it, Hetty?"

"I shall be either an actress or a duchess—I haven't made up my mind which," replied Hetty, setting the tumbler on the table, and looking at her companion with as much confidence as though the mere assertion of her resolve had already settled the matter. "I expect you know what both these are."

"Oh yes," said Valery. "Like Mrs. Siddons—and—and that French woman—and Miss Cushman—I've read about them all—and I've read Shakespeare too—that's what they play out of."

"Exactly," returned Hetty, "and some time I'll show you how to do Juliet—only I like Richard the Third best."

"But he was a man," said Valery, doubtfully.

"Well, it's better to be a man, and crooked at that, than a woman—but never mind," retorted Hetty. "I don't know—sometimes I think I'd rather be a duchess; it must be so beautiful to have diamonds—did you ever see any, Valery?"

"Yes, Miss Dorothy has some, but she never wears them."

"More foolish she," pronounced Hetty. "But when I'm a duchess I mean to have as many as Aladdin had."

"There aren't any duchesses in this country," objected Valery.

"Of course I shall go to Europe," replied Hetty; "there are dukes enough there to make me a duchess twenty times over."

"Oh!" gasped Valery, absolutely breathless at the magnificence of her friend's revelations.

"But I've not made up my mind," pursued Hetty; "it's a grand thing to be an actress; I suppose the duchesses have rather a poky time of it, after all. But there, I nearly cracked this saucer—what a fool I am. Just let me set the dishes away, and we'll go out to the barn. Old Lady Black Ruff has a nest somewhere, and I've been hunting it for three days; I'll bet she don't fool me much longer, going about as important as if she was the goose that laid the golden eggs."

Hunting hens' nests was almost the only recreation the embryo duchess ever allowed herself, and she entered into it with the same zeal she carried through her actual duties. It was a wonder she never broke her neck climbing up into hay-lofts or walking over square beams elevated twenty or thirty feet above the floor, but the worst mischance that befell her in these reckless sports was a torn dress or getting her eyes full of hay-seed. It was impossible, she

said, that she should be killed, because she had not yet accomplished her destiny. Look at Josephine, in the Reign of Terror, or President Jackson, or David feeding his sheep, for that matter. People had to accomplish their destiny ; when that was done, let them look out—she knew !

The kitchen was put to rights at last, and even Hetty admitted that every thing was in order, and she was by no means easy to please, insomuch that when it chanced to be necessary to employ some neighbouring woman for extra work, the unfortunate creature passed a hard day of it with Hetty. The girl had been known once to pull down a whole week's washing from the lines, because it was necessary according to her that all the sheets should hang together and the pillow-cases by themselves ; while in the matter of shirts and under-clothing no garment must stray from the place where the rest of its kind were fastened. Hetty was ready to show her small friend the mysteries of the hay-loft, but had stopped in the kitchen to treat her first to some verses from the opening canto of Marmion, lately fallen in her way, when once more that weird, strange music floated through the house, coming nearer and nearer, so beautiful, so unearthly, that Valery involuntarily drew close to Hetty's side, whispering,—

“Do you hear it—there it is again ! That's not the wind, Hetty—it can't be the wind !”

Before the girl could answer, Lucy Stuart appeared from the inner room and stood in the doorway ; her white dress floating about her like a cloud, her long golden hair, here and there prematurely streaked with grey, streaming over her shoulders,—the only sign of age apparent, for the face was free from lines, and the wandering, wistful expression of the soft blue eyes gave a look almost childlike to the whole countenance.

“That's the same lady,” whispered Valery ; “I saw her here before.”

“Don't be frightened,” replied Hetty ; “she's a nice lady.”

“I'm not afraid,” Valery answered, retreating a little from her side, and remaining perfectly quiet.

Lucy became conscious of their presence ; she glanced at Hetty and smiled ; then her eyes sought the spot where Valery waited. She looked back at Hetty, and pointing her finger toward the little girl said in her low, hesitating voice,—

“Don't you see her this time ? She is looking at me. I wonder



you never can see them, Mabel. And this is such a lovely angel; I shall call her Sunset."

"This is a little girl that has come to make us a visit," Hetty replied.

Lucy frowned and turned pettishly away, saying,—

"I wonder at you, Mabel! I thought you were my friend; but I've nobody—nobody; don't tell me wicked stories, Mabel."

She always called Hetty by that name; the girl's own commonplace appellation was unpleasant to her for some reason, and she had chosen this, never so hopelessly astray in her mind but that she remembered her companion, though she imagined her first one person, then another, just as she varied her delusions in regard to herself. Sometimes she was Amy Robsart, and Hetty her faithful Janet; Mrs. Brent, a spy of Varney's; or it might be Queen Elizabeth trying to find out the secret of her marriage. She was usually some heroine or dethroned sovereign; but whatever fancy had possession of her Hetty always played a part as the faithful friend who protected her from the imaginary dangers by which she was surrounded.

"I am glad you have come, Sunset," she continued, in her sweet, plaintive tones. "I think you are the prettiest angel I have seen! I know you, if your wings are hidden under your blue frock."

"Don't contradict her," whispered Hetty quickly, moving nearer Valery. "Let her say what she likes."

"Don't step between us, Mabel," said Lucy. "You can see this one, can't you, though you never did any of the others?"

"Oh yes, I see her," replied Hetty. "What a pretty name you have given her."

"Sunset; but it was not I," said Lucy. "I dreamed last night she was coming, and they told me that was her name."

"What ails her?" questioned Valery, creeping up to Hetty, rather awe-stricken than alarmed. "What makes her talk so?"

"Never mind," said Hetty; "but don't contradict her."

"I am so glad you have come, dear Sunset," continued Lucy; "but I was in hopes you would bring the lilies in your hand, then I should know I was to go away with you. I don't remember where I've seen your face; who was it painted such lovely baby angels—what was his name, Mabel?"

"Was it Raphael?" asked the girl, for Lucy had so often gone

over the names of the old painters when her insane fancies led her to believe herself again in Italy, that Hetty knew them very well.

"No, no; not Raphael! How you do forget, Mabel! We must go back to Rome, I think—only there's the water—the black water! Oh, don't let me see it—don't!" she cried, becoming suddenly agitated, and putting up her hands in terror.

"No, no, you shan't see it," returned Hetty soothingly. "Look at Sunset."

"Yes, yes, my lovely Sunset," said Lucy, smiling again; then, catching sight of the child's face over which tears were beginning to stream, she said anxiously, "Oh, she is weeping—don't let her—don't!"

"No, no; she'll not cry," Hetty said.

"I should like her to kiss me," pursued Lucy; "but it's not right—she would fade away and never come back."

"Shall I kiss you?" Valery asked, stepping forward.

"No, no; I'm not fit yet! Up yonder, you know; sometime I shall see you there." Her voice changed to a mournful wail, and she cried, "O Mabel, Mabel, I'm so tired—so tired! I thought this time she would have the lilies in her hand; it's so long to wait—so long!"

"What does she mean?" Valery whispered, getting close to Hetty again.

"Never mind—don't notice," answered the girl cautiously.

"What are you saying to Sunset, Mabel?" demanded Lucy, irritably. "I don't like whispering—it reminds me of the prison! Where are they all? I'll not have them coming here; if I must be kept shut up in this place I'll not have them torment me—that was promised."

"No, no; you shall not be tormented," replied Hetty. "Don't think about any body unpleasant—look at Sunset."

"Yes, yes, dear pretty Sunset," said Lucy, smiling, and kissing her hand to the little girl. "I dreamed about you, Sunset. I knew you would come—if only you had brought the lilies."

"Another time," said Hetty; "it will not be long."

"Have you been dreaming too, Mabel—did they tell you so?" she asked, seating herself wearily. "We have waited so long, Mabel, first to get away from this place, and now—where is it Sunset will take us, did you say?"

"Off into fairy-land," asserted Hetty, in a voice so confident that Valery wondered if it was true she still believed, like the tiny children, in that marvellous realm.

"No, no; not there," shuddered Lucy; "that is like that other life, you know—the dead—dead life—that he told me about. Oh, Mabel, it's dark and awful just when the light is clearest—not there!"

"No, not there;" said Hetty, "but up—up where the light never fades."

"Where Sunset lives," returned Lucy, quieted by Hetty's words and manner. "Who is she like, Mabel? I never saw an angel that looks like her, but she reminds me of some one—away off, I think in that other world—but who was it, Mabel?"

"Shall we go up-stairs?" said Hetty, anxious to get away, lest as occasionally happened she should recollect the baby she believed dead, and even utter Valery's name. "Come and play on the piano a little."

"No, I want to stay here—I like to look at Sunset," Lucy replied.

"I think she has to go," returned Hetty, entering so completely into the poor creature's vagaries that probably most people would have considered her as hopelessly mad as Lucy herself, though it proved always the most successful method of keeping the dazed senses tranquil. "Sunset has a long way to fly back, you know, and I'm afraid those people will come."

"The grey woman?" questioned Lucy. "Oh, I can't see her—don't let me see her! Come up-stairs, Mabel, come."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," Hetty whispered to the child.

"Good-bye, Sunset," added Lucy. "Fly away back to Paradise, Sunset—but be sure you come again—fly away, fly away!"

She retreated slowly, kissing her hand to her daughter and beginning anew the soft, low chant which she would sing by the hour during her happy periods. Valery kissed her hand in return, able to comprehend that the beautiful lady's mind was astray, and Lucy sang to her quaint melody,—

"Sunset, farewell, farewell—fly away—away."

She glided off through the inner room, lingeringly, followed by Hetty, and still the echo of her song floated back to the spot where Valery stood.



The mother and child had parted, never to meet any more till both passed beyond the mists which veil this lower world; perhaps to remain alike unconscious of the interview until their freed souls should recognize each other in the clear light of eternity and recall this far-off season.

As Lucy reached the door which opened on the staircase Susan Brent came across the porch, and entered the parlour. For several months Lucy's fear of her sister had steadily increased, until Susan hardly dared intrude upon her, and if the demented creature chanced to have a fancy for walking about the house, Mrs. Brent was obliged to hide in her own bedroom. There she would sit and listen to Lucy's wild talk, always hearing herself described as a spy, or some wicked queen, till she felt as keen pangs of remorse as though this dread were caused by her own conduct—she, poor soul, who had never in her whole life given the sufferer an unkind word or look.

She would have retreated now, but it was too late; Lucy had caught sight of her and stopped short, holding fast to Hetty's dress with one hand, the other raised in a gesture of repulsion toward Susan.

"Elizabeth has come," she said, in a sharp, strained voice. "She shall not speak! They promised that if I would stay here in the castle she should never trouble me again! I know—she wants to murder me as she did the others—but I'll not give up the parchments—I will not!"

"Come to your room till she is gone," urged Hetty; "we'll lock the door so that she can't get in."

"No," returned Lucy; "I'll not stir! Woman, give me back my child!"

"Oh, get her up-stairs, Hetty—do get her up-stairs!" moaned Susan. "I can't bear it—I can't!"

Hetty broke from Lucy, and ran to shut the door that led in from the kitchen, saying to Valery as she did so,—

"Go into the back-yard and wait for me; go, that's a good girl."

"Mabel, Mabel!" shrieked Lucy. "Have you deserted me—is there nobody left?—all gone—husband—child—all!"

Hetty only waited to see that Valery was safe out of hearing, then she returned to the frightened creature, and put both arms about her, kissing and fondling her as she said,—

"Here I am—here I am! I won't leave you—I only wanted to tell them to take the woman away."

"Yes, send her away—send her away," answered Lucy.

"Go out," Hetty said to Susan, humouring the dazed creature's whim with her usual readiness. "This house is ours—go."

"Go!" repeated Lucy; "go! Let me never see your face again!"

With a sharp cry of anguish Susan hurried into the garden, and sat down to wait until Hetty should come to tell her that she had succeeded in quieting the poor daft one.

But Lucy's violent agitation rose beyond even Hetty's control, and she was at her wits' end for expedients. The doctor had told them several months before that the invalid's physical health was so much weakened that any sudden excitement might prostrate her utterly, in which case she would live only a few days, perhaps hours.

She rushed up and down the chamber, crying and screaming that her tormentors were in pursuit, her voice so wild, her face and gesture so passionate, that for the first time in all those years of watchfulness Hetty felt a little alarmed. At last she assured Lucy they would get away from the house when night came, and pretended to busy herself with arranging packets of their clothing. The mad woman seized upon the idea with delight, but even then she was not quieted, but kept running to and fro, listening, thinking that her enemies were near, and exerting her whole strength to barricade the door with the heaviest article of furniture she could drag against it.

The sound of her voice, the rolling of the tables, reached Valery's ears as she stood waiting at the back of the house. She grew terrified, and crept away through the garden and came upon Susan, crouched on the ground near the porch, her face hidden in her hands.

"Oh, what is the matter?" demanded Valery. "What ails that poor lady?"

Susan uttered a fresh moan and buried her face closer in her hands, her whole frame shaking with nervous tremors dreadful to witness.

"Don't, please don't!" sobbed Valery. "Oh, what is the matter? I'm so frightened—I'm so frightened."

The pleading accents went straight to Susan's heart, and she tried to compose herself.

"Don't be afraid," she said; "Hetty will get her quiet."

Valery, encouraged by the tone, ran to her aunt, and knelt on the grass beside her, leaning her head on Susan's shoulder.

"I'm so sorry," she sobbed; "so sorry! Please love me—please love me!"

"Good little girl, good child!" Susan said softly, and now she could weep a little, and the tears relieved her.

"You're sorry about her," Valery went on. "Who is she? Aunt Susan—'tisn't—'tisn't my mother—she's dead."

"I can't tell you about the lady," Susan answered; "you are too young to understand; but you must always pity her, and love her as I do! Promise, Valery, you will?"

"Always," Valery replied; "always! Shall I go up-stairs? She was glad to see me—maybe I can help Hetty."

"No, no; don't!" pleaded Susan, holding her fast. "Wait a little—I'll be better in a minute! Don't mind if I speak sharply—I'm not angry—you're a good girl, Valery."

At this moment there was the sound of wheels stopping at the gate, and Valery looked up, exclaiming,—

"It's Miss Dorothy—it's Miss Dorothy!"

Susan rose, took her hand, and led her down the path. Miss Conway saw them; she dropped the reins, and uttered an exclamation of thankfulness.

"Here she is, all safe," said Susan quietly.

"Thank God!" cried Miss Dorothy. "O Valery, Valery, what a fright you gave me—what a fright you gave me!"

She stepped out of the low carriage; in another instant Valery was in her arms, sobbing on her bosom, and Miss Dorothy's heart throbbed with a yearning affection over the poor innocent, such as she had never before felt.

"You—you're not angry?" whispered the child.

"Angry, Valery, no indeed," replied Miss Conway, trying, as was natural to her, to keep aloof from any thing like a dramatic scene. "That brute of a woman treated you abominably; but you needn't have run away from the old maid for that! Didn't you know you belonged to me—that my home is yours?"

"But—but—she said you couldn't love me—that if you tried you couldn't—that I was a trouble."

"She's a fool, my dear, and that's all about it," interrupted Miss Dorothy. "You are my own precious little girl, so don't ever get





"IN ANOTHER INSTANT VAIRY WAS IN HER ARMS."



any more nonsense in your head! The next time you want to run away tell me, and I'll run with you, remember!"

Valery laughed and cried both at once, but she could not be exactly content till she had asked more questions.

"You're sure I'm no trouble? I love you so—I wouldn't trouble you for any thing—indeed, indeed I wouldn't."

"Then don't run away any more, pigeon; you frightened me half to death! If I didn't love you I shouldn't have driven the ponies here at a canter to take you home."

"Am I going back?" asked Valery timidly.

"Of course; don't you want to? Bless me, there's Troubadour miauling his heart out this minute."

"But—but—isn't she there?" broke in Valery.

"No, and never will be again, remember that! Now, be satisfied, and let me speak to Mrs. Brent."

"She's my aunt Susan—Hetty said so," returned Valery, but stood quietly holding fast to Miss Dorothy's dress, perfectly content and happy, while that lady held out her hand and spoke a few words to Susan.

"Every thing just as usual?" she asked.

"Worse," replied Susan, shaking her head; "I've never seen her so bad. Hark!" Just then a wild shriek rang down from Lucy's chamber, again and again, so sharp and agonized that Miss Dorothy cried out in alarm. As she and Susan, forgetful of the ponies, ran, actuated by the same impulse, toward the house, Hetty Flint appeared at an upper window and reassured them by her gestures.

"Was it seeing her?" asked Miss Dorothy, with a motion toward Valery.

"No," Susan said, "it was me; she grows more and more afraid. Don't—I can't tell you."

"There, there, I know," replied Miss Dorothy, laying her hand on the woman's shoulder. "Keep up all the courage you can, Susan. This dreary old world isn't for ever—there's a little comfort in that."

Susan moved away in silence; Miss Dorothy began to talk to Valery again about trifling things, to keep the child's attention engaged.

"I saw your old German at the Corners," she said; "he declares you're a fairy in disguise! I'm thinking to have him do some carvings for our church this summer; wouldn't that be a good idea?"



"How nice!" cried Valery. "Then he'll teach me—he said he would."

"I'll go call John," Mrs. Brent said, turning toward them again, both face and voice having recovered their usual stony composure. "The ponies must have a feed."

"No," said Miss Dorothy, in her peremptory fashion; "I must start back at once. Valery, where's your hat?"

She knew that it was better on all accounts they should be gone as soon as possible; and Susan offered no opposition. Valery ran to the house, and took her bonnet and the precious basket that held Cleopatra off the kitchen table. But she could not go without saying good-bye to Hetty, so she went out into the back-yard and called softly to the girl. Hetty put her head out of the window, saying,—

"I'll come in a minute."

"I want to say good-bye," returned Valery; "I'm going home."

"Good-bye; I'm so glad you came! I'll come over to see you before long," said Hetty hurriedly. "Valery, tell Mrs. Brent to call John, and ask Miss Dorothy—but never mind, I'll step to the front of the house and see her."

"Good-bye, dear Hetty—you love me."

"Yes, indeed; I'd come down, and give you a good hug if I could!"

"Mabel, Mabel, what are you doing?" cried Lucy's voice.

Hetty disappeared, and Valery walked through the house out to the gate.

"Hetty's coming to the window, Miss Dorothy," she said; "she wants to speak to you."

"Stand here by the ponies, Susan; you wait, Val," commanded Miss Dorothy, and walked up the garden-path as Hetty appeared again at an upper window.

"What is it?" asked Miss Dorothy.

"Tell the doctor to come right away," ordered Hetty, too earnest to stand upon forms. "Have Susan call John Brent."

"Is she worse, Hetty?"

"I never saw her so bad as she's been; she is worn out and lying on the floor—it's the end, I expect."

"God grant it," returned Miss Dorothy. "If I can do any thing let me know;—it's best to get the child away at once."

Hetty nodded assent. A low moan, like that of some frightened

animal, sounded from the distance, and Miss Dorothy hastened off to escape the tones which were the more agonizing because she was powerless to be of any assistance to the sufferer.

"Kiss Susan, Val, and we'll be off," she said, going back to the gate.

Valery put up her face to her aunt, and after a second's hesitation Mrs. Brent stooped and for the first time pressed her lips upon the child's forehead, then helped her into the carriage in silence.

"Hetty wants John," Miss Dorothy said; "don't be frightened—it's all quiet now. I'll send the doctor as I go through the village. Good-bye, Susan;—let me hear, you know."

"Good-bye," repeated Valery; "I shall come again some time, Aunt Susan—mayn't I, Miss Dorothy?"

Miss Dorothy was busy gathering up the reins and so avoided an answer; and in truth, though Valery felt sorry to leave Hetty Flint, it was a relief to get away from the mysterious house and that stony-faced relative, and return to her bright, cheerful home, which seemed dearer from the fact that she had thought it lost to her for ever. When they reached the village Miss Dorothy halted at the doctor's house and called lustily till she brought out the whole establishment, with the exception of the particular person she wanted. The head and front of the group was the most remarkable looking woman Valery had ever set eyes on, and if she had not proved her claims to humanity by a torrent of exclamations, the child would have been much more likely to think her a peripatetic rag-bag, owned by the physician's wife, than that lady in person.

"I want to know—if it ain't Miss Conway! Why I'm all took aback, though I did hear you drove by—ben to John Brent's—O forlorn—and you're looking so chipper and young."

"I want the doctor to go over there at once," broke in Miss Dorothy.

"Lucy worse? You don't say! Wal, come when it may, a body can't help bein' thankful."

"Where is the doctor?" asked Miss Dorothy, a second time, ruthlessly interrupting the flood of talk.

"Land's sake, he's gone to Mumford's—but he said he was agoin' to stop to Brent's on the way hum; I dessay he's there by this time—and Lucy's worse! Why dear me—do tell!"

Here she was able to remove her admiring gaze from Miss Dorothy's bonnet, and became aware of Valery's presence; the last

ejaculation having reference to her surprise at sight of the little girl. Miss Dorothy was about driving on, but the woman got so directly in front of the ponies that she would have had absolutely to drive over her, so was compelled to wait.

"Why that's little Valery, I expect," continued the doctor's spouse. "Hadn't heard she drove over with you—dear me! Mighty pretty, ain't she? Poor little dear!"

"Good-bye," said Miss Dorothy; "I'm in great haste," and this time she started the ponies, rather indifferent whether she crushed her tormentor or not. The doctor's wife fluttered back to the steps, and looked after the carriage, muttering,—

"Them Conways! Oh, pride 'll have a fall some day? She's as bad as her brother—worse, I've no doubt, if the truth was known! Ain't she flesh and blood, that a body mustn't pass good day, I'd like to hear? Nothin' but an old maid, when you come to it! I guess I'm the doctor's wife, if she is Miss Conway."

Unfortunately for the man in question she was, and probably during the ten years of their married state he had never ceased to wonder what insanity had induced him to elevate her from the position she had formerly occupied in his dwelling as housekeeper, to the rank of its mistress. But as she asked him, and he was a bashful man where women were concerned, he found no excuse; so she had her will.

"What made her say 'poor little dear'?" demanded Valery, as they drove down the quiet street.

"Simple idiocy—just what inspires all her remarks," replied Miss Dorothy. "But look, Valery—there's old Hans Vrooman."

She checked the ponies and Hans hobbled up to the carriage, so full of delight at seeing Valery again, that for a little he grew utterly German and incomprehensible, and Miss Dorothy said,—

"Now, Vrooman, you'll certainly dislocate your jaws! Do stop those dreadful words—it sounds as if you were cursing us, root and branch."

"The brave lady likes her joke," returned Hans, laughing, for she had often purchased carvings of him in New York, and he knew her odd ways very well. "Always likes her joke, the brave lady."

"That sounds more human," returned Miss Dorothy. "I never blame people because English isn't their native tongue, but when



they can speak it, I call it wicked to go back to such heathenish dialects."

"*Ach, mein Gott!* The language that Goethe spoke—that Schiller in wrote!" cried Hans in dismay.

"Well, well, I say I don't blame them," repeated Miss Dorothy; "if they managed to do any thing with those horrible words, I've no doubt they would have been quite remarkable if they could have talked a Christian language."

"*Ja, ja!* She likes her joke," said Hans. "And how is the small one—glad to go home, *hein?*"

"Yes, indeed," replied Valery. "And I'm so much obliged to you, dear Hans—and oh, Hans! Miss Dorothy says maybe you will do some things for our church, and then I can see you work, and you'll show me how, won't you?"

"Bless the child!" cried Miss Dorothy. "I never heard such a chatterbox in my life."

"Yes, yes; Hans learned her," said the old man in delight; "he will indeed. A grand head, brave lady, a grand head," he continued, addressing Miss Dorothy, as he pointed his lean fingers at the child.

"Nonsense," replied the spinster, though a smile softened the severity of her words; "just head enough to get respectably through the world. Don't spoil her with flattery, old Hans."

"What is there cannot be spoiled—the brave lady knows. Wait five—ten—fifteen years—great artist the small one—old Hans sees; he knows the signs."

"You ridiculous old wretch!" cried Miss Dorothy, in horror. "Let me hear no more such nonsense; an artist, indeed—I don't want any geniuses growing up about me, I can tell you."

"Ah," said Hans, "we want and we want not, but the good God He send what seems best, all the same."

"Well, I hope He won't send this child any such fancies," exclaimed Miss Dorothy, glancing uneasily at her companion. "But Hans, before you go back to Newburg come over and see the church. I've set my heart on a carved altar and railing, and any quantity of decorations."

"*Ja, ja!* Hans is sure to come! Adieu, the brave lady; adieu, small one; I kiss the hands to both," cried the old man.

"Good-bye, dear Hans," called Valery, as Miss Dorothy started

the ponies at the top of their speed, after her usual reckless fashion. "Be sure and come to see me, Hans."

She was rather quiet during the drive, but whenever Miss Dorothy looked down at her the sensitive, mobile features brightened with a happy smile, and the brown eyes lighted into such beauty that the spinster wondered she had never before noticed how pretty the child was growing.

They were in sight of the picturesque old mansion—the pride and delight of Miss Dorothy's heart—and as they drove up the winding road, and saw Nurse Benson standing on the verandah, with Troubadour elevating his tail like a signal-flag by her side, Valery clapped her hands in ecstasy.

"You're glad to get home again, eh?" said Miss Dorothy.

"So glad—oh, so glad!" cried Valery. "Do you like to have me, do you truly—truly!"

"Of course I do, mousey—recollect that once for all—what I say I mean," replied Miss Dorothy. "This is your home; the people that don't like you and me must stay out of it. Now be a happy little girl—don't think about what has happened—don't ask questions; just remember you are my good child, and be content."

No other words were exchanged upon the subject, but Valery never forgot Miss Dorothy's assurance, and rested upon it completely. And while she slept quietly in her dainty bed that night, dreaming vaguely of some wonderful figure old Hans had carved, and that the face was that of the lady in her Aunt Susan's house, John Brent's family were holding a sad vigil. The doctor remained there until late, and promised to return the next morning, though he told them honestly there was very little he could do. So two days elapsed, and when the third drew to a close Lucy Stuart lay dying, and those faithful hearts which had guarded her so carefully during the long darkness of the past, stood about her, and could only feel thankful that her final moments were allowed to be so tranquil.

Her reason had sufficiently returned so that she knew them all—realized that years had gone—was full of love and gratitude to Susan, and the poor woman's memories of this parting time would in a measure efface the bitterness of the previous trial.

Lucy still spoke of her child as dead, and they did not attempt to undeceive her.

"I'm not afraid," she said softly; "Jesus pardoned the poor

Magdalene—remember that, Susan. Kiss me, dear—and you, Hetty—how kind you have been to me! Is John there?—good John—dear John—always so kind—after all—all——”

Her voice died away, she felt blindly about for John's hand, and when he put it in hers she lay quiet for awhile.

“I never told,” she said suddenly; “Philip—God forgive Philip!”

She breathed shorter and more faintly; her eyes closed—opened once more, rested an instant on John—on Hetty; then turned and fixed a gaze of thankful love upon Susan, so sweet, so pure, that the peace which filled her departing spirit cast its influence over the dreary prison of Susan's heart.

Once more the lips moved; Susan bent to catch their latest whisper,—

“Philip—God forgive Philip!”

The light died suddenly out of the great eyes; the mouth softened into a smile; the freed soul passed away with that last appeal for the man who had wrecked her mortal life, and Lucy's atonement was complete.



## AN INDIAN PRINCE AND HIS BRITISH ALLY.

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QUITE at the commencement of the present century a soldier of fortune, named Ameer Khan, took advantage of the troubled condition of Upper India to carve out for himself an independent Principality, chiefly at the expense of the Maharajah of Jeypore. Of Afghan extraction, his family had been settled for two generations in Rohileund, amidst a warlike and turbulent population. He himself, while yet a mere boy, took to arms as his profession, though his earlier exploits were rather those of a leader of banditti than of a military commander. From the necessities of Jeswunt Rao Holkar, Ameer Khan extorted large grants of land, properly belonging to Jeypore, and, though himself a Mussulman, founded the little State of Tonk in the very midst of comparatively powerful Rajput, and consequently Hindoo, principalities.

Under the administration of Lord Hastings Ameer Khan was at one time on the point of involving himself in the disastrous fortunes of Karim Khan, the Pindharie leader, but he paused on the brink of the precipice, and prudently allied himself with the British Government. As a reward for the neutrality he had exhibited in opposition to his own wishes and sentiments, he was confirmed in the possession of the estates wrung from the weakness of Jeypore, and was honoured with a treaty of alliance on the footing of an independent prince. Many years afterwards—in 1832—Ameer Khan paid a visit to Lord William Bentinck, at Ajmere, and—according to Mr. H. H. Wilson—“effaced all recollection of his political delinquencies and predatory practices, by his frank and soldierlike deportment, and the fulness and freshness of the anecdotes he narrated of the adventures of his early life.” This bold and unscrupulous chief died in 1838, and was succeeded by his son, Mohammed Khan, who lived on terms of peace and amity with his neighbours, and acted up to the spirit of the treaty concluded by his father with

the British Government. He too died and was buried, and his son, Mohammed Ali Khan, reigned in his stead.

Among the Hindoo vassals of the ruler of Tonk was the Thakoor or Chief of Lawa, who appears to have fallen, with good reason, under the displeasure of his liege lord. The town or fort of Lawa is described as being in a squalid and ruinous condition, and there can be no doubt that the Thakoor was encouraged in his contumacy by the avowed sympathy of the Jeypore people and government. Dheerut Sing, the actual head of the Lawa estate, is admitted to be an individual void of energy and incapable of managing his own affairs, which were accordingly administered by his uncle, Rewut Sing, a soldier and man of action, and a Rajput to the backbone. The Lawa people generally seem to have been prone to deeds of violence and bloodshed, and it is stated that in quite recent times, "to go no farther back than 1840, they plundered 5200 rupees from certain tradesmen, and in 1844 they harboured Sawunt Sing, and other rebels, concerned in a dacoitee (gang robbery), with loss of life, in Marwar, and refused to give them up; again, in 1845, they harboured and protected other murderers and assassins; and in 1855 plundered certain Multanee travellers, and killed them, and refused to surrender the assassins; and, in 1864, they attacked and plundered the resting-house at Goordhunpoora, where thirteen lives were lost." It is further asserted that the ill-feeling which existed between the Lawa Thakoor and the Nawab of Tonk arose out of an attempt by the latter to introduce schools and an improved police into all parts of his miniature kingdom. Although, according to Mr. Grant Duff, the principality of Tonk is only "just twice the size of Lancashire," it was, on his Highness' accession to power, encumbered with a debt amounting to some 200,000*l*. Not only has this burden been entirely removed, but a financial equilibrium has been restored, so that the soldiers and other public servants have received their pay with regularity; tanks, roads, and wells have been constructed; schools and dispensaries established where needed; the police force reorganized, and highway robberies almost entirely put down. It is objected, indeed, by British political officers that these measures of improvement have been conceived and worked out by "foreigners" and not by natives of Tonk, and that the Nawab has not chosen his ministers from his aristocracy, his chief adviser having originally been a native doctor. Such an objection comes, surely, with a bad grace from Englishmen, in whose own country

the highest offices have been held, not discredibly, by members of almost every European nationality, while the entire government of India is conducted or controlled by aliens. Besides, in the East, from time immemorial, the principle of selection has always been preferred to the assumed privileges of birth, and numerous instances are on record of men of the lowest origin rising to the throne itself.

Be this as it may, the differences between the Nawab and his troublesome vassal became so vexatious to both parties, that in July, 1867, his Highness's Prime Minister, Hakeem Surwar Shah Khan, judged it advisable to effect a settlement through conciliatory measures, and accordingly invited Thakoor Dheerut Sing to come in person to Tonk, with a view to arrange amicably all matters in dispute. At first the Thakoor pleaded indisposition, but at last complied with the Hakeem's invitation, and on the 29th July repaired to the capital city, accompanied by his uncle and cousin, and attended by a considerable retinue. Of subsequent events there are two versions, widely different, neither of which can be accepted as absolutely trustworthy, though it may be possible to approximate to the truth by liberally discounting both statements.

If the Lawa story is worthy of credence, what happened was in this wise. Somewhere between half-past seven and nine o'clock on the evening of the 1st of August a messenger presented himself at the house temporarily occupied by Dheerut Sing, and said that he was sent by Hakeem Surwar Shah to request the immediate attendance of the Thakoor, in order to make suitable arrangements for an interview with the Nawab on the following morning, as his Highness was about to start for Seronj, a distant dependency, but was desirous of previously bestowing upon his vassal a *Khillut*, or dress of honour, in token of amity and good-will. Thereupon the Thakoor deputed his uncle and cousin to act as his representatives, and at the same time instructed one of his confidential servants to proceed to the bazaar and obtain some pieces of gold to be presented as a "*nuzzur*," or act of homage, to the Nawab on the morrow. The Lawa party, seventeen all told, and, with the exception of two retainers who carried guns, having no arms but their swords, on reaching the Hakeem's abode, were challenged by the sentry, who refused to let them enter even the outer enclosure at such an unseasonable hour without first receiving the minister's orders. In the end, however, he consented to announce their arrival, and ask for instructions. Presently he returned and



admitted them, and while the four principal representatives of the Thakoor were taken upstairs to the Hakeem's private apartments, the attendants sat down on a broad wooden bench, or low platform, in the inner enclosure. Here, after a brief interval, they were suddenly attacked and shot down, by a band of Wullaitees, or mercenary Sepoys, employed in the suppression of Thuggee and Dacoitee, the Hakeem's peculiar department. Only one man, by name Megh Sing, escaped with his life, and he states that his sword was "snatched away," and himself wounded on the head, but that having tied his turban in a particular fashion, he was mistaken for an Afghan, and so allowed to run off. He was, however, stopped on the road and made prisoner, but not otherwise ill-treated; on the contrary, his wound was dressed, and the same care taken of him as of the wounded Sepoys on the Tonk side. No outcries or sounds of any kind reached the Lawa men waiting in the room below from the party of four admitted into the Hakeem's presence, but it is *reported* that the latter declined to give up their arms when summoned to do so, and that a Wullaitee officer having struck Rewut Sing with his sword, a fight ensued, and all four were shot or cut down. The Nawab, so the tale goes, immediately caused the Thakoor's house to be surrounded with troops, and there held him in duress, without food or water, for three days and nights, but on the fourth day released him from restraint, and gave him permission to return to Lawa. Immediately after the massacre another body of Sepoys was despatched with scaling-ladders against the fort of Lawa, before which they appeared on the following morning, and were joined three hours later by forty swivel guns and thirty or forty troopers. They had no cannon, and, after some desultory firing on both sides, returned to Tonk on the third day.

The same incident is related by the Tonk witnesses in a very different style. These maintain that Rewut Sing sought an interview with the Hakeem, on the morning of the 1st of August, when he took umbrage at being told that the minister was too ill to see him, but that if the Thakoor would contribute like others to the expenses of schools, dispensaries, and police, all would be well with him. On receiving this message, Rewut Sing is said to have flown into a passion, and to have made use of abusive language. He then went away, but returned at nine in the evening, and being refused admittance, forced open the outer gate and rushed into the first courtyard. The guard endeavouring to check his

further advance, some confusion arose, and a turban was knocked off, whereupon Rewut Sing began to lay about him with a drawn sword, and the *mêlée* became general. Numbers, however, prevailed in the long run. Rewut Sing and nine of his followers were slain outright, and one wounded and taken prisoner, while on the Tonk side Golab Khan, the Captain of the Guard, and six Hindoo Sepoys were killed, and nine Muhammadans wounded. On being informed of this disturbance, the Nawab, to prevent further bloodshed, caused Dheerut Sing's house to be surrounded with troops, and a small force was sent after the fugitives, but, being fired upon from the walls of Lawa, these soldiers at once returned to Tonk.

The difference between these two accounts of one and the same fact is such that one might have expected that the utmost care would have been taken to sift the contradictory evidence, and to institute a most vigorous and searching inquiry—that is, assuming the right of the British Government to interfere at all in the private affairs of a prince whose independence had been attested by a formal treaty engagement. Sir Stafford Northcote, indeed, affirmed in his place in Parliament that the Nawab of Tonk had not the power of life and death in his own dominions, but in the case of capital sentences was obliged to refer them for approval to the British Government. This, however, is an inaccurate representation of the case. His Highness enjoyed and exercised all sovereign rights, and Lord Amherst, in his letter to the Chiefs of Rajputana, dated 10th January, 1825, distinctly assured them, one and all, that nothing should disturb them or their heirs for ever in the possession of their ancestral rights and privileges, so long as they were faithful to the conditions of the treaties, grants, or engagements which record their obligations to the British Government. These obligations forbade them to make war upon one another, or to open direct communications with Foreign Powers, and in general terms placed them in the position which, in the middle ages, tributary princes occupied in Europe with reference to their suzerain. Lord Amherst's letter, it may here be remarked, distinctly recognized the right of the Rajput princes to confiscate the *jaghîr* or estate of any vassal who might be guilty of rebellion or treason, or who might resist their authority, or die without heirs. Such terms imply sovereignty of the most absolute order, and it thence appears that, so far as the British Government was concerned, the Nawab was at liberty to have dispossessed the Lawa Thakoor of his estate on the ground of

insubordinate and refractory conduct, without having recourse to treachery and murder. At the same time there can be no doubt that the Paramount Power was quite entitled to call upon the Nawab for a satisfactory explanation of the riot and bloodshed that had taken place in his capital, and, in default of a complete exculpation, to have refused to hold any sort of communication with his Highness, reducing him and his state to an isolation that would have speedily compelled him to redress whatever had been done amiss.

Unfortunately, it is only too evident that the Governor-General's agent for the Rajputana States, Colonel W. F. Eden, had pre-judged the case before any trustworthy evidence was submitted to him. On the 12th of August he wrote from Mount Aboo to the Secretary in the Foreign Department, that his "personal knowledge of the deceased Thakoor, Rewut Singh assures" him "that he would never have attempted to force his way at night into Hakeem Surwar Shah's house, as has been represented, whilst the Hakeem, an intriguing mendacious Afghan, is just the character to take an active part in a piece of foul play with but small compunction." At that time Colonel Eden was in possession of only a few extremely meagre documents, quite insufficient to justify the enunciation of a responsible opinion either way. The Nawab himself was the first to inform him that a disturbance had occurred, but his Highness was evidently so stunned and bewildered by the disastrous event that he foolishly kept back all mention of the lives that had been lost. This glaring omission can only be accounted for by exonerating his Highness from all complicity in any sort of premeditated treachery, for in that case he would naturally have been prepared to forward a fluent and circumstantial narrative of what had passed, from his own point of view. Colonel Eden, however, recognized the necessity of doing something more than evolving the merits of the case from his inner consciousness, and accordingly instructed Captain Bruce, Political Agent, Harowtee, to proceed immediately to Tonk and institute a searching inquiry upon the spot into all the circumstances of the case. As it chanced, that officer had already deputed Colonel Eden's assistant, Captain A. W. Roberts, to make a preliminary investigation, and a charming picture has been placed before the British public of the fashion in which young officers of the Indian Army are permitted to interfere in the internal affairs of independent states. On the evening of the 8th of August,



Captain Roberts reached his destination, and early on the following morning visited the Nawab, who briefly and simply narrated what had passed, and was advised to allow the Thakoor to return home without further molestation. About noon Dheerut Sing called upon the British officer and naturally exhibited much emotion, but failed to throw any additional light upon the incident, and shortly afterwards set out for Lawa. Anxious, to use his own words, to "acquire the testimony of one or two independent witnesses," Captain Roberts then sent for Bheeko, the native doctor in charge of the infirmary, who, of his own actual knowledge, could give no information whatever, though perfectly ready to retail the gossip of the bazaar, which was at once accepted as the statement of "quite a disinterested person," notwithstanding that he was a Hindoo testifying against Muhammadans, at whose hands his co-religionists had met their death. His story, besides, is in several points distinctly at variance with the evidence of the Lawa witnesses themselves, and was chiefly based on the authority of his own compounder, who lived opposite the Hakeem's residence and "had heard the firing," but whom he declined to produce, and Captain Roberts thought it best "not to send for this person, as it might do him harm."

Another of Captain Roberts' informants was one of the Political Agent's office-messengers, who stated that only the four chief men of the Lawa party went inside the Thuggee and Dacoitee office, "that they were the first killed, and that when their followers outside suspected what was happening, they also drew their swords, and that several of them were killed and several escaped." This statement, it will be seen, differs from the version subsequently adopted by Colonel Eden, that the only one of Rewut Sing's attendants who got off with his life was Megh Sing, whose escape he attributes to "providential good fortune, rather than to the mercy of his assailants; probably he was not observed as being alive until the noise of the disturbance drew people to the locality, when to have killed him in cold blood would certainly have been noticed, and would have upset the story put forward by the Tonk Durbar." One is at a loss how fitly to characterize such an utter perversion of Megh Sing's own description of the manner of his escape, with which Colonel Eden could not have been unacquainted without gross dereliction of duty. Megh Sing, it will be remembered, distinctly stated that his sword was "snatched away," that he was then wounded on the head, but being mistaken, as he supposed, for

a Wullaitee, owing to the fashion of his turban, he was able to get clear out of the place, though only to be arrested afterwards while running off. Had there been any desire to burke this man's evidence, the thing could easily have been effected without much fear of discovery, while he was a prisoner and under surgical treatment.

So far as one can judge from Captain Roberts' letter to his immediate superior, the only witnesses he had examined, before coming to a final conclusion as to the real merits of the case, were the native doctor and the office-messenger, and his summing-up of their hearsay reports is a curiosity in its way :—

“From all I have heard I have no doubt in my own mind that the Lawa party were treacherously inveigled and attacked. At first I thought the Nawab was not cognizant of the affair, but I have since changed my mind, for it could not have been done without his knowledge. [Why not?] The old Thakoor Rewut Sing was the most able of the advocates of the young Thakoor in his case between Tonk and Lawa; by getting rid of him and the two kamdars (official personages) there is no one left to advise the nephew, or to manage the affairs of the Thakoor. The Tonk Durbar have calculated this, and promise themselves that for the future they will be able to have their own way, especially as the Thakoor is young [upwards of thirty years of age] and has not yet evinced any aptitude to administer his own affairs. All, therefore, that was wanted was an unscrupulous agent: Surwar Shah filled this place. From all I hear and have seen of him, he appears thoroughly capable of planning and carrying out what has happened; and to effect his means, he has at his disposal some 500 or 600 Wullaitees ready to do any deed of blood.”

Such a steeple-chase judgment is its own condemnation. A third witness, however, presented himself just as this extraordinary production was about to be despatched. This was the postmaster, whose “statement is to the same effect as that of the rest (to wit of the doctor and messenger), viz., that Surwar Shah invited Rewut Sing to his house, that the old Thakoor, with three or four men, went inside; that they were asked to take off their swords; they refused; a number of Wullaitees rushed in, and cut and shot down the Thakoor and his friends, at the same time those outside were also attacked.” Whereupon Captain Roberts once more observes: “All this independent evidence, hearsay though it only is, leaves no doubt in my mind that this massacre was a deliberately planned one. I cannot absolve the Nawab from cognizance of it, for the soldiers would not have obeyed any one else's orders.” And yet not a dozen lines previously he wrote that the Hakeem had “at his disposal some 500 or 600 Wullaitees, ready to do any deed of blood.” Had the massacre been “deliberately planned,” we may be quite sure it would

have been very differently executed. The Hakeem would have taken good care not to be mixed up with it, by receiving Rewut Sing into his own apartment, when the whole party could have been butchered to a man in the courtyard below, before they could have offered the slightest resistance. Besides, the Hakeem must have been quite aware that nothing was to be gained but every thing lost by bloodshed, and it has already been shown that the Nawab possessed the power of confiscating the estates of troublesome vassals, without incurring the odium attached in all countries to treachery and murder.

It only remains to be added that Captain Roberts did not perceive the necessity of inspecting the scene of the massacre.

On the 14th August, Captain Bruce, Political Agent, Harowtee, proceeded in person to Tonk, to make a more careful investigation, and was visited on his arrival by the Nawab, who was "much perturbed, and warmly asserted his innocence of having desired to do Rewut Sing any harm. He expressed deep regret at what had occurred," and expressed his readiness to "abide by any advice or decision the Government might arrive at in the matter." Colonel Eden, however, in commenting upon Captain Bruce's letter, does not hesitate to say that "the Nawab's subsequent conduct and action fully support" the belief in his complicity, and that "not the slightest regret has been expressed for what has occurred." The latter officer admits that the Nawab offered to aid him in every way in his inquiry, and "added that he courted the fullest investigation," nor was any difficulty thrown in the way of obtaining witnesses. "It was no secret," he says, "that Tonk contained at that time some 800 or 900 Wullaitees *subserviently obedient*" to the Hakeem, which further disposes of Captain Roberts' assertion that the soldiers would have obeyed no orders but the Nawab's. Our attention is then directed to "a marvellous coincidence," that of the seven men on the Tonk side alleged to have been killed six were Hindoos, whereas all the wounded were Muhammadans, and Colonel Eden improves upon this by remarking, that "the bodies of the six Hindoos in Tonk employ, stated to have fallen, are said to have been burnt next morning, so that the Political Agent was unable to ascertain beyond all doubt, by seeing the corpses, whether they had ever had any real existence." Considering that a fortnight had elapsed since the *fracas*, the Political Agent could hardly have expected to see the bodies of the dead, nor could he possibly have



known that the corpses shown to him were those of the Wullaitees who had fallen on the 1st of August. Colonel Eden continues : " These six Hindoos, too, appear to have been singularly friendless ; no one seems to know their homes, and there was no one even in Tonk of their own religion who would perform the last funeral rites ; for, according to the showing of the Tonk witnesses, their bodies were burnt by a Muhammadan, one Shahab Khan." This sentence is a tissue of misrepresentations. Shahab Khan was a police-officer, and was directed by the head of the Tonk police force to have the bodies burnt, but had nothing whatever to do with the actual operation, which was performed by three Brahmins, whose occupation was that of burners of the dead. And that these Hindoos were not " singularly friendless," is apparent from the fact, that four of them were recognized and claimed by their near kinsmen on their way to the burning-ground, while of the others it was known that one came from Oudh and the other from Nimbhera.

Captain Bruce cuts down the number of Wullaitees in attendance on the Hakeem from 400 according to one estimate, and from 800 according to another, and merely says that " the place is large enough to conceal 200." But even 200 ruffians " ready for any deed of blood," armed to the teeth, and only waiting the signal to fall on, would have made very short work of seventeen men, badly armed and off their guard, and must have been sad bunglers to have come to much harm themselves. And yet Captain Bruce observes, " That very severe fighting did take place there can be no question, from the nature of the wounds received by some of the Tonk sepoys ; several of them had six or seven bad sword-cuts ; one indeed, though twice brought to me to give evidence, was unable to speak, the whole of his face, nose, mouth, and chin, having been sliced off." The Political Agent is himself of opinion that the Nawab did not intend to shed blood, and that his object was to apprehend Rewut Sing and the two Kamdars, and in their absence make himself master of Lawa, and he is very indignant that his Highness did not acknowledge " the truth rather than attempt, as he did, to foist upon me a fable bearing the impress of deception on the face of it."

" That the chief's orders or intentions were wilfully or bunglingly carried out," he continues, " I firmly believe, and for the consequences I would hold Hakeem Surwar Shah mainly responsible. Abhorrently as I regard this creature, I do not say his intention was to commit murder, not because I believe him

incapable of such an act, but simply because the dictates of prudence would, I think, have held him back. I sincerely believe the Thakoor was invited to visit the Hakeem on that particular evening, and, as stated, that he, with those who shared his fate, went upstairs. Surwar Shah had then in his power all who were irksome to him in the Lawa dispute, for the Thakoor himself is perfectly incompetent to look after his own affairs, and here within a small compass were his business advisers. An attempt was probably made to take their arms, and resistance offered. The rest one can easily picture. Rewut Sing had all the attributes of a fine Rajput of the better class, and would ill brook insult at Muhammadan hands. It is quite possible, and not improbable, that he, misinterpreting their object in confining him, unsheathed his sword, and, blood once drawn, there was a general massacre; the fewer left to tell the tale the better for the survivors. . . . In exonerating the Nawab from any desire to take Rewut Sing's life, I consider he must necessarily have been a party to the deceptive way it was intended to capture Lawa; and *though he may have had some cause to feel incensed at the attitude the Thakoor has long evinced towards the durbar*, having invited him to his capital on promises which were so cruelly broken, his consent to so mean a plot must be viewed as very discreditable to him."

Colonel Eden, however, declines to adopt this mitigated view of the affair, and insists that nothing "short of wholesale butchery was intended." "The party," he continues, "were not summoned to surrender, or directed to throw down their arms, or even overawed by superior force, but they were suddenly set upon and cut down without any warning whatever." He is further convinced that though the Hakeem was undoubtedly "the author and prime mover in this tragedy," he would "never have attempted to carry out the plot without the consent and approval of his master," and he thinks that "we may rest satisfied that this deed of blood would never have been transacted unless all the actors had been assured of their chief's tacit consent, and were promised his full support, whatever happened." If they were promised his Highness's "full support" they must have been assured of something more than his "tacit consent," but Colonel Eden disdains nicety of expression, even in a judicial investigation touching the honour of a prince and the administration of a principality.

A little farther on he asserts that throughout Rajputana "the deed is compared to the diabolical tragedy perpetrated by the Nawab of Tonk's grandfather, the freebooter Ameer Khan, at Nagon, A.D. 1808, when the Maharajah of Jeypore and many nobles were treacherously butchered." As Colonel Eden refers correctly enough to his authority—Tod's "Rajasthan," vol. ii. p. 149—it is strange that he should have made such a capital blunder. Ameer Khan was undoubtedly guilty of treachery, but his victim,

instead of being the Maharajah of Jeypore, was Sawai Sing, a Thakoor of the Rajah of Jodhpore. Mr. Grant Duff quoted the passage in the House of Commons, and suggested that the grandson had merely walked in the steps of his grandfather; but it would be quite as fair to insinuate that the Under-Secretary of State for India is capable of cattle-lifting, because his great-grandfather would have felt little remorse in harrying the herds of the Lowlanders. In this respect, also, Captain Bruce is more just and reasonable than his political superior, for he admits that the Nawab's position was not "an enviable one," as each of his outlying districts, "once formed a portion of some adjacent Rajput state," and as he and his forefathers have ever been regarded with jealousy and abhorrence by the princes of Rajasthan. According to Mr. Grant Duff, indeed, Lawa was not an appanage, but a neighbour of Tonk, and the Nawab "was proceeded against as a small semi-independent potentate who had committed a political offence against the *Pax Britannica*, and was deposed for having commenced and carried through to the bitter end a small private war against his neighbour."

Captain Bruce, less perfunctory than Captain Roberts, did visit the scene of the tragedy, but "could discover no marks of conflict on the walls either in the inner enclosure or the outer; but ample time had been given to remove or renovate all such traces." No doubt of it, but it is just a little singular that in the month of June in the following year these "marks of conflict" should have reappeared. The eye-witness of this remarkable phenomenon was Captain J. Blair, Assistant Agent, Governor-General, on special duty at Tonk, and this is what he saw:—

"A question having arisen as to the rightful owner of the house in which the tragedy occurred, I was asked by the Regency Council to visit the building, which, I may mention, I had never visited before. I did so on the 23rd instant, in company with Sahibzadah Ahmed Yar Khan and the Durbar Vakeel. In walking over the building the conversation naturally turned to the unhappy event of last August; stains of blood on the floor, where Rewut Sing was said to have fallen, were pointed out to me. I also observed in a small side room the marks of three bullets having pierced the walls."

To adopt Colonel Eden's phrase, is it not an "almost suspicious" circumstance that the Council of Regency, whose interests are directly opposed to the Nawab's restoration, should have asked this young officer to visit the Hakeem's house? Is it not a further "almost suspicious" circumstance that Captain Bruce, described by Mr.



Grant Duff as one of "the best and acutest officers whom we had in that part of India," should have failed to see these bullet-marks and stains of blood when he visited "the scene of the tragedy," and made a sketch of the building? It is at least not surprising that it is urged on the other side that these appearances of strife were got up by the Nawab's enemies, and by those who profit by his disgrace, and there is further reason to look upon Captain Blair as a young gentleman who possesses more of the qualities of a *gobemouche* than of a magistrate or quasi-diplomatist, for we find him writing to Colonel Keatinge—Colonel Eden's successor—that "the very exclamations of Thakoor Rewut Sing, when being butchered, are made a matter of conversation."

Having thus summarily convicted the Nawab of treachery and complicity in murder, Colonel Eden proceeds to suggest "the steps that appear necessary and desirable to mark the grave sense of the displeasure of the British Government for so cruel an abuse of power by one of its feudatories. To prevent the possibility of a recurrence of such a savage and barbarous act in any Native State, it is alike demanded of us by humanity as well as by policy, to adopt such forcible and punitive measures as will not fade from the memory of any chieftain." The gallant Colonel has evidently a high opinion of the deterrent character of punishment, and with a view to secure "the full approval of public feeling in Rajputana," he recommends the deposition of the Nawab, and the severance of the Lawa estate from the Tonk Durbar for ever, the reduction of the salute from seventeen to eleven guns, and the appointment of a Regency under the presidency of the Nawab's uncle, Ibadoola Khan, until the rightful heir, "about ten years of age," should be old enough to undertake the responsibilities of government. As for Hakeem Surwar Shah, his surrender should be demanded, and himself detained in custody as a political prisoner for the term of his natural life.

The Governor-General (Sir John Lawrence) in Council decided that the Agent's view of the case was "fully substantiated," that "the uncle and cousin of the Lawa Chief with their followers were basely and treacherously murdered by Hakeem Surwar Shah; and that this was done at the instigation of the Nawab." They concurred, therefore, with Colonel Eden's suggestions as to the punishment to be inflicted, and, with the sanction of the Secretary of State, Sir Stafford Northcote, they removed the Nawab to Benares,

allowing him an income of 6000*l.* a year from the revenues of Tonk, while the Hakeem was sentenced to imprisonment for life. It was then discovered that the Nawab's son, whom Colonel Eden had described as a boy only ten years old, was upwards of double that age, and yet he was still treated as a minor, and the administration of the country placed under Lieutenant, now Captain J. Blair. Without any disrespect to that young officer, it may surely be asked what peculiar experience of the science of government he happens to possess, and also how many lieutenants and captains are eligible from the Staff Corps for employment as Kings and Regents? Neither is it quite clear by what right, except the *droit du plus fort*, the British Government claimed the surrender of the Hakeem as a political prisoner. As a subject of the Nawab he was answerable for his actions to that Prince alone, and the Governor-General in Council has recorded the belief of his colleagues and himself that he simply obeyed the orders of his sovereign. The Nawab's deposition is grounded on the plea that he was "utterly unfit to be entrusted with the lives of others," but Mr. Grant Duff informed the House of Commons that he was deposed for disturbing the *Pax Britannica* by waging private war on a neighbour. And yet a little farther on in his speech he said that the Nawab had invited the Thakoor to his capital, and that he afterwards sent a message requesting the Thakoor and his uncle to "go on the evening of the 1st of August, 1867, to discuss some business with the Prime Minister in the house of his Prime Minister." Remarking parenthetically that this is the first time the Nawab has been charged with sending a messenger to the Thakoor's house, we call upon the Under-Secretary of State to explain how this version of the case is to be reconciled with his previous statement that his Highness was deposed for carrying on "a private war"? The Indian Government correctly described the Lawa Chief as a tributary of the Tonk State, and admitted that for a long period disputes had existed between the vassal and his liege lord. It was certainly not for any disturbance of the *Pax Britannica* by hostile operations against a neighbour that Sir John Lawrence in Council recommended the Nawab's deposition, but on the distinct charge of having instigated a base and treacherous assassination. But Mr. Grant Duff was well aware that the Indian Government had no right whatever to act judicially "in the strict and technical sense." He admits that "we had no legal power to send a judge," . . . that "the Nawab of

Tonk was no subject of ours. He was a semi-independent Prince of the class conveniently, but most loosely and misleadingly, described as feudatory. The late Nawab of Tonk," he continued, "was not arraigned by us for a crime against our municipal law. *He was not, as a true feudatory would have been, subject to the Lord's Court.*" It comes, therefore, to this, that a crime having been committed in Tonk, of which the Indian Government was not entitled to take cognizance, the ruler of that state was deposed and removed from his dominions for quite another offence, that was never committed at all. The investigation instituted by the Indian Government was decidedly of a judicial character, though conducted in a most irregular manner, and working up to a conclusion that might almost be stigmatized as foregone. It was as a criminal, convicted of treachery and complicity in murder, that the Nawab was deprived of power and dignity, and now the Under-Secretary of State coolly assures the British Parliament that the Indian Government did not, because it could not, act in that manner, and his utterly erroneous representation of the case is accepted by a considerable majority in a House consisting of upwards of 200 members.

According, however, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the question at issue is not so much the Nawab's "criminality as the welfare of the people, and whether it was for their benefit that he should retain his authority." It must be acknowledged that this is opening up a very wide question. If Mr. Lowe's exposition be the correct one, it follows that the Indian Government is vested with the right to set up a prince here and pull down a prince there, whenever it thinks proper to assume, on the written report of one or two military officers, that such or such a people is not being governed so wisely or so well as it would be under the experienced statesmanship of a subaltern in the British Army. Scindia, Holkar, the Rajput Princes, the Gaekwar, the Nizam himself, are, if this new doctrine be adopted, no longer semi-independent potentates, but simply lieutenants of the Viceroy in Council, holding office on a good-conduct tenure—*quamdiu bene se gesserint*—and are liable at any time to be sent off to Benares, or elsewhere, whenever the Paramount Power may choose to think such a step advisable, on the plea of "the welfare of the people." And months upon months might elapse before they were made acquainted with the charges alleged against them, for, the proceedings not being of a strictly judicial character, there is no confronting the accuser with the accused, nor, as Mr. Grant Duff



lays down the law, is there any necessity for following technical rules, which, as a fact, do not exist. We may rest assured that there is not a prince or chieftain in all India who has not been startled by the summary deposition of the Nawab of Tonk. "We have not," as Lord Hastings recognized more than half a century ago, "simply to look at the irritation of those whom we have scourged with nettles. Each sovereign must have brought the case home to himself, and must have secretly sympathized with the Durbars which he saw insulted and humiliated." A most dangerous precedent has been established. A new instrument of disintegration has been introduced. The work of demolition commenced by subsidiary forces, and prosecuted by conquest and annexation by right of lapse, is now, it seems, to be completed by interfering "Agents," and the doctrine of good-conduct tenure. Treaties and Sunnuds are henceforth to be superseded by a sort of ticket-of-leave to rule so long as it shall seem good in the eyes of the Paramount Power. And so in the fulness of time Runjit Sing's prophecy will be fulfilled, and the map of India shall show but the one all-pervading hue of red—the redness of human blood.

JAMES HUTTON.

## THE LONELY LIFE.

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THE following sad tale of a lonely life was written by a teacher in a young ladies' school, where I received my education. I was her favourite pupil, the only one who gained her heart, and it was in accordance with her last wishes that the MS. was sent to me after her death.

*London, January 18th, 18—.* My fate is indeed strange, and as sad as strange. I have no friends, no relations, no home. Herein are many, alas! too many, like me. But further, I have no name, no happy memories of a home, no traditionary ties, no ties whatever; nay, I have no parish to support me should I fail to earn my bread. Yet, contradictory as it may seem, I am, I believe myself to be, well born, the daughter of a rich man, at one time heiress of some degree of wealth. I am utterly alone in the world. It can then be but for my own satisfaction, to satisfy the intense craving for even the semblance of sympathy, that I am about to write down the short, sad history of my life. While I write I can at least imagine a sympathizing listener, and it does afford me some comfort to feel that possibly after my lonely life is ended, some one may read these lines with a passing thought of pity for me. Some human heart may ache for my sorrows, though too late to alleviate them.

The first place I can remember is London. Not this London where I now write: not the dark, dingy city. It was the bright and beautiful London of the rich. Memory clearly and unfalteringly tells me that my home was in the West-end. How I knew that it was London I know not. But my home was near a park, and in a square. It was England. It was London. I shut my eyes, and even now I can distinctly recall the house. The three steps up to the door—the railings on each side—the inverted torch-holders—the massive knocker. Inside there were soft carpets, rich curtains, and beautiful furniture, large, lofty rooms, and many servants. Visions flit past me—visions of graceful ladies, of rich

dresses, of trailing silks and velvets, of soft voices and white hands glittering with jewels. Yet no *one* form can I recall. I know that I belonged to the upper and not to the lower regions of that house, yet can I recall no *one* to whom I belonged as of right. Stay! One there was whose face looms out of the dim memories. A man, a servant, tall, dark, and gloomy. His face is very white—his eyes piercing and cruel. I remember him, because he took me from that home; and it is the only home I have ever known. I have remembered him through all these years, and should I meet him in the densest crowd I should know him. Nay! I have met him, and I did recognize him. The house, my home, I must have passed again and again. I may have rested on its steps and never known it for my home, but that man I could never pass unheedingly. His hand was raised against me, and there was a mark by which to know it again. The little finger was twisted in a peculiar manner, and the second was wanting altogether.

It was a dark and gloomy night. I was raised from my little bed and carried hastily into the bleak air. A long, long journey followed. To my baby fancy it lasted weeks and weeks. Yet it could but have stretched to days, if so long, for we went no farther than Paris. This I know for a fact, for where I was then placed I remained for many, many weary years. The man with the crooked finger was my companion, rather my nurse, my guardian. He placed me in a Convent—Our Lady of ———, in the Rue ———. I have heard from the gossip of the nuns that a sum of money was paid to our Reverend Mother on my arrival, and that she was led to expect a like sum each year that I remained with her, but that after the first few years the payment ceased. It was hard to reconcile this with my fancy that this man had stolen me from my home, yet I must believe the convent tradition; for although my child-life was not a happy one, although I knew no petting like other children, still for some years I was treated with no active unkindness. And when in later days I found it impossible to please, when every task distasteful to others was put off upon me, when hard words and even blows fell to my share, these hardships were accompanied by bitter reproaches. I was a burden, and it was right I should know it. Probably nothing saved me from being cast on the world but the fear that my case might come under the cognizance of higher authorities, should my relations claim me. My days wore on with a weary bitterness which few can imagine. My life was one cata-



logue of cruelties. I was degraded below the lay sisters : I was a servant of servants. Through all I cherished the memory of my home of England.

I have no means of ascertaining my age, but I must have been about nineteen or twenty when deliverance came to me. I was one day peremptorily summoned by our Portress. Mère Babette loved to take her pleasure in the absences of our Superior, and on these occasions I was usually sent for to finish any work Babette had in hand, or at least to represent her in the conciergerie.

On the day of which I speak it was still early when I was called, and there were various matters requiring attention in the not over-tidy room. I set about them with a heavy heart, so heavy that the tears were rolling down my cheeks as I moved from place to place. There was no sound but the ticking of the old clock upon the dresser, and the almost equally monotonous chopping of wood in the court. Suddenly this ceased, and I heard a short, sharp exclamation, almost immediately repressed. In another moment the door was pushed open, and the woodcutter himself entered. It was not, however, Jacques, the concierge, who did the rough work of the convent. A very different individual presented himself,—tall, strong, upright, fair-haired, and of a ruddy countenance. He came in with an awkward scrape of his foot and an uncouth nod, which to a more experienced observer would at once have marked him as an Englishman. I only thought him odd, and somewhat frightened I lifted my tear-stained face, and hastily asked him what he wanted. I spoke of course in French, but his answer—shall I ever forget it ! It is graven into my brain. It was to me the first note of a new melody, the key-note of the glorious air of liberty.

Advancing slowly with a half shy smile, he held out a wounded hand, and in a curious mixture of languages he spoke,—

“Mumzell ! Mande pardon. J’ai hurty my hand, here. Hand cutty, Mumzell, bois cutting. A petit rag, or som’at to do it up ; silly play, Mumzell.”

How was it that this jargon brought back to my memory the long-forgotten English ? I have often thought since, that when I was taken from my home, I must have been older than I had been led to imagine. Had I been but three or four, I must long ere this have irretrievably lost the few words I had acquired. Probably the hardships of my life had deadened the power of memory.

With French gesticulation and vivacity I sprang forward. I

seized the injured hand, and at first in faltering English, but soon more fluently, I expressed my pity. His honest face brightened as I spoke.

“Heart alive!” said he; “blest if you ain’t a down-right English girl. Beg pardon, Miss, but it does a man’s heart good, it do, to hear a young woman as can what I call speak. None of your parley-voo for me. It don’t seem no good a-hollering to ’em. It seems as tho’ they couldn’t make head nor tail of what one says to ’em, let a man speak ne’er so loud and clear. And they slips their own tongues along at such an uncommon rate, that they don’t give themselves time for to purnounce their words as should be, so as a man can understand ’em. It’s my belief, Miss, as it’s that confounded haste as is at the bottom of all the dewarsity of tongue, and if Mounseer would only take it easy, and keep his head and his hands steady, I believe he’d speak English as well as the best on us. I ain’t so sure of the women, saving your presence, Miss, for it looks as though they can’t help themselves.”

To all this, and much more of the same sort, I listened with eager attention and small comprehension, as I bound up the deep gash which a slip of the woodbill had inflicted. It was done, and he took up his cap to depart, when a thought struck me. This man came from England, from my England; nay, perhaps from London. He might know my home, my friends. I am very sure that at that moment no thought of escape had entered my mind. A mere impulse induced me to stop him. Ah! had I not done so, where might I now have been? Dragging on still a wretched existence in the Rue —, probably.

“Arrêtez! Stop, monsieur, un moment—une parole!” I exclaimed, and he stopped. “You go to England—to London,” I continued rapidly, and then I paused. It was so difficult to explain, for although I cherished so vivid a recollection of that house in the square that I had no doubt I could find it again, yet I knew no names. How then could I open communications with my unknown relations? if indeed, a plan so definite had entered my head, I hardly knew what I wanted.

As I paused he spoke again. “I am going back to England to-morrow, Miss, but I don’t know London. I’ve never been there, and if I was put down in the middle of it I’d feel as strange as the Lord Mayor in these Champs Eliza.”

“But I should not,” said I. “I have lived in London, and I

know it quite well—so well. I know the house, our home. Oh, if I could but be put down in London I could find it with my eyes shut. Young Englishman, kind Englishman, can you not put me in the way?"

Heaven help me, I believed it all. I clasped my hands and almost knelt to him.

"Bother my old head," said he, scratching it in great perplexity. "John Brenchley, you're a pretty lad to help a lame dog over a stile, as the saying is, or a young woman out of a convent. Bless my stars, what would mother say to this job?"

"She would bid you help me," said I, with new-born eloquence. "Could you ever once more rest on your bed at night, think you, with the thought of the poor girl who had pleaded to you in vain to help her from a prison—a place of torture? Ah, me; ah, me; my life, my life!" and I wrung my hands and wept bitterly.

I have never yet been able to account for this sudden and intense desire to escape. It was as though I had found the first link of the chain which would lead me home, and I could not let it drop. Humbly I pleaded; vivid were the pictures I drew of my sufferings.

He was a good specimen of an Englishman; nay, surely he was above the average of his class in sharpness and ingenuity, though in sturdy honesty and determination there are many like him. He was touched by my distress, and I soon saw that he would help me. He had a friend whose boat was on the Seine. Once on board I was safe. Would I go? I questioned not, I doubted not. I eagerly consented. The grand difficulty of course was how to get me out of the convent. Once outside the walls, his English spirit was equal to the rest. He had yet some jobs to perform which would occupy him for some hours. His horse and cart were at the door, or rather his master's horse and cart. But even if I could be smuggled into that friendly shelter in broad daylight, much precious time would be lost in the fulfilment of his task. The police might be upon our track before I could be out of the town. This plan was rejected, and he paused almost in despair.

Could I not walk out? Might I not go to a distant church in the twilight? I almost laughed at the suggestion. Never but three times in all these years had my feet crossed the threshold of Our Lady of——.



"I have it, Miss," said he at length. "Let Jack Brenchley alone for seeing the Mounsees into a mist. I've an uncommon tarpaulin in my trap as will do our job."

This was Greek to me, and required to be rendered into English. It appeared that the cart contained a gigantic, shabby, and not over-clean "tarpaulin" or waterproof, which, as the morning had been wet, had been thrown over the wood. Mr. John Brenchley proposed to leave this accidentally in our courtyard, with a message to Mère Babette to the effect that he would call for it again in the evening, on his way home. The part I had to perform was the delivery of the message, on the return of the concierge, and afterwards, as late in the day as possible, that is to say as near dusk, I was to creep under the voluminous folds of the "tarpaulin" and await the arrival of my deliverer, who would lift me up in it and convey me away in his cart.

It was a bold, rash plan. Fifty chances to one that it would miscarry. Babette might resent the presence of such an unsightly mass in her clean court. Our reverend mother might perceive it and order it out. I might be unable to escape at the right time, or, succeeding in this, I might fail to creep into my place without being seen; or, worse still, I might be found there. Still we could think of no better plan. Every moment was now fraught with danger, for Mr. John Brenchley had only taken Jacques' work for one little hour that he too might avail himself of the absence of our reverend mother.

John Brenchley departed, and how I lived through the rest of that day I could never tell. Surely the hours were double the length of any other. It *could not* have been a common, natural day of twelve hours, each made up of sixty ordinary minutes, of that I feel sure.

First came back Mère Babette, happily in a most brilliant humour. Fortune had favoured her, I cared not how. I only cared that my message, so falteringly delivered, so humbly worded, was graciously received. "The thing might lie there, it could do no harm;" and there it remained the whole day, a silent witness against me; or rather, to my imagination, not silent; for in every bulge and furrow of the huge, unwieldy mass, I not only saw myself, but I almost fancied that others must see me too; while John Brenchley's name was to me so clearly written in every variation of crack or crease which the tarpaulin boasted, that it seemed impos-

sible that it should escape the lynx eyes of our household. No one noticed it, however; or if notice was excited, it was soon set at rest by Babette's matter-of-fact explanation, and the day wore on.

Never had I been so cruelly treated. It was a poor preparation for my journey that the greater part of the housework should have been put upon me; but our Superior was out, and "La Petite," for that was the only name I had ever known, was wanted every where. Every thing to which I put my hand that day was badly done, and my mistakes were rewarded by the loss of my dinner. Our Reverend mother returned after the evening tea, and my delinquencies had been so flagrant that they were reported to her. She bade me spend the night "in penitence," on my knees in the chapel attached to the convent. My heart bounded at the words, and with folded hands I listened patiently to the abuse which she scrupled not to heap upon me. I curtsied low as she waved her hand in token that I should depart. For one moment I lingered to take, as I fondly hoped, my last look at her who had embittered all the years of my young life. Cruelly though she had treated me, there was at my heart at the moment a feeling of pain at leaving her thus secretly. She turned angrily, and bid me begone. I hastily withdrew.

Swiftly I glided down the long passage, and tapped at the door of the cell of La Mère Assistante. It was my duty to tell her of my sentence. Then I was free. Free—free—I said it to myself. I spelt it to myself as I lingered for one moment at the chapel-door. Nay, to my shame be it spoken, I said that word and that only as I knelt apparently in prayer before the great altar. I believe that for the time I was mad. It is difficult for me to recall that hour with any clearness, it is surrounded still by a maze of excited feeling which even time cannot subdue. My heart beats wildly, my pulses throb, my brain grows giddy again as I try to recall it.

*(To be continued.)*

## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

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May 25th.—Mrs. Austin has just died, aged 97. She was widow of a Scotch master mariner, and remarkable for her pedestrian feats. At 92 years of age she walked from Greenock to Truro, and being unsuccessful in her mission then walked up to London, and laid her case before the Lord Mayor.

May 26th.—At Naples, the Right Hon. Henry Earle Lytton Bulwer, first Lord Dalling and Bulwer, G.C.B., aged 69. It is impossible within the scope of a short Obituary to do justice to the career of this able and accomplished Diplomatist, and we therefore refer those interested in the details of Lord Dalling's services to the "Foreign Office List," and recent notices of his Lordship's death in the *Morning Post*, *Athenæum*, *Saturday Review*, and *Times* of June 3rd last, for a more complete record of them. We may state, however, that Lord Dalling was the second son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, that he entered the army as Sub-Lieutenant in the 2nd Life Guards, October, 1825, but, probably desiring a more active life than service in the Household Brigade affords, exchanged into Her Majesty's 58th regiment as Ensign in June, 1826. He shortly after obtained an unattached Ensigny in the regiment, and entered on his diplomatic career in 1827, by accepting service as Attaché to the Mission at Berlin. Thus, at the period of his death, Lord Dalling having filled the various grades of the service from that of simple Attaché to an Ambassador of the first rank, had completed nearly half a century's active work in the Foreign Department of his country, during which time various negotiations of the most delicate nature in diplomacy were entrusted to his judicious management. It is sufficient to say that throughout this long career he enjoyed the high esteem and confidence of his early friend and patron, the late Lord Palmerston. As is well known, Lord Dalling was an elder brother of the present Lord Lytton, and, like him, an author of celebrity. It may be interesting, as showing the friendship which existed between these eminent literary men, to quote the Dedication of the "Pilgrims of the Rhine"—one of the most charming works of Lord Lytton's fertile pen—which he made some years since in the following graceful and touching terms to his brother.

"TO HENRY LYTTON BULWER,—Allow me, my dear brother, to dedicate this Work to you. The greater part of it was written in the pleasant excursion we made together some years ago. Among the associations—some sad, and some pleasing—connected with the general design, none are so agreeable to me as those that remind me of the friendship subsisting between us, and which, unlike that of near relations in general, has grown stronger and more intimate as our footsteps have receded farther from the fields where we played together in childhood. I dedicate this Work to you with the more pleasure, not only when I remember



that it has always been a favourite with yourself, but when I think that it is one of my writings most liked in foreign countries; and I may possibly, therefore, have found a record destined to endure the affectionate esteem which this Dedication is intended to convey.

"April 23, 1840.

E. L. B."

May 26th.—At Leeds, Christopher Kemplay, Esq., for many years proprietor of the *Leeds Intelligencer*, a newspaper founded in 1754, and now amalgamated with the *Yorkshire Post*, aged 68.

May 26th.—In London, William, eighth Duke of Bedford, aged 63. This great dual house owes its good fortune and high position to an accident which befell the Archduke Philip of Austria, the only son of the Emperor Maximilian. The Archduke was married to Joan, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and Isabella having died, the Castilians, dissatisfied with Ferdinand's government, determined on calling the Archduke to the Crown of Castile, in right of his wife. He was on his way from the Netherlands to Spain, accompanied by the Archduchess, to take possession of his kingdom, in the winter of 1506, when a violent tempest in the Channel forced him into Weymouth Bay. The Archduke was seasick, and imprudently landed. Sir John Trenchard, a man of position in the county of Dorset, who lived near Weymouth, hearing of the arrival of a foreign fleet, assembled some forces, and went to the port, when finding that the Archduke had already come ashore, he invited him to his house, and immediately despatched an express to inform the King, Henry VII., of this important incident. The King, who favoured his ally Ferdinand, and was adverse to the separation of Castile from the Spanish monarchy, seeing some circumstances therein which affected his own title to the English Crown, determined to "improve the occasion," and sent the Earl of Arundel, with all despatch, to Weymouth, to compliment the Archduke on his arrival in England, and to inform him that he intended to pay him a visit in person, and give him a suitable reception in his kingdom. Philip saw his position at once, and well knew he could not now depart from England without the King's consent. He resolved, however, if possible, to hasten matters, and anticipate the King's visit, by having an immediate interview with him at Windsor. Henry received the Archduke with all the magnificence possible, and with seeming cordiality; but the new King of Castile was kept three months in England, and important concessions were made by him before he was allowed to leave the country. Now a Mr. Russell, of Kingston Russell, a Dorsetshire gentleman, was one of those who accompanied the Archduke on his visit to Windsor. He was a relation of Sir John Trenchard's, and most probably made one of the force which moved with Sir John on Weymouth. However that may be, whether he was recommended by the Archduke, or rewarded by the King for the important service rendered him, certain it is that he was taken into immediate favour, and appointed one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. The King died in

1509, and Mr. Russell, continuing to enjoy the royal support, was appointed by Henry VIII. to several high and confidential offices, and finally elevated to the Peerage, 1538, as Baron Russell, of Cheney, county of Buckingham. In 1540, when the Great Monasteries were dissolved, he obtained a grant to himself and his wife, and their heirs, of the site of the Abbey of Tavistock, and the extensive possessions belonging thereto. After the accession of Edward VI. Lord Russell had a grant of the Monastery of Woburn, and was created Earl of Bedford 1550, and in 1552 a patent was granted to him of Covent Garden, and the seven acres now called Long Acre. In Queen Mary's time, "the same courtly sunshine continuing," he was appointed Ambassador to Spain, to conduct her Majesty's consort, Philip II., into England, and was then made a Knight of the Garter. It cannot be doubted that he was an exceedingly able man, and that he piloted himself dexterously through the great difficulties which must have beset a servant of the Crown during the reigns of monarchs whose Councils were directed by such different policies as the Seventh and Eighth Henrys, Edward VI., and Queen Mary. Francis, the fourth Earl, was the principal undertaker in the great work of draining the Fens, called the Bedford Level, which extends into the counties of Northampton, Cambridge, Huntingdon, and Lincoln; a grand scheme, which further enriched the fortune of the family. His son William, the fifth Earl, commanded the reserve of horse at Edge Hill, and fought with great bravery at the battle of Newbury; he carried St. Edward's sceptre at the Restoration of Charles II., and was father of the celebrated but unfortunate Lord William Russell, a young nobleman of mild and moderate temper, but whose natural fear of a Catholic succession induced him take decisive steps in the promotion of the exclusion of the Duke of York, and who, having implicated himself in the "Rye House Plot" (a direct attempt on the person of the King on his way from Newmarket to London), was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1683. This lamentable event, and the attainder which thereby hung over the family, no doubt led to the course taken by the house of Russell in bringing about the Revolution of 1688. The Earl and his family joined heart and hand with the Prince of Orange. It was Admiral Russell, his first cousin, who having held high appointments about the Duke of York, the Lord High Admiral, retired from Court on the sad event occurring in his family, and exerted all his power in bringing over the Prince. He was with him when he landed at Torbay, and after the accession of William and Mary was made First Lord of the Admiralty, and a Peer of the realm. On the 19th of May, 1692, he commanded the fleet at La Hogue, and gave signal defeat to the French under M. de Tourville. Subsequently, however, he was not so fortunate in his naval enterprises, for in 1701, being in command of the Channel Fleet, he was overtaken by a violent tempest, which cost him dear—led to the complete loss of the "Coronation" and the

"Harwich," off Plymouth, and to all his ships being scattered and distressed. The whole nation murmured, and the Admiral was impeached by the House of Commons; but the historian says the prosecution was "dropped out of tenderness to the Ministry." The fourth Earl was created first Marquis of Tavistock and first Duke of Bedford in 1694. John, the fourth Duke, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and a distinguished statesman. The late Duke was in the House of Commons when Marquis of Tavistock, but of late years had led a very retired life. The possessions of the family are enormous, and on the falling in of leases the Duke of Bedford will be head of one of the wealthiest houses in the realm. His Grace is patron of no less than 26 livings.

May 26th.—Alfred Henry Forrester, better known as "Alfred Crowquill," aged 67. From an early age he was associated with literary and artistic pursuits, and both as an Author and an Artist was a man of no ordinary talents, indeed his drawings on wood, his caricatures and pen-and-ink sketches were often masterly. Perhaps the best proof of his talents in this respect is to be found in his "Zoological Sketches." It has been justly said of them that "human arrogance scowled in his lions—feminine conceit strutted in his ostriches—impertinent coxcombry appeared in his monkeys, and craftiness governed the expression in the eye of his wolves and foxes." He was also an able author of Burlesque. Many of his old associates in Literature and Art—Theodore Hook, Father Prout, Dr. Maginn, "Ingoldsby," Charles Kean, Albert Smith, Horace Mayhew, &c.,—are also, alas! no more. In recalling reminiscences of this circle, we doubt, however, whether any name will call forth more pleasant recollections than that of "Alfred Crowquill."

May 27th.—At Benacre Hall, Lowestoft, Sir Edward Sherlock Gooch, Bart. The deceased was the seventh Baronet, the title having been first conferred in 1746 upon General Gooch, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, with remainder to his brother, who was successively Bishop of Bristol, Norwich, and Ely. The family of Gooch is of great antiquity and has flourished for a long period in the Eastern Counties. Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., C.E., who first laid the Atlantic Cable, is a member of it.

May 27th.—At Chilsworth Manor, Southampton, John Brown Willis Fleming, Esq., High Sheriff of Hampshire.

May 27th.—At the Ride, Grosvenor Mews, John Williams, aged 90. He was a Welshman, and having joined the 1st Regiment of Guards (Grenadiers) in 1801, served at Corunna, and took part in the memorable retreat under Sir John Moore. The late Lord Clyde was then an ensign in the Regiment, and one of the retreating party. This veteran had a pension of 9*l.* per day, but latterly he was in dire need.

May 28th.—At Vienna, the Archduchess Sophia, mother of the



Emperor of Austria, aged 67. Her Imperial Highness was daughter of the late King (Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria) by his second wife, the Princess Caroline of Baden, and was twin sister of Mary, the Dowager-Queen of Saxony, and sister of Elizabeth, Dowager-Queen of Prussia, also of Amelia, the reigning Queen of Saxony, and of Ludovica, the wife of Maximilian Joseph, Duke of Bavaria, who is mother of the Empress of Austria. In 1824 she married the Archduke Francis Charles of Austria, by whom she had four sons, the present Emperor Francis Joseph, the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, and the Archdukes Charles Louis and Louis Victor. The late Archduchess was distinguished for great beauty, and the high cultivation of her mind. During the revolution of 1848, she acted a very important part in the family councils, and in promoting the advancement of her son, then eighteen years of age, to the Imperial Throne, when her brother-in-law the Emperor Ferdinand was forced to abdicate. Throughout the disastrous events for Austria and for some of the Archduchess' nearest relations, which have since ensued, the Archduchess bore her part firmly, but the execution of her son, the Emperor of Mexico, was an event too sad for her maternal heart. She never recovered from the effects of this great affliction. The Archduchess was a charitable, good woman, and her memory will long be cherished by the Viennese.

May 29th.—At Brighton, the Right Hon. Charles Hotham, Baron Hotham of South Dalton, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet of England, aged 36. His Lordship died on the anniversary of his birth. The first Baronet of this family had the honour conferred on him by James I. in 1621. In 1643 he was Governor of Hull, but having been discovered in a correspondence with Charles I., he was tried by court martial for that and other offences against the Parliament, and beheaded on Tower Hill together with his eldest son, Sir John Hotham, Knight. Clarendon says "he was master of a noble fortune in land, rich in money, of very ancient family, and well allied." The first Baron, Admiral Lord Hotham, was a distinguished Naval Officer, and was created a Peer of Ireland 1797, for his gallant services. He succeeded to the English Baronetcy as eleventh Baronet, 1811.

May 30th.—At Pau, of brain fever, the Princess Augusta of Schleswig Holstein. The Princess was the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Schleswig Holstein, and sister of Prince Christian.

June 1st.—At New York, James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*, aged 72. Mr. Bennett was a Scotchman and a Roman Catholic. He was educated at the Blair Seminary, Aberdeen, and prepared for the priesthood; but, being unsuited for such a line of life, thought he would try his fortune in America instead; so left his "native heath" for the United States when he was nineteen years of age. It is related of him that he arrived in

the New World almost without means, and encountered many discouragements, finally becoming so poor, that, after passing two days without food, he was only relieved by finding a coin in the streets of Boston. Here he was first employed by the firm of Wells and Lilly, publishers, and earned his living as a proof-reader. Whilst pursuing this occupation, and engaging himself in some small literary avocations, it is said that his constant perusal of Buckingham's "Galaxy" gave him the idea of the sort of literature which would best suit American taste. Like Thackeray in England, he, however, tried his hand at a great many articles, and assisted in the establishment of sundry journals before he hit off the right thing, and took the "public by the ears." At last, in 1835, he managed to issue his first number of the *Herald*, its office being a wretched cellar, its price one cent, and James Gordon Bennett himself sole proprietor, and its editor, reporter, and salesman. It is unnecessary to dwell on the success of the paper, and on the rapid rise of the fortune of its proprietor. Mr. Bennett had some excellent traits of character, amongst which the spirit of enterprise may be mentioned as one of the most prominent. It is said that he attached too much importance to mere worldly wealth; but this can scarcely be wondered at in one whose own fortune had been in such desperate case.

June 7th.—At Stapleton, near Bristol, Matthew Davenport Hill, Esq. (Recorder of Birmingham), aged 80. Mr. Hill was M.P. for Hull from 1832 to 1835, and was subsequently appointed Commissioner of Bankruptcy, Recorder of Birmingham, and Judge of the Bristol County Court. He was an energetic advocate and promoter of reformatories for juvenile criminals. Mr. Hill was an elder brother of Sir Rowland Hill, the Post Office reformer.

June 8th.—In the United States, T. Buchanan Reid, aged 50, well known as an artist and poet of no mean order. He produced several pictures, among them the "Lost Pleiad," and the "Water Sprite." His verses are marked by delicacy and beauty, and among his poetical works may be mentioned the "Home by the Sea," "Rural Poems," &c. The most popular of all his works, however, is undoubtedly his poem called "Sheridan's Ride," which he also illustrated.

June 9th.—Sir Minto Townshend Farquhar, Baronet, aged 34. The title was first conferred in 1821, upon Mr. Robert Townshend Farquhar, General and Commander-in-Chief of the Mauritius.

June 12th.—At Jersey, Sir Charles Dutton Price, second Baronet, of Trengwainton, Cornwall, aged 71.

June 12th.—The Rev. William Ellis, aged 77. The deceased was known so long ago as 1825 in connexion with Christian Missions in Madagascar, and in the Islands of the Southern Ocean. On his return he published an account of his labours

under the title of "Polynesian Researches." For several years subsequently, he acted as Foreign Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, of which Institute he published a History. He was also author of a "History of Madagascar." It is stated that the Archbishop of Canterbury wished to make him Bishop of the Island in which he had pursued his Missionary labours with so much advantage, but that Mr. Ellis refused the elevation. Mr. Ellis married Miss Sarah Stickney, author of "The Women of England," "The Daughters of England," &c., which have enjoyed wide popularity.

June 16th.—At Glasgow, the Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod, aged 60. Since 1851 Dr. McLeod had been Minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow. He was well known as an author, and perhaps better as the editor of *Good Words*, a periodical established by him in 1860. Dr. McLeod was one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland and Dean of the Order of the Thistle. The Queen telegraphed from Balmoral on hearing the report of Dr. McLeod's death, expressing her own deep regret and Her Majesty's feeling that "an irretrievable public and private loss" had been sustained.

June 16th.—Sir Thomas E. Winnington, Bart., of Stanford Court, Worcestershire, aged 61. He was High Sheriff of the county in 1851, and for several years represented Bewdley in Parliament. The deceased was the fourth Baronet. The family is an ancient one, deriving its name from Winnington, in Cheshire. Sir Francis Winnington, Knt., was Solicitor-General to Charles II.

June 16th.—Sir Henry Edward Francis Lambert, Bart., aged 50. The deceased was the sixth Baronet, the honour having been first conferred on Sir John Lambert, a London merchant, in 1716, as a reward for his exertions to uphold the public credit in that year.

June 16th.—Colonel W. H. Sykes, M.P. for Aberdeen, aged 83. He entered the Bombay Army in 1804, and served with Lord Lake before Bhurtpure. After leaving India in 1831 he was twice elected a Director of the East India Company, of which Corporation he was Deputy-Chairman in 1855, and Chairman in the following year. Colonel Sykes was first returned for Aberdeen in 1857, and has since continued to represent that constituency. He was able to discharge his parliamentary duties up to a few days of his death.

THE HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD.—Mr. Macdonald's death has made a very great sensation in the Province of Ontario, of which he was until recently the Premier, and the most prominent man. His career, until towards the close of it, was remarkably successful. He was born on the 12th December, 1812, and was therefore sixty years of age at the time of his death. As a lawyer he was very eminent, but he was better known as a politician. He was at one time the Premier of the Province of Canada,

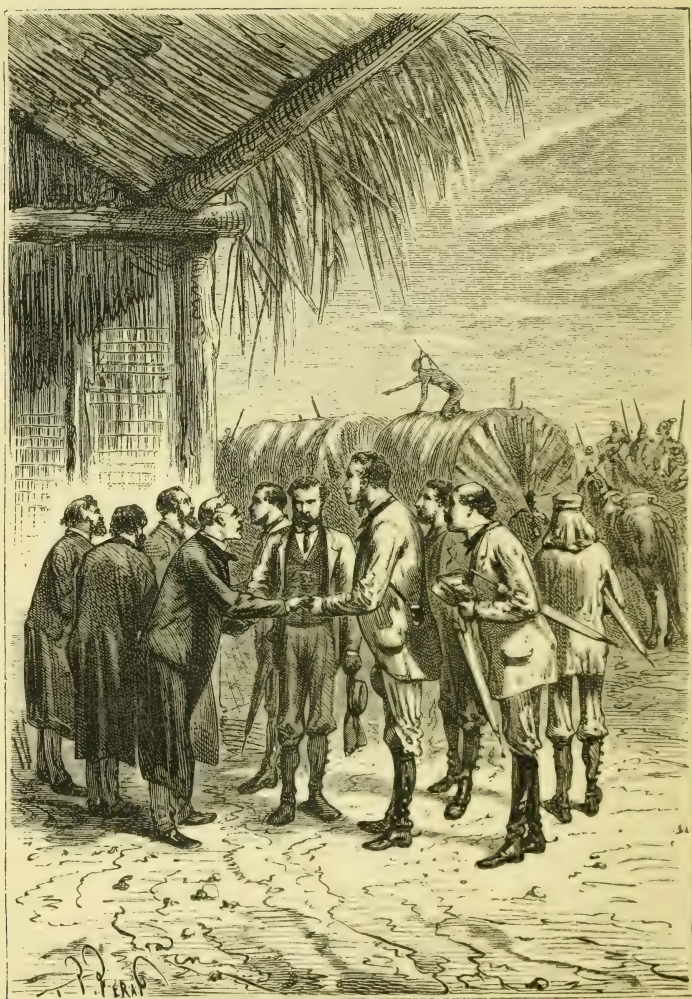


then embracing Upper and Lower Canada; and after the confederation of British America, he continued to hold the important post of Prime Minister of his native province. Every body admits that his government was a remarkable success, and that most singular economy and good management were needed to secure so large a balance in the public treasury as was left by him when he gave up the reins of power. A Roman Catholic, he managed, almost without any co-religionists in the Ontario Legislature, to rule over one of the most Protestant countries in the British empire. This was probably caused by his assuming an indifference as to theological matters, and a liberality which disarmed enmity and suspicion. It is strange, however, that his religious sympathies ultimately proved his ruin as a public man. At the north-west a first edition of the Galway scandal took place two or three years ago, and in order to strike terror into Englishmen, a loyal subject, Thomas Scott, was most cruelly murdered. The Dominion Government, yielding to the influence of their French supporters, strove to reward the rebels, and to grant an amnesty to the leaders in the rebellion. The public conscience was grievously outraged by this in Ontario. Though its Legislature could not act, they could at least speak out and protest. They were, therefore, called upon to do so, and refused, and an election swept out of existence not only the Cabinet, but also the party that supported Mr. Macdonald. The *Mail*, of Toronto, in which he was interested, in a very kindly and well-written notice of this estimable statesman, says, "Then came the cry about the murder of Thomas Scott, of which we shall only say here, that it was used as an effective lever in defeating a government which we feel we are all justified in saying, was a model government, alive to its duties and responsibilities, and well deserving the confidence that was accorded it in the first Legislature of Ontario." A resolution regretting the immunity of the murderers of Scott was moved for, and by two-thirds majority the Legislature of Ontario refused to pass it. Six months ago a reward of \$5000 was offered by it, with *but one dissentient voice*. How strong and how stern is the feeling of the public on this subject may be seen in the heavy punishment that was inflicted on those who, at most, were only accessories after the fact, to the shortcomings in this matter of the Canadian Cabinet.

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N.B.—Want of space necessitates the postponement of a few obituaries until next month. Among them are the notices of Charles Lever and the late Dean of Lincoln (Dr. Jeremie).





THE MISSION ESTABLISHMENT.



## SOME THOUGHTS ON OUR COLONIAL POLICY.

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THE want of a cordial understanding between England and her colonies is mainly due to the lamentable ignorance which exists in the mother country concerning them. Above all things, people have got the idea that colonies are costly appendages to the British Empire; that the luxury of having large colonial possessions involves heavy expenditure, which comes out of the pockets of English tax-payers, without bringing any equivalent return or advantage; and so amongst a large class the outcry against supporting the colonies has been popular, as involving economy, and consequently the selfish and suicidal policy which has of late years tended so materially to estrange the affections of colonists from their old country, has been maintained by the home Government, with the acquiescence, or almost the indifference of the masses of the people. The fact is the colonies cost England *nothing*, but, on the contrary, are her best customers, and ask in return only what every Englishman has a right to ask, whether he lives in London or Canada, Lancashire or Australia, Suffolk or the Cape of Good Hope, the protection and support of the British Government, and the use of its credit and organized forces for the maintenance of order and the development of communication.

The present Government has withdrawn all the British troops, though the colonies were willing to pay for their maintenance, and in some cases they were withdrawn at periods of great danger to British subjects, as in the case of New Zealand, when the settlers were being massacred by the fanatic Hau-Haus, and had, at enormous expense, to raise a force to do the work that the troops had not been allowed to do. Why, against the wish of the colonists, withdraw these troops the whole expense of which was defrayed by the colonies, whilst maintaining an enormous force in our dependencies.

Again, England, by her recent policy, has refused all aid to her colonies in the development of their communications or great industrial works, and so compelled them to undertake these necessary measures slowly and at much greater cost. It has become

acknowledged now in the London market that the security of the guarantee of almost every colony of Great Britain is perfect, and so individual colonies recently have been able to raise loans for their public works, at moderate rates of interest; but they had to pay heavily during the period of establishing their credit, and the guarantee of the British Government for their loans would have enabled them to undertake twice or three times the work at a less burthen to the community, and without the payment of one single shilling by the tax-payers of England, or the Government incurring any real liability. If these two things, neither of which would have cost England one halfpenny—the protection and prestige of her troops and the use of her credit—are denied to the colonies, of what material value is the connexion with the mother country? There is a strong feeling of loyalty wherever I have been in the colonies, and an earnest desire to hold on to the connexion with England; but also a great feeling of disappointment at the unhand-some manner in which the English Government have dealt with all questions relating to the colonies. Grudgingly the Liberal Ministry gave a guarantee for a million loan for New Zealand, to allay the exasperation caused by the mean desertion of the colonists in their great time of trial; and because the independent feeling and pluck of the colonists enabled them single-handed to quell the native onslaught, Lord Granville most unjustly claimed credit for *the success of his policy of withdrawing the troops*. Grudgingly, and to compensate for the unjust withdrawal of the Fenian claims and yielding of Canadian fishery and navigation rights, in the Alabama arbitration—in fact, as a bribe to the Dominion to accept an unjust treaty,—the Home Government gave a guarantee for a paltry  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions towards the construction of the Pacific Railway. Why not *ungrudgingly* guarantee the whole cost? It would save the Dominion a heavy sum in interest, and every body who knows any thing about Canada knows that the British Government will never be called on to “make good its guarantee.” The Government of the United States has done infinitely more for the promotion of the means of communication and the development of her territories than has the British Government, and is more keenly alive to the great interests of the people in these things. The constructors of the Pacific Railway not only received a grant of land amounting to 12,800 acres per mile of road constructed, but a guarantee loan of from \$16,000 to \$40,000 per mile, enabling them to construct the road rapidly and surely. And what has been the result? An enormous traffic, the development of territory, the

diversion of a great part of the trade of Japan to San Francisco, the establishment of an *American* line of steamers, to carry *British* mails to British colonies; whereas had the British Government had a right appreciation of colonial and imperial interests, the first railroad across the continent of America should have been from Canada to British Columbia, the line now tardily undertaken by the Dominion Government, which should already have been the highway to the Southern Archipelago, Japan and China, New Zealand and Australia, securing a route entirely over British territory, opening up immense tracts of valuable land to emigrants, and securing the most practicable route for British commerce between the Southern Hemisphere and Europe.

It has been urged by the advocates of the Goldwin Smith policy, who would throw off our colonies, that England would have all the advantages of trade with the liberated settlements without any of the responsibility of protecting them. This is false as it is selfish and cowardly. Statistics show how great is the disproportion between the trade done by England with her colonies and with the Anglo-Saxon communities politically separated from her. I do not intend to quote statistics, but any one interested can at once, by consulting them, see how disastrous (taking the most selfish view of the question) would be this policy. True, the colonies have put on heavy duties for revenue on English manufactures, but what are these as compared with the retaliative protective duties which would be levied upon separation from the British rule; these would probably equal the almost prohibitive duties in the United States, and the consequence would be a diminution in British exports to the colonies, quite equal to that which has taken place to the United States. Then, as to the responsibility of protection. Is it to be understood that in withdrawing her troops, England intimates her intention of allowing the colonies to defend themselves against outside attack? If so, then it is the strongest incentive to the colonies to secede from the connexion with the mother country, because England is much more likely to become engaged in war than any of the States which would be formed by seceding colonies, and during the continuance of the connexion any colony is liable to be attacked by the foes of England; therefore her safety is endangered by her political connexion with a country from which she receives neither the assistance of money, credit, nor armed protection; but let it be asked, has England become so selfish and fallen so low as to leave any of her colonies in the lurch, if unjustly attacked by a foreign power? Because the troops are withdrawn from Canada,



would the British nation sit still and see Canada overrun by marauding Fenians from the United States? Every one knows full well that the generous sentiments of the people would be aroused, and that even in the event of an attack by the overwhelming forces of the United States Government, they would rise as one man and demand that the honour of England should be vindicated in defending the liberties of her American subjects; thus, in withdrawing the troops from our colonies, we neither save money nor do we practically give up responsibility, unless we were to sink down to a meanness of which no one will venture to accuse us. But is it true that England is weary of her high mission, that of being the pioneer of civilization all over the globe? Do the English people think that that mission which, so nobly commenced by their forefathers, has been energetically carried forward to the present day is accomplished, and that really the time has come for them to "Rest and be thankful"? No! a thousand times No! England does not believe that her mission is accomplished, nor does she mean to allow other less worthy hands to take up her unfinished work, or to allow that work to remain unfinished. Rather will she, in the full plenitude of her wealth, with undiminished energy buckle to at the old work with increased intelligence and enlarged means. She owes her present greatness mainly to her colonies and her trade, which have stimulated and maintained her home industries, and she will never be mad enough to think of trying to cast off either one or the other of the sources of her prosperity, but rather with increasing knowledge of the power and wealth and loyalty of these distant possessions seek to draw them together into relations of closer amity. I believe it only wants a clearer appreciation at home of the feelings of colonists, of the independent position of the colonies, and their immense value to the mother country, to raise up amongst all classes in England a desire to maintain the most cordial relations with the colonies, to render every assistance to them, involving no undue addition to the taxation of Englishmen, and to demand of the home Government that nothing shall be done directly or indirectly calculated to promote the separation of these valuable possessions from the British crown.

What we want is energetic and wise administration of the colonial policy of Great Britain. Imperial interest and imperial honour are concerned in promoting the advancement and prosperity of these great and increasing communities, where Englishmen are working for development of immense tracts of country,

which, sparsely peopled now, shall one day contain populations as numerous as those in the Old World. Let not England think that she can confine her attention to the management of her accumulated wealth and the continuance of her home resources for wealth-getting, without suffering as much in pocket as in renown. History shows us that no nation ever neglected the means of progress and the work she had to do in the world without sinking from her position. Let those who remain at home take pride in the thought, that wherever new countries have been settled, or the great heathen nations brought into contact with lasting civilization, it has been by the indomitable pluck and untiring enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Spanish colonized, and became abased and eventually absorbed into the semi-barbarous nations they had conquered. The Portuguese colonized, and have yielded up nearly every colony to England. The Dutch, our kinsmen, have been successful partially. The French have utterly failed. The Germans have done much to people with industrious workers the colonies which the British have founded, but have never founded a colony themselves. Thus, practically, the development of the newly settled countries of the world is due to English enterprise. And shall we imitate the example of our forefathers, and by indifference, or neglect, or worse, encourage the reluctant colonies to abandon their allegiance to the British Crown? We forced the American colonies to separate themselves from our Government, under which they desired to live, when unable to endure its oppression longer, they formed an independent confederation of states, which has progressed with unexampled rapidity. Retaining their Anglo-Saxon energy, they have absorbed all other populations into a great English-speaking nation, which, side by side with the other Anglo-Saxon communities still attached to England, makes great strides in the path of progress, carrying the common language into more distant wilds every year, and subduing them to the use of man.

But the value of the duty which England should fulfil towards her colonies is exemplified in the existence of great corruption and disorder in the Government of the United States, which does not exist at all, or to a very much less degree, in the government of any British colony, showing how great is the responsibility of England in seeking to cast off an unfinished work, in which the experience and wisdom of her matured statesmen restrain the theoretical follies of new communities, and form, on a secure and honest basis, the legislative system of those new and promising lands. Why

should not the flag of England, in all its ancient power, continue to float over happy, prosperous lands in all parts of the globe? Why should not the English people, through their Government, display the interest in and sympathy with the works of Englishmen abroad, which shall draw together all our people, so that every Englishman shall *feel* the advantage of the security, good government, and credit of his nation, whether he be in London or Melbourne, the factories of Manchester, or the wilds of British Columbia? Why should not the great national highways be looked upon as Imperial works, and made the careful study of Government, so that our trade may have the easiest and swiftest channels, and our people full means of visiting every part of the Empire? Let the overcrowded cities and counties of England be placed in intimate intercourse with the distant lands where labour is scarce and well remunerated, and let information be spread in our schools and lecture-halls concerning these new and glorious lands of promise, and give facilities of transit, and then how long will England be horrified by her hundreds of thousands of paupers? I hope for, and long to see the day, when this intimate connexion with the colonies shall ripen into deep and unalienable friendship, and when no longer shall be heard those foolish and ignorant vapourings about letting our colonies go, getting rid of the cost of our colonies, &c., &c. England has a great duty still to perform, and a glorious mission only half completed. Her true wisdom will be to do that duty and fulfil that mission; it will bring her the hearty loyal love of her scattered subjects, increase her trade, and ensure her prosperity.

TRAVELLER.

*Ottawa, June, 1872.*



## THE CRAVENS OF CRAVENS-CROFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE."

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### CHAPTER XLVII.

WINTER is past, and I am glad of it. I hate dragging my readers through slough, and snow, and rain ; over damp grass, and under leafless trees, as much as I hate the reality of it myself. I would rather offer pleasant pictures of greenness and brightness, of soft spring winds, and the laughing voices of children by field, and lane.

March verily is going out like a lamb, when we find ourselves back again in Mainshire. At Cravenscroft the white swans are floating down the lake-stream lazily, and the ripple on the water scarcely causes the old boat to tremble against her chain. Through the far-off reaches of the park, the green grass is dotted with unblown daisies, and the gnarled tree roots covered with tender young moss. The place is winning back its beauty : the gorgeous flushing of its wild flowers, the trailing grace of its twining parasites, will be in Cravenscroft anon ; they will come with the full summer tide, but then whose eyes shall look upon their splendour ? Will Poland be there, with mowers and rollers, to carry death to the daisies and buttercups ? Will he be there cropping the wild anemones, the clustering hare-bells, and the water-lilies ; whose white flowers flourish in the shallows of the lake side ? Or shall Maud Craven and Hugh Ellerton walk together amongst the wood-violets, and Mr. Craven still dream his dreams in the old library ?

As yet things remain as they were, when I dropped my pen at the close of the last chapter. Mr. Poland is quietly biding his time, and counting the weeks as they run on towards the expiration of the day of grace, and Mr. Craven's solicitor is making such efforts as in him lie, to obtain a lender, willing to take a transfer of

the mortgages. "Unfortunately Cravenscroft is mortgaged for more than two-thirds of its value," he wrote to Mr. Craven, in his last letter, "and people are shy of investing their money in any property, not worth double the amount they advance. I have had several refusals, for which that reason was given. However, I shall advertise again, the beginning of the week."

After the receipt of this letter, Mr. Craven roused himself up and wrote for Mr. Griffith. What ready money he had, must be used to drive on the draining of Haggleton Marsh.

Alas, alas! It was still the old story of stopping the raging mill-race, with a child's bank of sand.

Mr. Griffith came down to Mainshire, took up his quarters at Cravenscroft by invitation, and began operations at once. He was an intelligent, well-informed man, and his presence did Mr. Craven good. So far as that went, the draining of the Marsh had its valuable uses. It gave Mr. Craven something else to think of, besides his lawyer's letters; and it gave him bodily occupation as well.

He hired a brougham at Bracebridge by the month, and drove over almost daily, to the scene of operations. He inspected the draining apparatus under Mr. Griffith's guidance, and looked as wise as an old owl, while that gentleman explained its points. He gave out money with a free hand for whatever was needed for the work, and for bricks and mortar to build a wall to keep out the sea, which at spring tides was given to cross the road, and cast its white waves over Haggleton Marsh.

Mr. Craven was like charity, he believed all things, he hoped all things. A blessed state for those who can attain to it, and certainly a blessed state for Mr. Craven, during those days of threatened foreclosure. He was better out in the fresh air, playing at engineering with the quick-witted Londoner, or playing *ecarté* with him in the evenings, as a change from his eternal games of chess, than droning over his troubles in silence. Lacking Maud's presence, it might have been very stupid for Mr. Griffith to have had only games of *ecarté* with Mr. Craven, to vary the tedium of a day's work; for Mr. Griffith was not like Barzillai the Gileadite, past the age for relishing the voices of singing men, and singing women. He was a staid man of five-and-forty, who would no more have thought of aspiring to the beauty of Maud Craven, than he would have dreamt of rivalling Mark Anthony with Cleopatra.

He was no artist to go mooning after pretty faces, thinking what a Titania this would make, what a Venus that, still he was a flesh and blood man, who admired the warmth of flesh and blood loveliness, not because he was ambitious to see it on canvas, but because he was pleased to see it living around him, and Maud's pretty face bending over the card-table, the full curve of her haughty lip softened with smiles, went far towards making Mr. Griffith tolerate the sameness of Mr. Craven's society.

He liked to hear her sing the songs her father loved; the faded ballads she shrunk from exhibiting before Lord Ellerton's fastidiousness, or Hugh Ellerton's young-world taste. He listened to the sweet young voice rolling away into the far recesses of the library, or looked upon the sweet young face with frank, kindly admiration, which had something of pity in it, something of the pity which touched Lord Ellerton, pity for the pride and the poverty, and the loneliness, that surrounded her footsteps.

He took enjoyment in walking with Maud over the domain in the early morning, when there was nothing special to call him to Haggleton Marsh. At such times his favourite haunts were the Abbey ruins, or the lake side, and walking up and down the unroofed aisle of the old chapel, or leaning over the rustic bridge which spanned the lake, he would tell her about his youth and his middle age, of the poverty which beset his early life, and the success which crowned its meridian.

He had no fine friends to push him forward, nor Battle Abbey ancestors to mar his work by his pride. He had been one of a large family, the son of a poor clergyman in a poor parish, yet he had worked upwards to competence by the strength of his own will, and the blessing of God. He told it in no boasting spirit. He spoke calmly and humbly, and he did not jingle his silver in his pocket, like Sir Gregory Muskens, that all men might hear the sound thereof.

Narrowed within the little world of Cravenscroft, Maud had never met a self-made man in her life. The men she had been accustomed to meet, were men to whom money had come by inheritance; but the man before her was a man who had gone down into the workman's yard, and handled a hammer with his strong right hand.

Mr. Griffith was a practical engineer, and a perfect draughtsman. He had striven hard for that which he had attained to, and he was quietly proud of his successful striving. He had gone forth from



the poor parsonage-house, a lad without a spare shilling in his pocket, and cast himself upon the untried world of London, a world so thronged with struggling workers, that few have leisure to mind their fellows.

The way was rough and long; it looks rugged and winding still, as he looks back on it from the rustic bridge, and the side of pretty Maud Craven. Pretty Maud Craven, to whom the story of this man's life came like a new revelation.

She was a rank Conservative, that little Maud, who held a half acknowledged doctrine that work was mean, and honest labour grovelling. She had come from a white-hand race, who had never soiled their fingers. An idle, handsome, luxurious race, in whose eyes work was a degradation. She had only the prejudices of her caste, and the prejudices of her narrow inexperienced existence, to guide her judgment.

But the girl was no fool by nature, and as she leant there, glowing under the plain force of Mr. Griffith's unvarnished relation, and looked round on the decaying grandeur of her demesne, on the ruined boat-house, and the rank, mossy lawn grass; she could not help thinking how different it might have been, had there been a worker in the vineyard.

"You make me feel as if I could work myself," she said, raising her blue eyes to her companion's face; "you make me feel mine is a lazy, pointless life, which rose from no great beginning, and will close over no great end."

"My life will have no great end," Mr. Griffith answered slowly, "it has been a life unshared, therefore a life selfish. Those are gone who might have been proud of me, and the family circle I was the first to break, is scattered to the four winds of heaven."

Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards, and this man has his cross on his shoulders, the cross of loneliness, even as Maud has her cross of poverty.

"Still you have your success to fall back on, which we ladies never can feel the thrill of; save one in a thousand, we are all like that," she said, pointing to a great white swan, who came sailing leisurely from under the bridge, with her long neck erect, and her head turning from side to side.

Down stream she came lazily floating, her white breast cutting the water, and a wake of ripples behind her.

"It is as it should be," Mr. Griffith answered gallantly;

"ladies are intended to be graceful, and to wear fine feathers, while we men are made to work for them."

"But those who are poor; those who have no fine feathers, and no men to work for them, Mr. Griffith?"

"Those are the geese of society, not its swans," Mr. Griffith answered with a tinge of sarcasm; "those women who work for themselves, and die of their labour, are the women on whom coroners' juries hold inquests, and to whom the fine ladies of the world deny their sisterhood."

Maud sighed and shuddered, and then they walked away from the bridge along the lake-side to the house.

"Do men ever die of work?" Maud asked presently, her eyes following the white swan going daintily on her way.

"Sometimes; I did not die of it, because I was strong; but some with whom I started did."

"Do you think I would have had any stamina if I had been born a man?" Maud questioned.

Mr. Griffith smiled.

"I think you are better as you are, Miss Craven; even if you were not mistress here, you would be one of the swans for whom we men are born to labour."

Maud coloured.

"I wish I were not to be mistress here," she answered, thinking all the time what an ownership it was; "I wish my brother had not died."

"You had a brother, then?" Mr. Griffith said, interested.

"Yes, a brother older than myself; a brave, handsome brother, whom the mutineers shot at Delhi;" and Maud, proud of her dead young hero, told his story; a pathetic little story of a fearless young officer, rushing foremost to the assault, and falling, pierced by a dozen bullets.

"If this brother were alive what could he have done?" Mr. Griffith thinks as he listens.

He was a handsome, gallant officer, a refined gentleman. From such as he, England makes up her galaxy of heroes; but not from such as he, the men who sit on our judicial benches; the men who bore our tunnels, or lay our Atlantic cables. The one is made of cast iron, the other of twice refined steel.

Hands that labour, and brains that toil, come but rarely from the blood which flushes the soft cheek of fair Maud Craven, or fed the

fiery courage of her brother. And yet, and yet; is not the world the better for such fair women, and such brave men?

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

PREPARATIONS to receive its new mistress are progressing at Kingslands; upholsterers, panel-painters, gardeners, are all at work to make it fit for the occupation of the handsome young bride, for whose coming all Shropshire waits in expectation.

Sir Henry King spared no expense to garnish the place which was to be the future home of Mab Ayre. He travelled to and fro, to London, to Kingslands, to Ayrefield. He submitted his plans to her approval; he regulated his taste according to her guidance. No lover could be more obedient, more patient, more attentive, than was this vain, passionate young Baronet, in those his days of madness.

He loved Mab with all his soul; he was vain of her, and fond of her; he rejoiced in her gracious comeliness, in her fair fresh cheek, in her soft full beauty; he worshipped her as heathen men worship an idol, of whom they are about to make a household deity. Sir Henry was a heathen man, a pagan worshipper, blindly kneeling to a false goddess, who would never be worth the lavish love he laid down before her—never be worth it to him.

Let him make an idol of Mab, let him set her aloft at Kingslands, and let him never know how heartless she is towards him.

If he ever does, woe betide her. Woe betide her if she rudely shocks that blatant self-conceit, whose broadness, and coarseness, makes the man odious where he is not ridiculous.

Women are apt to be keenly scornful. Mab Ayre was pre-eminently so. She does not love this man, and she never will love him; she despises his weak adoration, she despises his vulgar vanity. She hates his loud voice and his loud laugh; she looks in his swarthy face, at his bold eyes, at his close cut black hair, and she thinks of a bronzed handsome face, with silky brown hair, curling on the temples.

She sits by Sir Henry's side, with that other man's face floating before her eyes, and she listens to his unwelcome love-making, with that other man's voice sounding in her ears.

She scarcely tolerates Sir Henry's touch, she scarcely endures his



arm on her waist. Is she coy or cold? he wonders; well, *n'importe*, she will thaw at Kingslands.

He has waited for her, her own time, and now that time is almost come. The lawyers have done their business; the milliner has nearly done her's. Sir Richard Ayre has come down handsomely for Mab's *trousseau*. If the girl's heart is not loaded with love, her nuptials shall be loaded with finery. There are women who can find consolation in dress for all evils. Let us pray Mab may be one of them.

It is March now; next month comes the wedding. Every body knows it. Sir Henry's Shropshire friends are talking about it. He spread it personally at his club. He was a man without reserves, a talking, swaggering, self-sufficient man, who complacently put his back against the club-room mantelpiece, and told he was going to be married to the handsomest girl in Mainshire. "I'd back her against the three next counties for a thousand pounds," he cried, with coarse bravado.

"How about the other fellow, eh Kerr? He has not found that out yet," some one laughed as the boaster went out.

Lord Mark Kerr, who had carried that bit of gossip from Mainshire to London, looked at the speaker over the pages of his "Cornhill," and laughed. It was March then; Parliament was sitting, and the club-room was pretty full.

"Nine-tenths of these beautiful women have an episode in their lives," sneered a cynical old *roué*, with a shrug; "they manage these things better in France. There they have the husband first, and the lover after."

"Marchmont, isn't that the man's name?" the first speaker said. "Well, Marchmont had better not try on the lover with Sir Henry. He would soon have a grip on his throat."

A Mr. Bellew, who had not spoken yet, put in his oar,—

"Marchmont does not belong to the Peace Society," he said. "I know the man, and he would be apt to have a grip too."

"He is at Nice, is he not?" Lord Mark Kerr asked.

"Yes, that affair cut him up; he's gone to recruit," Mr. Bellew answered.

"More fool he," said a jockeying young scamp at the speaker's right. "For my part I never cared a pin about women; they're not worth it."

"Suppose they say the same thing of you?" Mr. Bellew retorted, ironically.

Every body laughed, and then the conversation shifted. Sir Henry King went from his club to his lawyer's, from his lawyer's to Emanuel's, where he received a set of turquoise, as a gift for his false lady-love. From the jeweller's he drove to his hotel, where he ate his dinner, took up Richards and his portmanteau, and proceeded to the railway-station. He reached Ayrefield that night at eight o'clock.

The ladies had only just come away from the dining-room as he arrived.

Mr. Griffith had gone to London in the morning, to remain until Monday, and Mr. Craven and Maud were dining at Ayrefield, together with Mr. Dawson, the rector of Cravenscroft. The gentlemen were over their wine in the dining-room, discussing the draining of Haggleton Marsh. Mab had gone straight from the dining-room to her dressing-room, where she was closeted with Maud Craven, so that Lady Ayre was alone in the drawing-room when Sir Henry tramped in there, without waiting to change his dress.

"The ladies were in the drawing-room," the servant had said who admitted him. He knew they had left the dining-room, and imagined they were all together.

As we know, Sir Henry only found Lady Ayre.

"Where is Mabel?" he asked, looking round the room, while he shook hands with his intended mother-in-law.

"The Cravens are dining here to-day, and Mab has gone upstairs with Miss Craven. Young ladies are fond of a little gossip," Lady Ayre said with a slight laugh; "especially when they have got what poor Mrs. Hope used to call a subject."

Sir Henry stroked his chin—not his whiskers, as he had not the luck to have any. "Ahem! a lover—that's me," he thought complacently.

Don't laugh. The man was born a fool—a vain-glorious fool—and can pen of mine or mockery of yours, put wisdom into him?

"Mab will be delighted to hear you are come," Lady Ayre declared—a stereotyped falsehood, which she told him every time he returned to Ayrefield. "We had no idea you would be here before Tuesday, and this is such a delicious surprise. Shall I send for her?"

"Perhaps I had better make myself more presentable," Sir Henry said, in consideration of his travelling-suit not being exactly fit for a drawing-room.

"As you like," Lady Ayre assented; "and Mab shall be here when you return."

Sir Henry went off to his dressing-room, and a moment after Lady Ayre stole quietly upstairs to Mab, and turned the handle of her door *sans cérémonie*. It was fastened on the inside, but Maud Craven came immediately and opened it.

The two girls were of course quite alone. Maud had been evidently sitting near the fire, for her fan and handkerchief lay on a chair close to it, and the mark of her shoulders were plainly defined against a loose eider-down cushion which she had laid at her back. On a sofa, wheeled right across the front of the fireplace, lay Mab Ayre. She was lying on her side, with her head propped up on the sofa-cushions and her hand under her cheek, upon which Lady Ayre's quick eye detected the traces of recent tears hastily dried.

"Mab, my dear, why do you lock your door?" Lady Ayre asked, coming across the room after Maud, and leaning over the end of Mab's sofa, without seeming to observe her half-dried cheeks. "No one but I would come in without knocking, and I am sure you need not lock me out, Mab."

"I was not thinking of locking any one out; I was only thinking of locking myself in; but what does it signify?"

"I have always a horror of locked doors. Suppose there was an accident—suppose you set yourself on fire—how could help reach you through a locked door?"

"Never mind the door, mamma, but sit down. Did you come up to have a chat?"

"No, dear; I came up to tell you Sir Henry has arrived. He walked into the drawing-room a moment ago quite to my surprise; he has asked for you, Mab."

"I suppose he has. Well, tell him I am not very well, and that I am lying down to rest. I shall go to him presently," Mab answered, turning her head impatiently on her pillow.

"Mab, darling, don't roll your head about; you are tossing all your hair. Shall I ring for Marshall to arrange it for you?"

"Marshall is out; I gave her leave to go to see her mother; but my hair will do well enough."

"There, I hear Sir Henry running downstairs, and, like a good girl, go down to the drawing-room! He would like to see you alone a minute, and Maud and I will stay here and have a little chat."



Her ladyship looked over at Maud and smiled. Maud looked up and smiled back, nodding assent to the arrangement.

Mab lay on without answering.

"Will you go, dear?" Lady Ayre pleaded; "the poor man is dreadfully impatient!"

Then Mab drew herself wearily up from her sofa.

"Impatient!—so am I," she said; "not for him, but of him!"

Lady Ayre, affecting not to hear her, stooped down and made a remark to Maud Craven.

"That is a pretty fan, Maud," she said; "is it part of your Clapton shopping?"

She took the fan up and unfolded it, examining the design with apparent interest; all the time keeping her shoulder turned to Mab, wisely leaving that perverse young lady to her own devices.

Mab settled her skirt leisurely, looked at herself in the glass, took up a brush, laid it down again, and finally descended to her lover with her hair unsettled.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

THERE was no one in the drawing-room when Mab entered it; but beyond the drawing-room was the music-room, and in the music-room she heard Sir Henry walking up and down. She did not act on her knowledge by going to him, but walked over to the drawing-room fire, and stood looking down at the blaze. Sir Henry had his back to her then as he walked the length of the music-room; but when he turned to come down again, he saw her figure through the open door—not the figure of a glad woman waiting for a welcome lover, but a drooping figure bending listlessly forward, as if all the joyousness of life, all the spring of youth had gone out of it.

Sir Henry was not keen of vision by nature. Wherever his own self-love was concerned he was by no means quick-sighted; yet Mab's disconsolate attitude, her bowed head, and clasped hands, made him pause. What was it? Was she ill, or tired, or what?

He threw open the door and came out; Mab turned away from the fire, and casting off her air of drooping indifference, held out her hand.

"I was quite surprised when mamma told me you had come."

He looked seriously into her face as he took her hand.

"Were you glad?" he asked.

"Yes, I was glad," she answered, repeating the words after him mechanically.

"Mabel, what is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"I was ill, but I am better; I was lying down to rest when mamma came for me."

"My poor darling," he said tenderly, "was that it? But you must get better now that I am come."

He drew her to him and kissed her fervently.

"Mabel, dearest, will you come with me for a little into the next room. The gentlemen are coming up from the dining-room. Don't let them spoil our meeting by their presence."

She let it be as he pleased, and as the party from the dining-room came talking and laughing into the drawing-room, Sir Henry King shut the music-room door on himself and Mab Ayre.

There are women who might have enjoyed the situation. Belgravian spinsters who had angled for him last season, even in the face of his devotion to Mab, who might have played second to Sir Henry's first, in that *tête-à-tête*, with far more satisfaction than Mab Ayre. Women like to hear they are loved. It tickles their small vanities, and delights their organ of self-esteem, even where they are indifferent. So it does no doubt at the first, but not for ever after. For of all twaddle, the most tiresome is the love protestations of a man you were tired of an age ago.

Mab Ayre was so utterly sick of this man, she was so utterly weary of him, that she would have been thankful for any intrusion which would break up this intolerable *tête-à-tête*; while Sir Henry, unconscious of the girl's wordless loathing, wished for nothing outside that half-shadowed room, only partially lighted by a pair of mantelpiece candles, wished for nothing beyond the sense of Mab Ayre's presence, who sat beside him in her becoming dinner toilette, with strings of pearls twined in the golden waves of her fair hair, and a weary smile on her ruddy parted lips.

He sat by her on the sofa; he held her hand in his; he toyed with the rings which adorned her white fingers, his strong loud voice hushed into low whispers. Presently he put his right hand behind him, and drew the case of turquoises from a table near the sofa.

"Mabel, my darling, I brought this for you. Will you wear the contents for my sake?" he said, placing it on her lap.

She looked up, and coloured painfully.

"I wish you were not so generous," she said; "I wish you would not give me gifts of which I am not worthy."

"Of what are you not worthy?" he asked, as she opened the jewel-case, and bent forward to examine his present.

Suppose she answered his question? Suppose she told him the blunt plain truth, what then? She speculated upon it as she drew out the necklace, and admired its pretty gems, and brilliant gold setting? What would he do if she did? Would he strike her in his blind passion, as he struck the offending Maltese. No, he would not be so unmanly as that. There was no danger of that, let his outburst be ever so fierce; and yet the day came when he did something almost as cowardly, something so nearly akin to it, that only a faint line lay between the two.

What would he do? Would he curse and storm, and trample his shining present under foot? Would he cast her off, and flee away from her for ever? There was slumbering passion in those great black eyes. There was slumbering self-will in his thick under lip, which the reckless spirit that sometimes possessed her, often half-longed to provoke.

She had tantalized him with Mr. Poland, with Captain Cranfield, with whomsoever she took it into her capricious and wayward head to be gracious to, *en passant*. But despite her vague speculation regarding his possible rage, in the event of her possible confession, Mab had no idea of breaking with her lover, and when she raised her eyes from the contemplation of his gift, it was not to tell him the plain truth, it was not to pour out the tale of her deception into his ear, and to see the jewels crushed under his angry heel, but to thank him for his gift; not with loving lips, not with grateful arms flung round his neck, but with thanks half-abashed, with words half-choked by a shame-faced consciousness of the secret, whose utterance would have driven him wild.

In those dark days of her deceiving, where she "lied with her lips, and dissembled in her double heart," Mab had some qualms of conscience. She disliked this swarthy young baronet, whom fate and her mother had thrust upon her; but through her dislike there were times when she pitied him for his credulity, and scorned herself for ministering to his madness.



There were grand elements of good in Mab Ayre, notwithstanding her treachery towards this victim of her beauty, and her coquetry—such elements of good as would have awakened touches of tenderness for a better man, had her ruling star cast a nobler lover in her way. There were men in the world whom Mab Ayre could not have deceived, but I doubt if they were of her world. They were not of the Hopes, or the Clintons, or the Cranfields. She had been brought up in an atmosphere of heartless flirtations, and vain coquetries, where beauty was a decoy, and smiles baits set to attract admiration, and win rich husbands. She had never been amongst honest men and women, who love honestly, and marry where they love; only once had she caught a semblance of the grand passion, and that semblance had cheated her.

That dream was past and gone for evermore, and this man who wooed her now, what was he? A rough Hercules, wanting the grace of that giant demigod; a man of unrestrained passions, a puffed-up boaster, proud of his houses and lands, proud of his dogs, his horses, and his intended wife, because each and all were to be a part of himself, a portion of that for which better men might envy him.

Bloated with self-appreciation, vain of his great unchiselled limbs, vain of his big black eyes, of what he was pleased to consider his dark beauty; there was nothing here round which Mab could cast even the shadow of regard.

What would she do with him when he was her husband? How could she pass the days alone with him during their honeymoon, or drag out existence at Kingslands.

## CHAPTER L.

THE beginning of April saw the Ayres and Sir Henry King in London—that is, Sir Richard, Lady Ayre, and Mab.

They went up on business, Sir Richard to attend Parliament, Lady Ayre and Mab to assist Sir Henry in the choice of pictures, the vexed question of Venetian mirrors, or, more important still, to select the hangings for Mab's boudoir. It was to be a fairy palace that boudoir, a fairy palace of silk and lace and statuary, of velvet pile carpets, of soft lounges, and inlaid tables. Whatsoever Mab chose was transported to Kingslands for her special use, and Mab certainly put no measure to her whims. For his gold and jewels,

for his liberal pin-money, for his houses and lands, Mab Ayre was marrying her lover, and why should she not have her price to the uttermost?

The Ayres had lodgings in Eaton Place, Lady Ayre having decided that it would be useless to take a house for merely a week or ten days. They brought up no servant except Lady Ayre's maid, and they brought neither carriages nor horses, that dearest of dear friends, Lady Wallace, having volunteered to give them the use of a carriage during their short stay.

Mr. Marchmont was still at Nice. He was to be back the end of April, to attend his brother's wedding, Lady Wallace whispered Lady Ayre when they met in town; but by the end of April Mab would be married, and then who would care for Mr. Marchmont?

Events were drifting on bravely—that dreadful man absent, Mab within a fortnight of her marriage, Sir Henry King still the most befooled of lovers. Lady Ayre's fears about the stolen letter, her apprehensions of a last appeal to Mab from the young barrister, her visions of the Hampstead villa, and the one-horse brougham, were all fading into mist, and she stood face to face with the tangible grandeur of Kingslands, on whose master she still showered her sweetest smiles, and most amiable falsehoods.

"Mab was so pleased with that bouquet. How did you get such flowers so early in the season? Mab was wondering where on earth you found them," her ladyship would say as a salve to Mab's very evident want of interest in many things, about which she might be expected to be a little rapturous; or, "Mab was disappointed you did not dine here yesterday. I assure you she quite grumbled about it to me."

"Well, you see, I am here nearly always; but sometimes, you know——" Sir Henry stammered in excuse.

"Of course it was very absurd. I told Mab you really must see your friends occasionally."

"Certainly, Lady Ayre. You see it was a bachelor dinner-party, and fellows laugh, you know, if a man shows himself too spoony."

"Exactly," Lady Ayre answered. She always made it a point to please Sir Henry's vanity, by saying "Exactly," or "Of course," to every thing he advanced.

"I told Mabel I was going, and she made no objection. If she

had said one word I would have pitched the whole party to the dogs," Sir Henry declared in one of his forcible forms of speech.

Lady Ayre laughed a slight laugh.

"That is so like Mab," she said. "But then she has her little underhand ways of grumbling whenever any thing keeps you from beside her."

How flattering to think of Mab indulging in underhand grumbling about him. Mab fretting because he was an evening away from Eaton Place.

They were going out for a ride that morning in the Row. Mab was getting on her habit, and while Sir Henry was waiting for her, Lady Ayre was indulging him with those pretty fictions, to which he listened with praiseworthy credence.

The day was sunny and fine, a pure April day, made fresher and purer by a sprinkling of early rain, and the sun shining out brilliantly, as Sir Henry and Mab rode down the street side by side, Sir Henry's great black dog following at the heels of his master's horse.

Just such a day as that, just such another glorious spring day in last year, Mab remembered riding down the avenue at Hopetown, with Miss Hope and Mr. Marchmont.

How different was the love dream she was dreaming then, to the bitter reality of to-day, and as she turned her blue eyes on her stalwart escort, she felt her heart rebel against her destiny.

Oh, this bondage, this bondage! this weight she had promised to carry, and yet longed to lay down! Was there no way for her out of the wood? no path by which she might hope to escape?

What would the world say, if she rose up now and defied it, by refusing to marry Sir Henry King? When her fate was afar off she in some sort courted it. She had suffered him to haunt her steps in London. She had allowed him to be asked to Ayrefield. Women, when they are smarting from broken faith, are apt to think that the first new admirer who turns up, is to be the panacea wherewith to heal their dignity, or at least to be the means of showing the man who has deserted them, how little they care for his desertion.

Marchmont had deceived her, he had won her and spurned her; he had left her to sell herself to a dusky woman, for sake of gold which was not dusky, and she would let him see she had not lain down to die because of his loss.



She smiled on Sir Henry King, she exhibited him in public places as her slave, she allowed him to lounge against her carriage door in the park; she allowed him to join her riding parties in the Row, while all the time she was only trying to rob Marchmont of his fancied vainglory; doing what a hundred other women have done, endeavouring to persuade herself, endeavouring to persuade the world, that the lost love gave her no pain.

Now that the chain galled her, Mab Ayre would fain have laid it from her neck and stood free again, but she dare not. There are worldly restraints, stronger on the men and women of the world than mere honour or honesty, worldly penalties which society inflicts, that go farther to deter its sons and daughters from following the blind dictates of their own wills, than sermons preached from the pulpit, or homilies preached at their own firesides.

Mab dare not defy society; she dare not defy Mainshire and London together, merely because her distaste to Sir Henry King was turning to loathing, her intolerance to disgust. She dare not make herself a mark for people to point at, a mockery of women, a scorn of men. If she jilted Sir Henry King for something better, facile society might wink at her defection; but if she jilted him merely to gratify a whim; if, after leading him on, she turned back almost at the steps of the altar, society would be up in arms. No woman would side with her—no man would trust her evermore.

“If you mean to marry, for God’s sake don’t get your name into another fracas,” her mother had once said to her when she grew restive at Ayrefield; and Mab, who did mean to marry, knew she must marry Sir Henry King. “When a woman has lost one thing, she must have another; when she has lost love, she falls back on money,” Mab avowed to Maud Craven once, in extenuation of her resolve to marry where riches were, and love was not.

What she had done she did deliberately, and it was too late now to turn back when the contract was on the brink of fulfilment. In one fortnight more she would stand behind the closed doors of her old life, and on the threshold of her new. What that life will be, God knows! What that man will become who canters his horse beside her over the soft soil of the Row, whether a gracious lord or a fierce master, God knows.

They ride down the Row, and up again; Mab sitting her horse with the firm grace of a finished horsewoman, her golden hair

shining in the April sun, her colour flushed to brilliancy with the exercise.

Men turn to look at her as she canters by; strangers follow her in admiration, and those who know her, or know Sir Henry King, follow her from curiosity, and admiration mingled.

Sir Henry's big black eyes extend with triumph; he seems to say, "Envy me, all of you; she is mine—the woman who is to bear my name, the woman who is to sit at the head of my table, who is to wear my pearls and diamonds on her white neck, on her white arms."

But here across his inflation came a cloud. Amongst a cluster of galloping horsemen, who shot by them like a flash, appeared Mr. Poland, mounted on a dark bay hunter. He recognized them and reined-in his horse, lifting his hat to Mab, and nodding with easy familiarity to Sir Henry.

"—— the man's impudence; what business has he here? Let him go to his stool in the counting-house; Rotten Row is no place for such fellows!" Sir Henry growls behind his shut teeth.

Rotten Row is not exclusive; it offers its trodden soil to any man who can buy or hire a horse to canter over it. Sir Henry has seen far shadier characters than Mr. Poland, exhibiting themselves on that free ground, and surely Mr. Poland (office-stool notwithstanding) may be tolerated. However, tolerated or not, he was there; and Mab Ayre, stopping her horse, smiled a very pleased smile, while Poland declared truly, that the surprise of meeting her, was only equalled by the pleasure. He had come into the Row by the merest chance; and, while Sir Henry anathematized the chance inwardly, Poland coolly turned his horse's head, and placed himself at the other side of Mab Ayre.

There were men in the Row who knew Mab longer than Mr. Poland knew her—men who had danced with her at balls, and flirted with her at supper-tables—but there was not a man there, save himself, who would have dreamt of making that party of two, a party of three.

Poland was bold and free, and took ells, as vulgar men are sure to take them, when women give them inches. Mab had suffered him to trot his horse by her pony-carriage, through the lanes and highways of Mainshire, and she was no greater lady to him on this crowded riding-ground, than in the comparative privacy of country roads.

Sir Henry might frown and glower—he might gather his big black brows over his great black eyes—Mr. Poland cared nothing for his angry lip, for his jealous scowls. He admired this woman; he liked to watch the changing colour of her face, the sparkle of her white teeth, the mellow light in her blue eye; and that great, frowning Goliath at her right hand, only intensified the pleasure.

“Where are you staying in town? may I call to see you?” Mr. Poland asked, as they walked their horses slowly along the Row.

“We shall all be very happy, I am sure. We are stopping in Eaton Place, but we shall only be there for a week,” Mab answered.

“What a short stay!—and then——” Poland said in a questioning tone.

“Then we return to Ayrefield,” Mab answered. The answer was spoken low, with her eyes bent on the neck of her horse, and the colour on her cheek slightly paling.

“To be married!” Poland filled in silently. Then aloud, “I am going Mainshire way in a week or so.”

“To Woodlands, I suppose.”

“Yes, to Woodlands,” Poland nodded; and Mab, lifting her eyes from her horse’s neck, broke into a canter.

“Sir Henry, I wish you would call off your dog,” Poland cried, pulling up suddenly at the end of the ride next to Apsley House. “I don’t like to have him sniffing at my horse’s heels; it makes the animal uneasy.”

Sir Henry looked round leisurely, and saw his dog standing stock-still, his muzzle almost planted against the hind-legs of Poland’s hunter. The horse was stamping and fidgetting, to all appearance by no means comfortable at his close proximity.

“Here, Rollo, come along; let that brute alone!” Sir Henry said in a loud voice. “Here, sir, I tell you! That’s right, my boy!” he cried, as the dog obeyed him. Then turning a scoffing eye on Poland, he added, “That seems a skittish horse rather; a fellow should be well up in riding who trusts himself on an animal like that; however you are pretty safe; people fall here every day, and it’s only one man in a thousand gets killed. The ground is nearly as soft as the sawdust of a riding-school.”

The hot dark blood flew to Poland’s face.

“I am no more afraid of a toss than you are, but I was afraid of



my horse kicking the brains out of your dog. He does not like being made free with."

Sir Henry laughed a short laugh.

"By Gad I only meant to comfort you, I thought it was yourself you were uneasy about, but if it's Rollo, let him take care of himself. If he is intrusive, he must expect to get kicked."

There was no mistaking the insolence of the allusion. With all his heart Poland could have struck his enemy across the face with his riding-whip, but he was prudent enough not to give way to the vulgar vengeance of his hands, which would exclude him from the society of Mab Ayre now, and of Mab Ayre when she was Lady King of Kingslands.

Poland had keener vengeance in store for the taunting Baronet, than could arise from a hasty quarrel, and a hasty blow given in a crowded thoroughfare, and he accepted Mab's hurried attempt to part them, who declared their whole morning was gone, and they must get back to Eaton Place.

"I shall say good-bye here for the present, but I shall see you to-morrow. What hour may I call?" Poland asked, with the cool nonchalance of a man not to be received at visiting-hours by a not at home.

"We shall be out all day to-morrow," Sir Henry interposed bluntly.

"Not all day," Mab said decisively; "we shall be in to luncheon at two: come to luncheon."

Poland laughed, lifted his hat, and rode away triumphant.

Sir Henry King rode out of the park in a sulk, a sullen silent sulk, which only broke into words when they had passed St. George's Hospital, and gone half way down Grosvenor Place.

"Mabel, I presume we are soon to see the last of this nonsense," he began.

"Nonsense, what nonsense?" Mab asked with mock innocence.

"This nonsense with Mr. Poland. See here, Mabel, I must seriously protest against your inviting that fellow to Eaton Place—and—and—in fact I won't have it."

Mab looked round with half-feigned surprise, half-real indifference to his orders.

"You seriously protest, and you won't have it! Now don't you think, Sir Henry, that the protest and the command together come a little too soon?"

“No, faith ; but not soon enough. The fellow has no business to be openly following an engaged girl—and—and—I don’t wish to say any thing harsh to you, Mabel, but you have no business to encourage him.”

“I encourage him !” Mab said with a demureness at once saucy and amused. “Well, you take the most ridiculous things into your head.” And without waiting for further argument or discussion, she cantered her horse ahead of Sir Henry’s, and the young Baronet was compelled to follow.

## THE POTHEEN MAKERS.

AN IRISH TALE.

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### CHAPTER I.

“LONG life to St. Pathrick! It was he that put the fast upon the mate, and not upon the dhrink. Hooroo! It drives the cockles off my heart, and makes me as light and as active as a game-cock’s feather.”

“Ay, and as quarrelsome, and ready to fight, as the bird himself. Come away, Tim, you’ve had enough already, and more than you can hold.”

“Lucky Kelly, I’ve often tould you that I’ll let no man interfere with my concerns. What is it to you, you spalpeen, if I drained every dhrop in the barrel? Take care what you’re about. Don’t come a taste nearer to me, or I’ll break your bull-dog head into smithereens. Another glass, ma’am, if you plase; it will be the making of me. I’ll be ready afther that for any thing.”

“Tim Cleary, my boy, don’t be making an omethaun of yourself. If you keep on afther that fashion, with glass after glass, you’ll be ready for nothing, but just to stretch yourself there before the fire and sleep away the fumes of the whisky. It’s lucky that there’s nothing in hand to-night, or you’d be the boy that could’nt do it. Raison is raison, and dhrink is dhrink, but upon my conscience they seldom go together.”

Such was a part of the conversation held within a little shebeen house, on the borders of the bog of Clonfert, in the county of Galway. A piece of peat, or turf, fixed upon a small stick, was stuck over the door in the thatch, as a sign that whisky was there for sale, and the species of spirits usually sold at such places was that commonly known as potheen, or whisky made in a pot. Not very many years ago the Irish peasantry were adepts in its manufacture; and it was in such repute, from its pure unadulterated



nature, that there were few houses of the Irish gentry which had not some small quantity at least concealed away in their cellars. At that time illicit distillation prevailed in Ireland to a frightful extent, and a more demoralizing occupation could not possibly exist. Rents were high, the price of corn was low, and the temptation to double the price by converting the grain into malt and spirits was great. The Excise laws were very severe, but in remote, retired places, it was difficult to put these laws into execution, and almost impossible, in certain localities, to find out the places in which the distillation was carried on. Hence for a long time the business was pursued with absolute impunity. But even though untouched by the law, though successful in every "running," prosperity did not attend the law-breakers. So much was drank by the potheen makers themselves, by their customers, by their friends, and by those who stumbled upon their "still" unawares, and upon whom it was necessary to confer civility from a full glass, that the profits were generally absorbed by an unthrifty expenditure.

Timothy and Andrew Cleary were once industrious, thriving, and prosperous farmers. It seems, to English ears, almost a misnomer, to call the holder of a small patch of ground, only ten acres in extent, by the name of farmer. But the farming class in Ireland, especially in the south and west, rarely possess more land, and frequently not half the quantity. In England, it would be thought almost impossible to make so small a farm pay for the expenditure of time and toil and trouble bestowed upon it. But not so in Ireland. Before the potato disease of 1847, and the awful famine, which the loss of that useful and wholesome esculent produced, many families lived upon the produce of these small holdings. Potatoes and milk, with perhaps a small bit of bacon on Sundays, were the usual food of the people, and if occasional employment could be obtained at some neighbouring gentleman's house, additional comforts were provided, and peace and contentment reigned in the little cabin. In very remote districts, where no gentry resided, employment, of course, could not be procured. And here, one evil from the small farm system manifested itself. There was no employment for labour except on the farmer's own land, and as this was not sufficient fully to employ the time of himself and his family, there was many an idle day, and there were too many misspent hours.

The scene of the story opens at about the year 1820. In that year the brothers, Tim and Andy Cleary, found great difficulty in raising funds for the payment of their rent. Their oat crop had partially failed, Andy's cow died, and Tim's horse fell lame, so that he could not be yoked with a neighbour's horse in ploughing the arable land for the spring crops, which was usually done in this species of concerted partnership. The landlord was not unkind. He was a middleman, and obliged to pay a large rent annually : and hence, though time for payment was given, the brothers knew that the rent would be rigorously exacted ultimately, and therefore must be provided. In an evil hour, they bethought them of potheen making ; and it appeared to them no harm to convert the remnant of their blighted oat crop into whisky. There seemed to them nothing morally wrong in the transaction. It was only the English law (which they disliked, if not utterly hated) that made it unlawful ; and they could see no difference in using oats to grind it into food for men, or malting it for the distillation of a pleasant and exhilarating spirit. Besides, Father Dan himself was not averse to a drop of the *raal thing*, and he was sure to give them his blessing, if nothing else, whenever they brought him a full bottle. With the priest's blessing they could not fail ; and as they believed he had the power to keep away the gauger as well as every other mortal evil, they determined to commence proceedings with the confident expectation of success, and the anticipated benediction. A small still was made for them by a friendly (or perhaps unfriendly) blacksmith, who had no objection to connive at the illegal proceeding, if indeed, he did not entirely rejoice in it, on the promise of a small keg as the reward of his secrecy. The malt was made, the still set up in a small outhouse at the back of their premises, and about a hundred gallons were run off successfully. Then came the difficulty of the sale. The landlord took a portion in part payment of his rent, and was very much pleased when he was informed that the remainder of his rent would soon be forthcoming. Andy, as the steadier of the two, and the better man of business, attended in the neighbouring towns upon the next market day, and producing from his capacious pocket to some favoured and trusted individuals, a small flat bottle filled with a liquid not unlike water, he soon disposed of the whole of his venture. It was whispered that some of it even found its way into the house of the gauger himself, who had a particular affection for this colourless,

water-like beverage. A couple of capacious bottles were reserved for Father Dan, who did not fail in his blessing.

“Arrah, Tim, where did you get this fine sperit? Sorrow a drop like it I’ve tasted this many a day. One bottle is from you, you say, and another from Andy. You were always good boys, and came of dacent parents, so my blessing upon you both, my childher, and never forget your priest.”

The rent was duly paid; another cow was bought; a neighbour’s horse was hired to join with Owen Mulvany’s in ploughing the arable land, and prosperity seemed once more the happy lot of Tim and Andy Cleary. Upon the strength of it, Andrew took to himself a wife, a girl to whom he had for some time been attached, and the house was divided between the brothers, their only sister, Bridget, taking up her abode with Timothy, and Andrew and his wife occupying the other portion. The farm remained in common between the brothers. It was only for a short time that their prosperity continued. There was another failure of crops in the succeeding year, and then came one of those periodical famines which used to devastate Ireland, and which were caused partly by the over-abundant population, who, to use a common saying, were too thick upon the ground, which was totally unable to support them; partly from the food of the people being derived altogether from one source, the potato, and when it failed, the food failed; partly from the want of employment, as there were no employers of labour at hand; and partly from that want of care and forethought which formerly pervaded all classes of people in Ireland, from the noble down to the humblest peasant. The famine of 1822 was dreadful; I trust never to witness such scenes again. The Protestant gentry and clergy, with the Bishop at their head, set themselves manfully to the work of relieving their poor suffering Roman Catholic neighbours. Subscriptions were sought from England, who has been always most liberal in her supplies, whenever and wherever the cry of distress has been raised. A committee was formed to dispense them, and a resolution was made to give food only after a certain amount of labour upon the public roads had been performed. But it was found impossible to adhere rigidly to this resolution. I was on duty one morning, at an early hour, giving out oatmeal for the poor starving, wretched creatures. About four hundred were gathered round a barn in which the food was stored, and the door of which was obliged to be defended from the



rush of the crowd by open bars of wood, which enabled us to see the faces of the expectant recipients before we admitted them within the enclosure. A girl sat upon the threshold of the door. Her pale, worn, pinched yet beautifully moulded face showed marks of extreme suffering. The crowd pressed rudely and tumultuously upon her, and I was afraid that they would suffocate her, or trample her to death.

An interval of many years has not effaced from my memory the picture of that famine-stricken countenance. The sunk eye, the pinched nostril, the gaunt cheek, the marble, statue-like, colourless lips, the thin worn hands, and above all, the pleading look of the poor girl are indelibly fixed upon my mind. She spoke not a word; she bore the crushing and struggling of the crowd without a murmur; nothing could move her from her post, for she had an end in view dearer than even her own life; her brother's life was involved, and she must obtain relief, or die.

"Stand back, men—if ye are men! You will kill this poor girl at your feet. Just shove back a little, my good fellows, until I get this poor creature inside!"

The appeal was successful, for the poor Irish are rarely selfish, even in their extremest misery. The crowd fell back, the lower bars were removed, and the girl was safely housed within the barn. I asked her if she had brought a ticket, showing that the stipulated amount of labour had been performed.

"No, your honour, I've brought no ticket."

"What's your name?"

"Biddy Cleary, your honour."

"Biddy Cleary!—Andrew Cleary's sister! Why, I wouldn't have known you! How do you happen to come here?"

"Sir," said she, coming close to speak in a whisper, "Tim and I have not eaten a morsel these two days, but two potatoes and a cup of milk we got at Andrew's; and there's scarcely a bit or sup in Andy's house. The Lord be merciful to him!"

"But why did not your brother Tim apply before? He might have come for work."

"Your honour—Tim, poor boy, is as weak as water; he isn't able to work. We held out to the last, not willing to trouble the gentlemen; and, indeed, I stole away from him unknownst, for I was afraid he'd starve outright, and it's myself thinks that he'll be down in the faver before I get back."

“ Here, Jack O’Donohue, take this poor girl up to the big house, and let her have a good meal of victuals ; and I say, Jack, fill her little bag with oatmeal. I’ll take the responsibility upon myself. However, I think that the committee will sanction it, when they know the circumstances of the case. And, Biddy, if Tim is well enough, tell him to come down to me to-morrow. He can be put in a way of earning his living during this present distress ; and no man need be ashamed of any honest work that will keep himself and family from starving.”

“ The Lord be good to your honour ! The heavens be your bed this night ! Both of us will come if he is able, and Andy too, though it will be the first time that ever one of our family worked upon the roads.”

*(To be continued.)*

## THE ADVENTURES OF THREE ENGLISHMEN AND THREE RUSSIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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### CHAPTER V.

#### A HOTTENTOT VILLAGE.

THE voyage along the upper course of the river was soon accomplished, and although the weather soon became rainy, the passengers, comfortably installed in the ship's cabin, suffered no inconvenience from the torrents of rain which usually fall at that season. The "Queen and Czar" shot along rapidly, for there were neither rapids nor shallows, and the current was not sufficiently strong to retard her progress. Every aspect of the river-banks was enchanting; forest followed upon forest, and quite a world of birds dwell among the leafy branches. Here and there were groups of trees belonging to the family of the "proteaceæ," and especially the "wagenboom" with its reddish marbled-wood, forming a curious contrast with its deep blue leaves and large pale yellow flowers: then there were the "zwartebasts" with their black bark, and the "karrees" with dark evergreen foliage. The banks were shaded every where by weeping willows, while the underwood extended beyond for several miles. Every now and then vast open tracks presented themselves unexpectedly, large plains, covered with innumerable colocynths, mingled with "sugar-bushes," out of which flew clouds of sweet-singing little birds, called "suiker-vogels" by the Cape colonists. The winged world offered many varieties, all of which were pointed out to Sir John Murray by the bushman. Sir John was a great lover of game, both hairy and feathered, and thus a sort of intimacy arose between him and Mokoum, to whom, according to Colonel Everest's promise, he had given an excellent long-range rifle, made on the Pauly system. It would be useless to attempt a description of the bushman's delight when he found himself in possession of such a splendid weapon. The two hunters understood each other



well, for though so learned, Sir John Murray passed for one of the most brilliant fox-hunters in old Caledonia, and he listened to the bushman's stories with an interest amounting to envy. His eyes sparkled when Mokoum showed him the wild ruminants in the woods; here a herd of fifteen to twenty giraffes; there, buffaloes six feet high, with towering black horns: farther on, fierce gnus with horses' tails; and again, herds of "caamas," a large kind of deer, with bright eyes, and horns forming a threatening-looking triangle; and every where, in the dense forests as well as in the open plains, the innumerable varieties of antelopes which abound in Southern Africa; the spurious chamois, the gems-bok, the gazelle, the duiker-bok, and the spring-bok. Was not all this something to tempt a hunter, and could the fox-hunts of the Scottish lowlands vie with the exploits of a Cumming, an Anderson, or a Baldwin? It must be confessed that Sir John Murray's companions were less excited than himself at these magnificent specimens of wild game. William Emery was watching his colleagues attentively, and trying to discover their character under their cold exterior. Colonel Everest and Matthew Strux, men of about the same age, were equally cold, reserved, and formal; they always spoke with a measured slowness, and from morning to night it seemed as if they had never met before. That any intimacy should ever be established between two such important personages was a thing not to be hoped for; two icebergs, placed side by side would join in time, but two scientific men, each holding a high position, never.

Nicholas Palander, a man of about fifty-five years of age, was one of those who have never been young, and who will never be old. The astronomer of Helsingfors, constantly absorbed in his calculations, might be a very admirably constructed machine, but still he was nothing but a machine, a kind of abacus or universal reckoner. He was the calculator of the Anglo-Russian Commission, and one of those prodigies who work out multiplications to five figures in their head, like a fifty-year-old Mondeux.

Michael Zorn more nearly resembled William Emery in age, enthusiasm, and good humour. His amiable qualities did not prevent his being an astronomer of great merit, having attained an early celebrity. The discoveries made by him at the Kiew Observatory concerning the nebula of Andromeda had attracted attention in scientific Europe, and yet with this undoubted merit he had a

great deal of modesty, and was always in the background. William Emery and Michael Zorn were becoming great friends, united by the same tastes and aspirations; and most generally they were talking together, while Colonel Everest and Matthew Strux were coldly watching each other, and Palander was mentally extracting cube roots without noticing the lovely scenes on the banks, and Sir John Murray and the bushman were forming plans for hunting down whole hecatombs of victims.

No incident marked the voyage along the upper course of the Orange. Sometimes the granite cliffs which shut in the winding bed of the river seemed to forbid further progress, and often the wooded islands which dotted the current seemed to render the route uncertain; but the bushman never hesitated, and the "Queen and Czar" always chose the right route, and passed round the cliffs without hindrance. The helmsman never had to repent of having followed Mokoum's directions.

In four days the steamboat had passed over the 240 miles between the cataract of Morgheda and the Kuruman, an affluent which flowed exactly past the town of Lattakoo, whither Colonel Everest's expedition was bound. About thirty leagues above the falls the river bends from its general direction, which is east and west, and flows south-east as far as the acute angle which the territory of Cape Colony makes in the north, and then turning to the north-east, it loses itself in the wooded country of the Transvaal Republic. It was early in the morning of the 5th of February, in a driving rain, that the "Queen and Czar" arrived at Klaarwater, a Hottentot village, close to the meeting of the Orange and Kuruman. Colonel Everest, unwilling to lose a moment, passed quickly by the few Boschjesmen cabins that form the village, and under the pressure of her screw, the vessel began to ascend the affluent. The rapid current was to be attributed, as the passengers remarked, to a peculiarity in the river, for the Kuruman being wide at its source, was lessened as it descended by the influence of the sun's rays; but at this season, swollen by the rains, and further increased by the waters of a sub-affluent, the Moschona, it became very deep and rapid. The fires were therefore made up, and the vessel ascended the Kuruman at the rate of three miles an hour.

During the voyage the bushman pointed out a good many hippopotami in the water; but these great pachyderms, clumsy, thickset beasts, from eight to ten feet long, which the Dutch at

the Cape call "sea-cows," were by no means of an aggressive nature, and the hissing of the steam and the panting of the screw quite frightened them, the boat appearing to them like some great monster which they ought to distrust, and in fact, the arsenal on board would have rendered approach very difficult. Sir John Murray would have very much liked to try his explosive bullets on the fleshy masses, but the bushman assured him that there would be no lack of hippopotami in the more northerly rivers, so he determined to wait for more favourable opportunity.

The 150 miles which separated the mouth of the Kuruman from the station of Lattakoo were traversed in fifty hours, and on the 7th of February the travellers had reached the end of their journey. As soon as the steamboat was moored to the bank which served as a quay, a man of fifty years of age, with a grave air but kind countenance, stepped on board, and offered his hand to William Emery. The astronomer introduced the new-comer to his travelling companions, as—

"The Rev. Thomas Dale, of the London Missionary Society, Governor of the station of Lattakoo."

The Europeans bowed to Mr. Dale, who gave them welcome, and put himself at their service.

The town of Lattakoo, or rather the village of that name, is the most northerly of the Cape Missionary stations, and is divided into Old and New. The first, which the "Queen and Czar" now reached, had 12,000 inhabitants at the beginning of the century, but they have since emigrated to the north-east, and the town, now fallen into decay, has been replaced by New Lattakoo, which is built close by, on a plain which was formerly covered with acacias, and thither Mr. Dale conducted the Europeans. It consisted of about forty groups of houses, and contained 5000 or 6000 inhabitants of the tribe of the Bechuanas. Dr. Livingstone stayed in this town for three months before his first voyage up the Zambesi in 1840, previously to crossing the whole of Central Africa, from the bay of Loanda to the port of Kilmana on the coast of Mozambique.

When they reached New Lattakoo, Colonel Everest presented a letter from Dr. Livingstone, which commended the Anglo-Russian Commission to his friends in South Africa. Mr. Dale read it with much pleasure, and returned it to the Colonel, saying that he might find it useful on his journey, as the name of David Livingstone was known and honoured throughout that part of Africa.







CHIEF MOULIBAHAN.

The members of the commission were lodged in the missionary establishment, a large house built on an eminence and surrounded by an impenetrable hedge like a fortification. The Europeans could be more comfortably lodged here than with the Bechuanas; not that their dwellings were not kept properly in order; on the contrary, the smooth clay floors did not show a particle of dust, and the long-thatched roofs were quite rain-proof; but at best, their houses were little better than huts with a round hole for a door, hardly large enough to admit a man; moreover, they all lived in common, and close contact with the Bechuanas would scarcely have been agreeable.

The chief of the tribe, one Moulibahan, lived at Lattakoo, and thought it right to come and pay his respects to the Europeans. He was rather a fine man, without the thick lips and flat nose of the negro, with a round face not so shrunk in its lower part as that of the other Hottentots. He was dressed in a cloak of skins, sewn together with considerable art, and an apron called a "pujoke." He wore a leather skull-cap, and sandals of ox-hide: ivory rings were wound round his arms, and from his ears hung brass plates about four inches long—a kind of ear-ring—which is also a charm; an antelope's tail stood up in his skull-cap, and his hunting-stick was surmounted by a tuft of small black ostrich feathers. The natural colour of his body was quite invisible through the thick coating of ochre with which he was besmeared from head to foot, while some ineffaceable incisions in his legs denoted the number of enemies he had slain.

The chief, as grave as Matthew Strux himself, stepped up to the Europeans, and took them in turn by the nose. The Russians permitted this to be done quite gravely, the English rather more reluctantly, but still it had to be done, for according to African custom, it denoted a solemn engagement to fulfil the duties of hospitality to the Europeans. When the ceremony was over, Moulibahan retired without having uttered a word.

"And now that we are naturalized Bechuanas," said Colonel Everest, "let us begin our operations without losing a day or an hour."

And indeed no time was lost; still, such is the variety of detail required in the organization of an expedition of this character, the Commission was not ready to start until the beginning of March. That, however, was the time appointed by Colonel Everest; because



then the rainy season just being over, the water, preserved in the fissures of the earth, would furnish a valuable resource to travellers in the desert.

On the 2nd of March, then, the whole caravan, under Mokoum's command, was ready. The Europeans took farewell of the missionaries at Lattakoo, and left the village at seven o'clock in the morning.

"Where are we going, Colonel?" asked William Emery, as the caravan passed the last house in the town.

"Straight on, Mr. Emery," answered the Colonel, "until we reach a suitable place for establishing a base."

At eight o'clock the caravan had passed over the low shrubby hills which skirt the town, and soon the desert, with its dangers, fatigues, and risks, lay unfolded before the travellers.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BETTER ACQUAINTANCE.

THE escort under the bushman's command was composed of 100 men, all Boschjesmen—an industrious, good-tempered people, capable of enduring great physical fatigue. In former times, before the arrival of the missionaries, these Boschjesmen were a lying, inhospitable race, thinking of nothing but murder and pillage, and ever taking advantage of an enemy's sleep to massacre him. To a great extent the missionaries have modified these barbarous habits, but the natives are still more or less farm-pillagers and cattle-lifters.

Ten waggons, like the vehicle which Mokoum had taken to the Morgheda Falls, formed the bulk of the expedition. Two of these were like moving houses, fitted up as they were with a certain amount of comfort, and served as an encampment for the Europeans; so that Colonel Everest and his companions were followed about by a wooden habitation with dry flooring, and well tilted with waterproof cloth, and furnished with beds and toilet furniture. Thus, on arriving at each place of encampment, the tent was always ready pitched. Of these waggons, one was appropriated to Colonel Everest and his countrymen, Sir John Murray and William Emery: the other was used by the Russians, Matthew Strux, Nicholas Palander, and Michael Zorn. Two more, arranged in the same way, belonged,

one to the five Englishmen and the other to the five Russians, who composed the crew of the "Queen and Czar."

The hull and machinery of the steamboat, taken to pieces and laid on one of the waggons, followed the travellers, in case the commission might come across some of the numerous lakes which are found in the interior of the continent.

The remaining waggons carried the tools, provisions, baggage, arms, and ammunition, as well as the instruments required for the proposed triangular survey. The provisions of the Boschjesmen consisted principally of antelope, buffalo, or elephant meat, preserved in long strips, being dried in the sun or by a slow fire: thus economizing the use of salt, here very scarce. In the place of bread, the Boschjesmen depended on the earth-nuts of the arachis, the bulbs of various species of mesembryanthemums, and other native productions. Animal food would be provided by the hunters of the party, who adroitly employing their bows and lances, would scour the plains and revictual the caravan.

Six native oxen, long-legged, high-shouldered, and with great horns, were attached to each wagon with harness of buffalo hide. Thus the primitive vehicles moved slowly, though surely, on their massive wheels, ready alike for heights or valleys. For the travellers to ride there were provided small black or grey Spanish horses, good-tempered, brave animals, imported from South America, and much esteemed at the Cape. Among the troops of quadrupeds were also half-a-dozen tame quaggas, a kind of ass with plump bodies and slender legs, who make a noise like the barking of a dog. They were to be used in the smaller expeditions necessary to the geodetic operations, and were adapted to carry the instruments where the waggons could not venture. The only exception to the others was the bushman, who rode a splendid zebra with remarkable grace and dexterity. This animal (the beauty of whose coat with its brown stripes especially excited the admiration of the connoisseur Sir John Murray) was naturally defiant and suspicious, and would not have borne any other rider than Mokoum, who had broken it in for his own use. Some dogs of a half savage breed, sometimes wrongly called "hyena-hunters," ran by the side of the waggons, their shape and long ears reminding one of the European brach-hound.

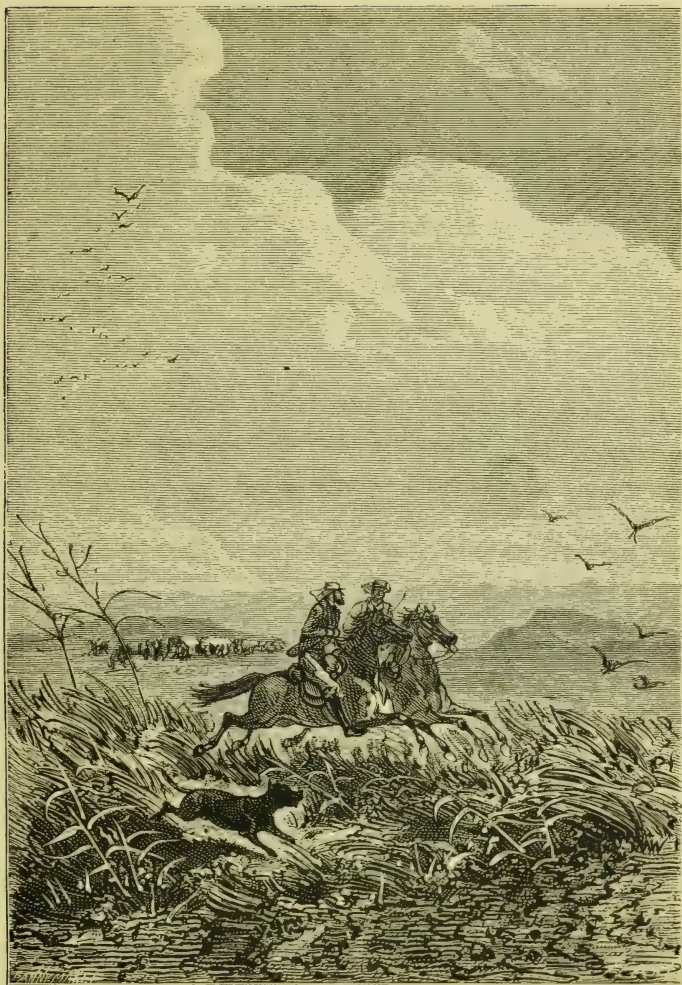
Such was the caravan which was about to bury itself in the deserts. The oxen advanced calmly under the guidance of their

drivers, ever and again pricking them in the flank with their "jambox ;" and it was strange to see the troop winding along the hills in marching order. After leaving Lattakoo, whither was the expedition going? Colonel Everest had said, "Straight on ;" and indeed he and Matthew Strux could not yet follow a fixed course. What they wanted, before commencing their trigonometrical operations, was a vast level plain, on which to establish the base of the first of the triangles, which, like a network, were to cover for several degrees the southern part of Africa. The Colonel explained to the bushman what he wanted, and with the calmness of one to whom scientific language is familiar, talked to him of triangles, adjacent angles, bases, meridians, zenith distances, and the like. Mokoum let him go on for a few moments, then interrupted him with an impatient movement, saying, "Colonel, I don't know any thing about your angles, bases, and meridians. I don't understand even in the least what you are going to do in the desert : but that is your business. You are asking for a large level plain ; oh well, I can find you that."

And at his orders, the caravan, having just ascended the Lattakoo hills, turned down again towards the south-west. This took them rather more to the south of the village, towards the plain watered by the Kuruman, and here the bushman expected to find a suitable place for the Colonel's plans. From that day, he always took the head of the caravan. Sir John Murray, well mounted, never left him, and from time to time the report of a gun made his colleagues aware that he was making acquaintance with the African game. The Colonel, quite absorbed in contemplating the difficulties of the expedition, let his horse carry him on. Matthew Strux, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in the waggon, according to the nature of the ground, seldom opened his lips. Nicholas Palander, as bad a rider as could be, was generally on foot ; at other times he shut himself up in his vehicle, and there lost himself in the profoundest mathematical abstractions.

Although William Emery and Michael Zorn occupied separate waggons at night, they were always together when the caravan was on the march. Every day and every incident of the journey bound them in a closer friendship. From one stage to another they rode, talked, and argued together. Sometimes they fell behind the train, and sometimes rode on several miles ahead of it, when the plain extended as far as they could see. They were free here and





WILLIAM EMERY AND MICHEL ZORN IN ADVANCE OF THE EXPEDITION.



lost amidst the wildness of nature. How they forgot figures and problems, calculations and observations, and chatted of every thing but science! They were no longer astronomers contemplating the starry firmament, but were more like two youths escaped from school, revelling in the dense forests and boundless plains. They laughed like ordinary mortals. Both of them had excellent dispositions, open, amiable, and devoted, forming a strange contrast to Colonel Everest and Matthew Strux, who were formal, not to say stiff. These two chiefs were often the subject of their conversation, and Emery learnt a good deal about them from his friend.

"Yes," said Michael Zorn that day, "I watched them well on board the 'Augusta,' and I profess I think they are jealous of each other. And if Colonel Everest appears to be at the head of things, Matthew Strux is not less than his equal: the Russian Government has clearly established his position. One chief is as imperious as the other; and besides, I tell you again, there is the worst of all jealousy between them, the jealousy of the learned."

"And that for which there is the least occasion," answered Emery, "because in discoveries every thing has its value, and each one derives equal benefit. But, my dear Zorn, if, as I believe, your observations are correct, it is unfortunate for our expedition: in such a work there ought to be a perfect understanding."

"No doubt," replied Zorn, "and I fear that that understanding does not exist. Think of our confusion, if every detail, the choice of a base, the method of calculating, the position of the stations, the verification of the figures, opens a fresh discussion every time! Unless I am much mistaken, I forbode a vast deal of quibbling when we come to compare our registers, and the observations we shall have made to the minutest fraction."

"You frighten me," said Emery. "It would be sorrowful to carry an enterprise of this kind so far, and then to fail for want of concord. Let us hope that your fears may not be realized."

"I hope they may not," answered the young Russian; "but I say again, I assisted at certain scientific discussions on the voyage, which showed me that both Colonel Everest and his rival are undeniably obstinate, and that at heart there is a miserable jealousy between them."

"But these two gentlemen are never apart," observed Emery. "You never find one without the other; they are as inseparable as ourselves."



"True," replied Zorn, "they are never apart all day long, but then they never exchange ten words: they only keep watch on each other. If one doesn't manage to annihilate the other, we shall indeed work under deplorable conditions."

"And for yourself," asked William, hesitatingly, "which of the two would you wish——"

"My dear William," replied Zorn with much frankness, "I shall loyally accept him as chief who can command respect as such. This is a question of science, and I have no prejudice in the matter. Matthew Strux and the Colonel are both remarkable and worthy men: England and Russia should profit equally from their labours; therefore it matters little whether the work is directed by an Englishman or a Russian. Are you not of my opinion?"

"Quite," answered Emery; "therefore do not let us be distracted by absurd prejudices, and let us as far as possible use our efforts for the common good. Perhaps it will be possible to ward off the blows of the two adversaries; and besides there is your fellow-countryman, Nicholas Palander——"

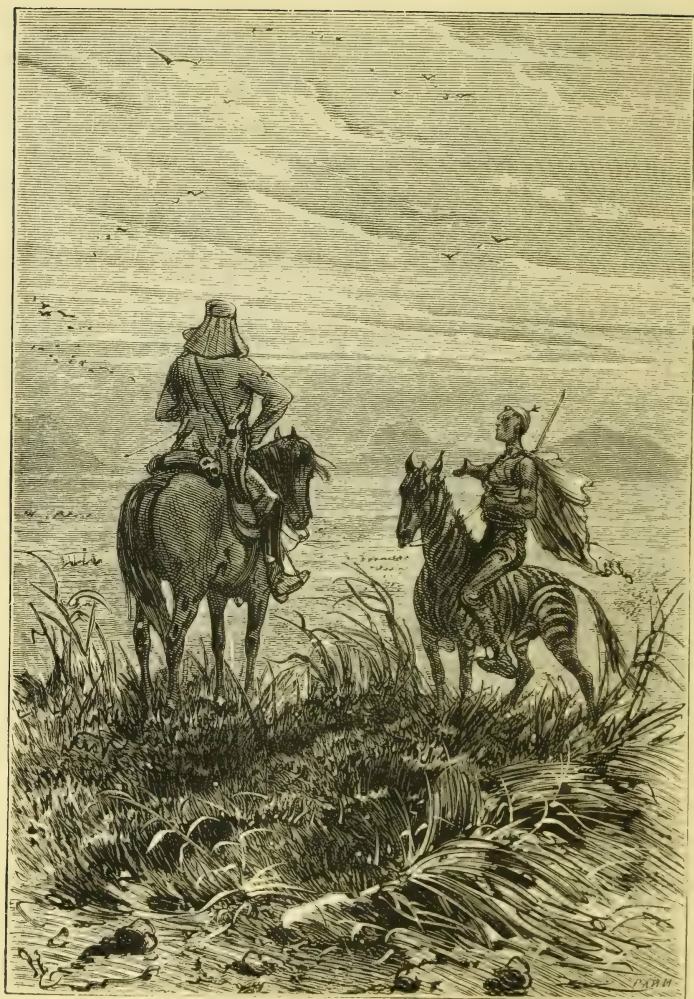
"He!" laughed Zorn, "he will neither see, hear, nor comprehend any thing! He would make calculations to any extent; but he is neither Russian, Prussian, English, or Chinese; he is not even an inhabitant of this sublunary sphere; he is Nicholas Palander, that's all."

"I cannot say the same for my countryman, Sir John Murray," said Emery. "He is a thorough Englishman, and a most determined hunter, and he would sooner follow the traces of an elephant and giraffe than give himself any trouble about a scientific argument. We must therefore depend upon ourselves, Zorn, to neutralize the antipathy between our chiefs. Whatever happens, we must hold together."

"Ay, whatever happens," replied Zorn, holding out his hand to his friend.

The bushman still continued to guide the caravan down towards the south-west. At midday, on the 4th of March, it reached the base of the long wooded hills which extend from Lattakoo. Mokoum was not mistaken; he had led the expedition towards the plain, but it was still undulated, and therefore unfitted for an attempt at triangulation. The march continued uninterrupted, and Mokoum rode at the head of the riders and waggons, while Sir John Murray, Emery, and Zorn pushed on in advance. Towards





THE BUSHMAN POINTING TO THE PLAIN.



the end of the day, they all arrived at a station occupied by one of the wandering "boers," or farmers, who are induced by the richness of the pasture-land to make temporary abodes in various parts of the country.

The colonist, a Dutchman, and head of a large family, received the Colonel and his companions most hospitably, and would take no remuneration in return. He was one of those brave, industrious men, whose slender capital, intelligently employed in the breeding of oxen, cows, and goats, soon produces a fortune. When the pasturage is exhausted, the farmer, like a patriarch of old, seeks for new springs and fertile prairies, pitching his camp afresh where the conditions seem favourable.

The farmer opportunely told Colonel Everest of a wide plain, fifteen miles away, which would be found quite flat. The caravan started next morning at daybreak. The only incident that broke the monotony of the long morning march, was Sir John Murray's taking a shot, at a distance of more than 1000 yards, at a gnu, a curious animal about five feet high, with the muzzle of an ox, a long white tail, and pointed horns. It fell with a heavy groan, much to the astonishment of the bushman, who was surprised at seeing the animal struck at such a distance. The gnu generally affords a considerable quantity of excellent meat, and was accordingly in high esteem among the hunters of the caravan.

The site indicated by the farmer was reached about midday. It was a boundless prairie stretching to the north without the slightest undulation. No better spot for measuring a base could be imagined, and the bushman, after a short investigation, returned to Colonel Everest with the announcement that they had reached the place they were seeking.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BASE OF THE TRIANGLE.

THE work undertaken by the commission was a triangulation for the purpose of measuring an arc of meridian. Now the direct measurement of one or more degrees by means of metal rods would be impracticable. In no part of the world is there a region so vast and unbroken as to admit of so delicate an operation. Happily, there is an easier way of proceeding by dividing the region through

which the meridian passes into a number of imaginary triangles, whose solution is comparatively easy.

These triangles are obtained by observing signals, either natural or artificial, such as church-towers, posts, or reverberatory lamps, by means of the theodolite or repeating-circle. Every signal is the vertex of a triangle, whose angles are exactly determined by the instruments, so that a good observer with a proper telescope can take the bearings of any object whatever, a tower by day, or a lamp by night. Sometimes the sides of the triangles are many miles in length, and when Arago connected the coast of Valencia in Spain with the Balearic Islands, one of the sides measured 422,555 toises. When one side and two angles of any triangle are known, the other sides and angle may be found ; by taking, therefore, a side of one of the known triangles for a new base, and by measuring the angles adjacent to the base, new triangles can be successively formed along the whole length of the arc ; and since every straight line in the network of triangles is known, the length of the arc can be easily determined. The values of the sides and angles may be obtained by the theodolite and repeating-circle, but the *first* side, the base of the whole system, must be actually measured on the ground, and this operation requires the utmost care.

When Delambre and Méchain measured the meridian of France from Dunkirk to Barcelona, they took for their base a straight line, 12,150 mètres in length, in the road from Melun to Lieusaint, and they were no less than 42 days in measuring it. Colonel Everest and Matthew Strux designed proceeding in the same way, and it will be seen how much precision was necessary.

The work was begun on the 5th of March, much to the astonishment of the Boschjesmen, who could not at all understand it. Mokoum thought it strange for these learned men to measure the earth with rods six feet long ; but any way, he had done his duty ; they had asked him for a level plain, and he had found it for them.

The place was certainly well-chosen. Covered with dry, short grass, the plain was perfectly level as far as the horizon. Behind lay a line of hills forming the southern boundary of the Kalahari desert ; towards the north the plain seemed boundless. To the east, the sides of the table-land of Lattakoo disappeared in gentle slopes ; and in the west, where the ground was lower, the soil became marshy, as it imbibed the stagnant water which fed the affluents of the Kuruman.

"I think, Colonel Everest," said Strux, after he had surveyed the grassy level, "that when our base is established, we shall be able here also to fix the extremity of our meridian."

"Likely enough," replied the Colonel. "We must find out too, whether the arc meets with any obstacles that may impede the survey. Let us measure the base, and we will decide afterwards whether it will be better to join it by a series of auxiliary triangles to those which the arc must cross."

They thus resolved to proceed to the measurement of the base. It would be a long operation, for they wanted to obtain even more correct results than those obtained by the French philosophers at Melun. This would be a matter of some difficulty: since when a new base was measured afterwards near Perpignan to verify the calculations, there was only an error of 11 inches in a distance of 330,000 toises.

Orders were given for encamping, and a Boschjesman village, a kind of kraal, was formed on the plain. The waggons were arranged in a circle like the houses, the English and Russian flags floating over their respective quarters. The centre was common ground. The horses and buffaloes, which by day grazed outside, were driven in by night to the interior, to save them from attacks of the wild beasts around.

Mokoum took upon himself to arrange the hunting expedition for revictualling; and Sir John Murray, whose presence was not indispensable in the measurement of the base, looked after the provisions, and served out the rations of preserved meat and fresh venison. Thanks to the skill and experience of Mokoum and his companions, game was never wanting. They scoured the district for miles round, and the report of their guns resounded at all hours.

The survey began on the next day, Zorn and Emery being charged with the preliminaries.

"Come along," said Zorn, "and good luck be with us."

The primary operation consisted in tracing a line on the ground where it was especially level. This chanced to be from s.e. to n.w., and pickets being placed at short intervals to mark the direction, Zorn carefully verified the correctness of their position by means of the thread-wires of his telescope. For more than eight miles (the proposed length of the base) was the measurement continued, and the young men performed their work with scrupulous fidelity.



The next step was to adjust the rods for the actual measurement, apparently a very simple operation, but which, in fact, demands the most continuous caution, as the success of a triangulation in a great measure is contingent on its preciseness.

On the morning of the 10th, twelve wooden pedestals were planted along the line, securely fastened in their position, and prepared to support the rods. Colonel Everest and Matthew Strux, assisted by their young coadjutors, placed the rods in position, and Nicholas Palander stood ready, pencil in hand, to write down in a double register the figures transmitted to him.

The rods employed were six in number, and exactly two toises in length. They were made of platinum, as being (under ordinary circumstances) unaffected by any condition of the atmosphere. In order, however, to provide against any change of temperature, each was covered with a rod of copper somewhat shorter than itself, and a microscopic vernier was attached to indicate any contraction or expansion that might occur. The rods were next placed lengthwise, with a small interval between each, in order to avoid the slight shock which might result from immediate contact. Colonel Everest and Matthew Strux with their own hands placed the first rod. About a hundred toises farther on, they had marked a point of sight, and as the rods were each provided with iron projections, it was not difficult to place them exactly in the proper direction. Emery and Zorn, lying on the ground, saw that the projections stood exactly in the middle of the sight.

"Now," said Colonel Everest, "we must define our exact starting-point. We will drop a line from the end of our first rod, and that will definitely mark the extremity of our base."

"Yes," answered Strux, "but we must take into account the radius of the line."

"Of course," said the Colonel.

The starting-point determined, the work went on. The next proceeding was to determine the inclination of the base with the horizon.

"We do not, I believe, pretend," said Colonel Everest, "to place the rod in a position which is perfectly horizontal."

"No," answered Strux, "it is enough to find the angle which each rod makes with the horizon, and we can then deduce the true inclination."

Thus agreed, they proceeded with their observations, employing



COMMENCEMENT OF THE GEODESIC OPERATIONS.





their spirit-level, and testing every result by the vernier. As Palander was about to inscribe the record, Strux requested that the level should be reversed, in order that by the division of the two registers a closer approximation to truth might be attained. This mode of double observation was continued throughout the operations.

Two important points were now obtained: the direction of the rod with regard to the base, and the angle which it made with the horizon. The results were inscribed in two registers, and signed by the members of the commission.

There were still two further observations, no less important, to be made: the variation of the rod caused by differences of temperature, and the exact distance measured by it. The former was easily determined by comparing the difference in length between the platinum and copper rods. The microscope gave the variation of the platinum, and this was entered in the double register, to be afterwards reduced to 16° Centigrade.

They had now to observe the distance actually measured. To obtain this result, it was necessary to place the second rod at the end of the first, leaving a small space between them. When the second rod was adjusted with the same care as the former, it only remained to measure the interval between the two. A small tongue of platinum, known as a slider, was attached to the end of the platinum bar that was not covered by the copper, and this Colonel Everest slipped gently along until it touched the next rod. The slider was marked off into 10,000ths of a toise, and as a vernier with its microscope gave the 100,000ths, the space could be very accurately determined. The result was immediately registered.

Michael Zorn, considering that the covered platinum might be sooner affected by heat than the uncovered copper, suggested another precaution: accordingly they erected a small awning to protect the rod from the sun's rays.

For more than a month were these minutiae patiently carried on. As soon as four bars were adjusted, and the requisite observations complete, the last of the rods was carried to the front. It was impossible to measure more than 220 to 230 toises a day, and sometimes, when the wind was violent, operations were altogether suspended.

Every evening, about three quarters of an hour before it became too dark to read the verniers, they left off work, after taking various

anxious precautions. They brought forward temporarily the rod "No. 1," and marked the point of its termination. Here they made a hole, and drove in a stake with a leaden plate attached. They then replaced "No. 1" in its original position, after observing the inclination, the thermometric variation, and the direction. They noted the prolongation measured by rod "No. 4," and then with a plumb-line touching the foremost end of rod "No. 1," they made a mark on the leaden plate. They carefully traced through this point two lines at right angles, one signifying the base, the other the perpendicular. The plate was then covered with a wooden lid, the hole filled in, and the stake left buried till the morning. Thus, if any accident had happened to their apparatus during the night they would not be obliged to begin afresh. The next day, the plate was uncovered, and rod "No. 1" replaced in the same position as on the evening before, by means of the plumb-line, whose point ought to fall exactly on the point intersected by the two straight lines.

These operations were carried on for 38 days along the plain, and every figure was registered doubly, and verified, compared, and approved, by each member of the commission.

Few discussions arose between Colonel Everest and his Russian colleague; and if sometimes the smallest fraction of a toise gave occasion for some polite cavillings, they always yielded to the opinion of the majority. One question alone called for the intervention of Sir John Murray. This was about the length of the base. It was certain that the longer the base, the easier would be the measurement of the opposite angle. Colonel Everest proposed 6000 toises, nearly the same as the base measured at Melun; but Matthew Strux wished that it should be 10,000 toises, since the ground permitted. Colonel Everest, however, remained firm, and Strux seemed equally determined not to yield. After a few plausible arguments, personalities began: happily the debate was interrupted by some days of bad weather, which allowed their tempers to cool. It was subsequently decided by the majority that they should "split the difference," and assign 8000 toises as the measurement of the base. The work was at length completed. Any error which occurred, in spite of their extreme precision, might be afterwards corrected by measuring a new base from the northern extremity of the meridian.

The base measured exactly 8037.75 toises, and upon this they were now to place their series of triangles.

## PAUL MAXWELL'S CAREER.

### CHAPTER III.

RICHMOND and its far-famed hill are places the very mention of which awakens a thrill of even national sentiment and sympathy. The good people there have of late been petitioning the Government not to spoil the select and classical character of their town by making it a military station, as threatened by the Minister of War. One can well understand this feeling. For though Queen Victoria only honours the town at present by condescending to use one of its outskirts as a laundry, it is still so neat and trim, and in the season so gorgeous and duchess-like, so choice in every thing that makes residential pleasure, in its streets, villas, scenery, noble river, fruits, and "maids of honour," that it is not difficult to comprehend the objection felt to the establishment of barracks, with all their accessories, the importation of raw recruits and home "camp-followers." But when I visited it twenty years ago in the merry month of May, when the chestnut-trees were in full bloom, and the whole valley of the Thames and the slopes of the hill looked a paradise, one of the first things I saw and heard was a military band delighting with its strains the inhabitants, visitors, and loungers upon that fine terrace of which Richmond is justly proud. The town folk of that day appeared to enjoy and court the enlivening strains of military music, if they did not covet the prevalence of red coats in their streets.

Since the hour in which we parted with full hearts in the old boy-preaching room at home, where, as before told, I left Paul Maxwell buried among his books and manuscripts, and working up for his interminable examinations, I had not seen him in the flesh. We had corresponded, it must be confessed, at rather long intervals; but although the centre of my occupations was in London, my calling was of a nature to preclude the possibility of seeing him at a suitable time. Twice in two years I had gone



down to Richmond on a Sunday, the only day I could command, attended service at the college chapel, hoping to see him; but, on making inquiries, found that Max, like most of the other students, was out evangelizing in the villages around, or in some more distant place to which he was sent to preach for the day. Once I was told that he had gone to Harrow-on-the-Hill, and on another occasion as far as Gravesend. At length, however, there came a time when three clear days' grace were accorded to me, which, as it was not time enough, had I been so inclined, to go a long journey from town, I resolved to spend on Richmond hill. Having communicated my intention to Paul, and learnt from him that, not being in his usual health, he would have no preaching engagement on the Sunday, and would be able to give pretty much of the two or three following days to my society, on Saturday afternoon I packed my portmanteau and hastened off to Waterloo Station. A quick run of half an hour, or less, and I alighted at the royal Elizabethan town. Max was awaiting me on the platform, but his visage and appearance generally had so altered, that had it not been for his quick recognition of me, I should have hesitated before avowing his identity. He was pale and thin, and had a careworn and anxious look, quite foreign to him in his earlier days. The grip of his hand, however, was as firm, and his heart, I soon felt, as ardently touched with friendly feeling towards me as ever. I was saddened at his changed aspect, and at first, both upon him and myself, there appeared to come a rush of thoughts of other days, so that nothing much passed between us for the first quarter of an hour, beyond greetings, inquiries, and brief commonplaces.

Outside the railway station I chartered an open fly, of which there were many standing there, to take us to the Star and Garter, where I had determined to stay; and as our horse toiled slowly up the steep hill, I observed in my friend a sudden twitch, as though occasioned by surprise, as he turned his eye upon a gentleman coming towards us on the foot-path nearest the vehicle, and on the same side on which Paul sat. He was a tall, somewhat commanding presence, attired in a summer suit of light tweed, and a white hat, with long iron-grey hair and white whiskers and beard which flowed luxuriantly down upon a broad open front glittering with brilliant studs. He approached, struck his silver-mounted cane playfully on the side of the carriage as we drew up, and began humourously to scold Max for being out "contrary to orders," and

asked him "if he had taken his medicine," at the same time raising his hat to me. Paul answered very meekly, and in a manner which indicated to me that he would as soon not have encountered him just then; the reason for which I was at a loss to conceive, seeing the gentleman seemed familiar and friendly in a very marked degree. However, every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and I felt sure there was something behind the scenes yet to be discovered to account for this manner.

Taking the gentleman to be Paul's doctor, I observed, "There is nothing serious the matter here, I hope, doctor?"

"Oh no," he replied, "nothing very serious, I hope." Then, after a slight hesitation, "Been working too hard, lately, I fancy. Got a little under par, and slightly nervous. Wants a little change and diversion." Then raising his voice to the pitch of animation, he continued, "These students, sir, tear away at it here, as though they were going to cram the world into their knowledge-boxes in two or three years, and that's what you know cannot be done. Rome wasn't built in a day. Won't do, sir, won't do. They bring them here, sir, for two or three years at most, and they've every thing to learn, sir. The result is, they find it impossible of course; and then it happens, as we might expect, they yield to discouragement and give up all in despair, or fall into an over-anxious mood, to the serious detriment of their health." And with rather a comical look, first at Max, then at me, he added, "Then, too, some of them get to bother their heads prematurely about *love* matters, and it's against the law of the Conference,—eh, old fellow?" Paul looked sharply at him, and appeared mentally to resent the allusion; and I could not now help conjecturing something of the true state of the case.

"Well, Dr. Jewell," I remarked (for that was the name by which Paul had introduced him), "I do not understand the economy of this place, or the mysteries of experience here, but cannot for the life of me comprehend what the Conference or any other corporate body, lay or clerical, has to do with young men falling in love, which seems to me a law of nature; but I intend to learn all I can during my brief visit, and to rally my old friend here,—the chum of my boyhood and youth,—that is, if he is to be rallied. Will you come and dine with us, doctor, to-morrow at the "Star and Garter"? Paul will be there for the day; we dine at five, and shall be glad to see you. We can then talk over all these matters *ad libitum*.

Dr. Jewell seemed taken by surprise, and to experience a momentary embarrassment, hesitated a little, stroking down the long locks of his white beard thoughtfully, and then cautiously muttered, "I don't know exactly what arrangements Mrs. Jewell has made for to-morrow; but—but I will do my best to avail myself of your kind invitation, my dear sir, for which I give you many thanks." The gentleman's eye was scanning me all the time, I thought, rather dubiously: now and then looking at our carriage and appointments in general. "Oh, at the Star and Garter, you say; do you know, may I ask, the place?" The Doctor appeared to fancy that I was a perfect stranger, and, like many other strangers tarrying at the famous sign on the crest of the hill, about to be entrapped into pecuniary consequences for which I might not be prepared. "Yes," said I, "at the Star and Garter; but I have been there before." At this the Doctor seemed relieved, and, on parting, engaged to let me know definitely by note in the evening; I at the same time opening the way for Mrs. Jewell and any member of his circle to come with him. As we proceeded I could not but remark what a misfortune it is for an hotel to gain the reputation of being extravagant in its charges. I have known the downfall and ruin of several large places of the kind brought about entirely by the character they have made for themselves for slashing charges. And as I now write, the Star and Garter, which seemed to me always to charge as much for its topography as for its viands, proves no exception to the rule. Had the proprietors been content to invest the value of their splendid situation in the business, and give it to their visitors as a bonus, added to the convenience of more moderate charges, there is not a place within twenty miles of town that could have vied with it.

At this place we arrived a few minutes after the above incident by the way, and, as soon as we had got into the room I selected, pulled off our coats for a wash. Paul threw himself upon the sofa, and broke into a laugh, exclaiming, "My stars, Alec! do you know whom you've invited here to-morrow?" I remarked that I supposed *he* knew him, and that would do equally well. Max again broke into a laugh, such as I had seldom heard from him in his merriest days; but I could observe it was a laugh of wonder, mingled with curious imaginings of what might arise from this unexpected meeting with Dr. Jewell. "What's the matter, Max?" I inquired, "I know there is something more between you and that



gentleman, and somebody else, eh? than appears upon the surface!" "Wait awhile, Alec," he replied, "I'll tell you more by and by."

I had a little lump of money with me, and, according to my disposition and custom when out for a holiday, intended to enjoy myself. To tell the truth, I had chosen the Star and Garter, because I knew there would be plenty of room there, and plenty of good things to be obtained, although at a high price, which I could very well stand, at least for three days and nights. So we settled down at the south-west window, which commanded the best view of the woods and Thames valley, over as good a bottle of sparkling Moselle as one can ordinarily meet with in a day's journey, and under its exhilarating effects we afterwards went for a lovely evening's stroll in the deer-park. This was a treat upon which I had been setting my mind all the day.

On entering the park we turned to the right, passed along the high bank there to the head of the walk, where we sat a few minutes surveying the charming scenery which rises from and clothes the banks of the river all along its course. The eye dropped down upon Petersham, lost in the abundant foliage, and wandered away to Ham, and extended its view even as far as the towers of Windsor Castle in the one direction, and the dome of St. Paul's in the other. We talked of many things, but especially of cruel old King Harry, who stood just upon that spot, looking with wicked anxiety townward for the signal which was to tell him one of his matrimonial murders was an accomplished fact. We passed on beyond the "Cottage," which, after the downfall of his Cabinet, became, and ever since has been, the country residence of Lord John Russell; and we actually met his lordship returning from a ride, and saw him, so to speak, at home. He was astride of a short pony, that a child might ride without fear, going at a walking pace, his legs hanging straight down and dangling, and his wide-brimmed hat far on the back of his head, and his chin and cheek-bones buried in his tall shirt-collar. Max knew him, having often seen him in that way, and we raised our hats to the veteran statesman, which he graciously noticed and acknowledged. At the prescribed distance behind came his servant, in bright livery and tight breeches, splendidly mounted on a prancing steed, and presenting in every respect a striking contrast to his unpretending master in front.

Immediately we found ourselves walking under the then deepen-

ing shadow of those grand old historic oaks, farther along the park on that side. It was now in the quiet of the evening, and the rays of the declining sun gilded the wavy region of foliage over our heads. There were but few people about in that part then, and the only human incident within the ken was a solitary artist, silently busy with his brush and pallet, sitting before his easel upon a camp-stool. He was a dark, plaintive-looking young gentleman, with straight, long black hair, working hard and carefully on the landscape, and was just then touching-up a picture of one of the old kingly oaks, which was to be a leading object in the view, and of which there are a number at that spot. Within the whole domain of Sylvanus it would be difficult to find a more favourable spot than this for painting from nature, and my friend informed me that it was almost a daily occurrence in spring and autumn for one or more of the London artists to be there, or in some other quiet nook of the park, giving immortality to its glorious scenes.

A little distance beyond we found a seat which encircled one of the giants of the forest, and upon this we sat down under the ample branches, to rest, and talk, and smoke. We were wrapped in shadowy silence, broken only by the chattering of such of the feathered tribes as were up rather late, or who liked to talk on going to roost, by the *whirring* away of a pheasant from over our heads disturbed by our presence, or the starting of a pretty dappled fawn from the same cause, from amidst the tall ferns which grew there in plenty. We had just settled down cosily, and each had drawn and lit a cigar from my case, and were smoking away contemplatively, when Max gave a sudden start, blushed, and seemed much disconcerted, pulling the cigar from his mouth, and hiding it as well as he could within the palm of his hand. I never saw my friend in an action in which, to my smoking nature and love of independence, he seemed more unmanly. In my surprise at the movement, I turned round to learn the immediate cause, when I saw an elderly, clerical-looking gentleman, who had come up close to us, unheard upon the soft turf, apparently on his way back from an evening walk. He had a somewhat severe countenance, with deep-sunken eyes and clouded eyebrows. He gazed intently and solemnly at Paul, as he came abreast of us, and seemed as though he would pause and speak, but, as if upon second thought, he passed on, after giving one more hard look at us.

My friend, I saw, was in trouble, and I asked him what it all meant.

"That," said he, "is the Governor of our college, and I wouldn't have had him see me smoking for a great deal."

"See you smoking!" I exclaimed, with amazement. "Upon my word Paul, I am afraid I am getting you into trouble by coming to Richmond. What harm is there in smoking a cigar, I should like to know!"

"No necessary harm, Alec, at all, that is, in my view and yours; but such is the law of this place and of the itinerant life. Itinerants are prohibited smoking tobacco, taking snuff, and drinking drams; and these conditions are applied sternly to us young men at college or 'on probation.' So that if we break the law we are in danger even of expulsion."

"Why, Paul," I said, "you surprise me, you even disturb me; I am afraid I shall be doing you some mischief unwittingly. I could not have supposed that any ecclesiastical court would take cognizance at all of such trivial matters, much less deal with them seriously. Do you mean to say that no student at your college, or minister in your body smokes tobacco?"

"That I could not undertake to say. Indeed, I know one brother now fond of the weed; but when he indulges, he always fastens his study door inside, and sits with the bowl of his pipe up the chimney, and his nose at as short a distance from it as possible; and when he has done he opens his window. Some ministers, I know, also smoke, but it is mainly after they are ordained, when it is not so perilous to them. It may then pass unnoticed in any public sense, or at most with a usual reprimand. But up to the stage of ordination it is dangerous in a high degree for a young man to be caught smoking. It might even be made a handle of to reject him altogether."

"Strange, passing strange, is all this, Max. Why, you must feel very miserable under such petty restraints, upon which may hang, if the mood of your rulers determine, such terrible consequences. So then all other qualifications for the ministry, and the very Divine call itself can be set aside and overruled in the case of a young man who, in moments of leisure and recreation, may take a cigar or a pipe! Preposterous! The very possibility of the thing is shocking to think of. Then what was it I heard just now from Dr. Jewell? It is against the law for a young man at college to be in love! Why, what sort of a dispensation have you fallen under, Max?"



"That is even so, in effect, Alec; the words which every young man coming here is compelled to sign on first entering is that he is not *engaged to be married*, and that he will not during the three years of his residence here *take any step* with a view to a matrimonial alliance. This is one of the principal articles we sign."

"And I suppose, Paul, you keep the articles about as much as some clergy in another Church observe theirs, eh?"

"We are apt to be in a sorry plight if caught breaking them. It was only last year that a young man was sent home, because it was discovered that he was writing love-letters to a young lady in the neighbourhood; and another was dismissed in disgrace because it was ascertained that whilst at home in the vacation, and attending a *pic-nic*, his feelings had overcome him in regard to a pretty modest young girl who formed one of the party. Somehow or other it came into his head or heart or something, that he couldn't be happy unless she became his wife, and before he left home again he *took some step* to that end, was split upon by some malicious brother on the spot, and was thus summarily dealt with."

"Poor fellow! poor fellow! What happened then, Paul?"

"Why, I believe that the young lady, finding him at home, that he had been discarded by the powers here, and that his way to the ministry was shut up, discarded the poor brother, too, and was ultimately won and married by a young minister then upon that circuit."

"Shocking infidelity! Shocking!"

"Why, Paul," I exclaimed, "the very devil must be in it, that simply falling in love and giving natural expression to one's feelings and intentions in an honourable way, should lead to such tragical results. It is monstrous! I denounce your system as a greater and more cruel tyranny than Popery. Popery does not allow its priests to marry at all, that is well understood from the first. But your Conference allows you to marry, but torturingly denies you the natural play of affection, prescribing to you the time and circumstances under which you shall give it course,—a form of despotism which contravenes the laws of nature, of God, and of society. Most incredible, Max! I could not have believed it, had you and Dr. Jewell not said as much. So then, I suppose, this is the matter now troubling you,—I mean the love matter, Paul—eh? Come now, as old bosom-friends, let us be confidential as in days of yore."

Much coaxing was not necessary ; my friend readily and frankly confessed all—confiding to me the secret of his feelings and intentions ; and then, having sat into the late evening, he started suddenly and half-frightened to his feet, declaring that it would be a new offence if he were not in by prayer and supper-time, which the regulations of the house fixed at a quarter to nine. We hastened back, and I believe Paul Maxwell succeeded in just entering the college hall as the second bell was ringing to call the students and inmates together. On returning to the Star and Garter, I found a note awaiting me with Dr. Jewell's compliments, and to say that he would have pleasure in joining us at dinner at five p.m. on the following day.

## THE FATAL INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

### CHAPTER I.

#### TELLING MY FORTUNE.

"WELL, Agnes, in my opinion you are quite cut out for a governess," said Aunt Dora, putting down the letter which announced my final engagement for my first situation, and speaking in a tone of determined cheerfulness.

"Merci du compliment, aunt!"

"I mean a successful, comfortable sort of governess, who will go through the world without any romantic entanglements, and without fancying herself either a victim or a heroine."

"I hope you are right, I am sure. What makes you think so?"

"In the first place you are just the right age—not too young to control your pupils, nor too old to sympathize with them."

"Twenty-one last birthday," I suggested; filling up, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, a pause in the monologue.

"Then, you have not the disadvantage of being plain or unlady-like in appearance, though you are not sufficiently handsome to make mammas and elder sisters jealous."

I rose and surveyed myself in an old-fashioned mirror over the fireplace, quoting *Olivia* in "Twelfth Night":—"Item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, two lips indifferent red; one nose, one chin, and so forth."

"Don't be saucy, Agnes. Then, though you have no fortune, you never need stay any where if you are not comfortable. So long as I live this will always be your home." Here my aunt's voice suddenly failed her, and we both had what women call "a good cry" over my cheerful prospects.

Myrtle Bank always had been my home, so long as I could remember. My mother died when I was born, and my father



never got over her loss. His health suffered, he neglected his profession, and in a few years I was left an orphan, with a very slender inheritance, which Aunt Dora scrupulously set aside for my future use, taking the greatest pleasure in providing for my childish needs herself.

Thenceforth we were seldom parted, except when I went for two years to finish my education in the same school which my mother and her sister had attended.

Of course I spent all my holidays with Aunt Dora—and I scarcely know which of us looked forward to them most eagerly.

Myrtle Bank was such a pretty, cheerful place !

It was the farthest of a cluster of villas standing a little way beyond the High-street of one of our western watering-places ; and its sloping lawn, gay with flowers, and surrounded by a low thick hedge of the shrub after which it was named, commanded a view of the sands, with their gay groups of visitors, and the blue sea line beyond.

The tiny drawing-room and parlour were as bright as cleanliness and taste could make them. Some family portraits smiled on us from the walls, old china shone on the sideboards, and my aunt's birds daily performed a merry concert.

My own little bedroom, with its spotless dimity furniture, its roses peeping in at the window, its well-stored bookcase and work-table, was the picture of comfort.

I stood looking round it on the morning of my departure, with my corded trunks seeming strangely forlorn and out of place in the middle of the room, and silently wondered what my experiences would be before I should rest there again.

It was the first great change which had happened in my life, and filled me with wondering expectation, in spite of my aunt's wise caution not to anticipate any marvels.

She was waiting for me in the parlour with a comfortable fire and breakfast, and said as she poured out my coffee,—

“This is wretched weather for August, Agnes ; really quite cold as well as wet, and not at all encouraging for your journey.”

“It does not make much difference, auntie. I should not have been very cheerful if the sun had shone ever so brightly.”

“Well, my love, I do not half like your going away, either. But as I haven't got a fortune to leave you, this seemed too good an opening to reject.”

"Oh, yes, aunt. I am sure I ought to go. But still I can't bear leaving you."

"September, October, November—in less than four months you will be back, my dear; for of course they must give you a holiday at Christmas. And then how much you will have to tell me!"

How much, indeed! Little did either of us dream how much!

"You will feel quite stifled in this little nest after the glories of Monk House, Agnes. I shall have to build another wing for you!"

"Do you really expect it is a very fine place, aunt?"

"I should think so, my dear. They are an old family, and Miss Archer spoke of them as occupying a good position."

Breakfast was a mere form, and after lingering farewells, promises of most regular correspondence, and fond anticipations of the Christmas reunion, I soon found myself rapidly borne by the train unto my new home and my new life.

It was truly a wretched day. A day of steady, soaking, pitiless rain, which wrapped all the country in an inky mantle, chilled the body and depressed the mind.

Nothing could be seen from the streaming windows of the carriage; and as soon as the lamps were lighted I opened my bag, in order to prepare myself for arriving at my approaching destination by once more reading my old governesses' letters.

They knew that I wished to do something for myself, and their first letter was written in a little flutter of good-natured exultation at having heard of a situation just calculated to suit me.

An old pupil of their mother's, who since her marriage had principally resided abroad, had at last returned to her husband's English seat with two young daughters. They had been educated in a foreign *pension*, and now required some well-connected and trained girl to join in their English reading and superintend their musical studies. "Good music" was quite indispensable.

"And that, my dear Agnes," wrote Miss Archer, "is what you are chiefly proficient in. Directly I received the letter of inquiry from Mrs. Monkhouse I wrote to recommend you; and she is so pleased with our description that if you agree to the terms we have proposed, she will engage you without a personal interview—which indeed her delicate health renders difficult, if not impossible."

Subsequent letters exchanged references, settled salary, &c.; and in the last of these my old governess said, "I am very glad you are going to Mrs. Monkhouse. If she is at all like what she was

as a girl (and her letters convey the same amiable impression) she will make you very happy. She was then the gentlest, sweetest-tempered, and kindest-hearted being imaginable."

I devoutly hoped her children might resemble her; for now the time approached, I felt some dread of the responsibilities I was assuming.

So great a dread, indeed, that, combined with the absolute wretchedness of the unprotected little platform on which I alighted, it almost impelled me to go home by the next train and abandon the undertaking altogether.

I was the only passenger for the sloppy and dismal station of Wenbury, and a porter approached to remove my boxes, asking,—

"Are you for Monk House, ma'am?"

"Yes," I said, rather dolefully.

"Their man's been waiting for you some time with the carriage, then," he replied, leading the way into the station yard.

"The carriage" had sounded rather more comfortable, but its appearance did not raise my spirits. It was an old-fashioned heavy park-phaeton, without a hood, and every inch of it looked saturated with wet.

The driver, an elderly man of whom I could see little between a turned-up coat-collar and a turned-down wide-awake, helped to dispose of my luggage at the back, handed me a huge gig umbrella with a hole in it, and reversed the cushion, saying speculatively, "I don't *think* the rain's got *quite* through, Miss—if you'll make haste and sit down,"—and off we started.

We drove, I suppose, two miles, down lanes which then principally suggested water-courses; and at last, passing through some rusty park-gates, discoloured and broken, entered a broad avenue.

"I suppose this is Monk House?" I hazarded.

"This is the avenue to it, miss. Three quarters of a mile long."

"A very fine one, I should think."

"Well, it would be, miss, if it was looked after properly. You see the family they lived nearly all their life in foreign parts, and the place ran wild, like. And when they come back they just sat themselves down in it as it was, and did nothing to it."

The appearance of the house, when we approached it, fully bore out the man's account. The shrubberies were untrimmed and wild, and long boughs brushed our faces as we drove by. The gravel walks were mossy and grass-grown. The heavy doors



opened with a dismal creak and a cold gust of wind into a fireless hall.

A woman-servant was crossing it as we entered, to whom my driver called, "Sarah, tell the missis the young lady's come,"—while an ancient henchman, in faded livery, who had opened the door, looked on in sombre silence, as though a new arrival were so unprecedented an event that he did not know how to deal with it.

Sarah soon descended, requesting me to "step that way," and adding to the men, "Carter, just help James up with that luggage—the blue room, in the right gallery."

I followed her to a spacious kind of morning room, hung with faded silk, cushioned with frayed and dingy damask; whose once rich carpets had a forlorn appearance, on the very verge of being threadbare. The last rays of daylight struggled feebly through large French windows opening on to a rain-splashed stone terrace, and draggled over-grown rose bushes and clematis sprays hung loose from the walls, and swept the wet panes with a melancholy sound.

Two women occupied this room, one lying back motionless in an armchair, an unopened book in her hand; the other, sitting erect at an embroidery frame, placed so as to catch the rapidly decreasing light, worked swiftly and steadily.

Both looked up as I entered; and the thought immediately flashed into my mind that a great sorrow had blighted each of their lives, crushing the one into hopeless, helpless melancholy, and hardening the other to stone.

"Miss Norman, I suppose?" said the worker, without pausing in her task. "This is Mrs. Monkhouse," indicating by a glance the lady in the distant chair, "and I am Miss Monkhouse. We expected you earlier. I suppose the bad weather delayed the train. You have dined, I presume?"

I answered the abrupt question in the affirmative, suddenly feeling that the sandwiches Aunt Dora packed up had been quite sufficient, and that any repast taken in that stony presence would have choked me.

Miss Monkhouse did not ask me to sit down; and I stood by the table silent, mortified, and wretched, till her sister-in-law at last addressed me.

She spoke in the most pathetic voice I ever heard in my life. One which had been sweet and tuneful, but whose subdued cadence now conveyed nothing but sorrow and endurance.

"You have had a long and dreary journey, Miss Norman, and must be quite worn out. I should think you will be glad to go to your room, and rest an hour or two."

"Miss Norman should be first introduced to her pupils," said the stern embroideress; then turning to me, "Be kind enough to ring that bell. Sarah, tell the young ladies to come here."

A ray of sunlight entered the room with Geraldine Monkhouse. Eighteen years old—tall, graceful, with the free step and stately head of a young Diana, her pleasant hazel eyes shaded by thick chestnut curls with a sunny glow upon them, her cheek blooming like a rose, she came forward, smiling and gracious,—a shy dark-haired girl, several years younger, clinging to her hand.

"These are my daughters," said Mrs. Monkhouse gently. But not even a mother's pride and fondness could brighten her pale face and mournful voice.

"I am so glad you have come, Miss Norman," said Geraldine cordially; "you can't think how I have looked forward to having you for a companion. And then you will relieve me of the responsibility of teaching Clara, who is the most troublesome of children"—and she emphasized her censure with a kiss.

"Miss Norman looks cold and tired out," she resumed. "Are you not going to order dinner for her, mamma?"

"Miss Norman has already dined," interrupted her aunt. "But no doubt she will be glad to change her dress. Ring for Sarah to take her to her room."

"No thank you, aunt; I will do that myself. Now Clara, run away to nurse, while we go on our voyage of discovery. I hope these long passages and dismal old rooms will not frighten you," she added, as we ascended a second flight of stairs and turned to the right. "This is such a dreary old house. It is said to have been a monastery once, and the two wings formed part of the original building. The centre is more modern."

I said I thought old houses very interesting.

"Yes," answered Geraldine, doubtfully, "but not very comfortable. Now here," opening the door of the "Blue room," and looking in with an expression of extreme dissatisfaction, "here is a miserable place!"

It certainly did not look very attractive. The hangings, from which it took its name, were faded beyond any recognition of their original hue, and waved disconsolately in the chill air; the high,

straight-backed, old-fashioned chairs stood round the walls in uninviting stiffness ; the curtainless windows revealed the dull leaden sky.

"What a room to put you in ! But I suppose we have no better," cried Geraldine, with an impatient sigh.

Then crossing to the fire-place she rang vigorously.

"Light a fire and bring candles at once," she said, when Sarah entered.

"I had no orders, miss," the girl began.

"Take your orders from *me*," was the answer, in such a determined tone that Sarah vanished instantly. "Come here before I draw the blinds down, Miss Norman," added Geraldine, "and you will understand better where you are."

I joined her at the window, and perceived that my room was at the extreme end of the right wing ; and that both it and the left wing, which faced me, ran back into the gardens, and were invisible from the park and lawn in front of the centre façade.

"Underneath is our schoolroom, Miss Norman. Our own rooms are in the centre of the building. The wing opposite is given up to Mr. Tyrell and the ghosts."

"The house is haunted, then?"

"Of course it is. Don't be alarmed if you see spectral monks flitting through the galleries with glimmering tapers at dead of night, and hear dismal sounds accompanying their penances. But now let us shut out this dull prospect and warm ourselves. Put the candles on the toilet-table, Sarah, and bring some tea and an egg and ham, or something."

I was about to protest, but my young hostess stopped me with a smile.

"I am quite sure you must be famished," she said, "after such a journey on such a day. And there will be plenty of time for you to have a rest before you join us in the drawing-room. I will fetch you when you are ready to go down."

*(To be continued.)*



## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## THE PHARISEE'S KINDNESS.

NOT many weeks after poor Lucy was laid in the village burial ground, Susan Brent and her husband carried into effect that long-cherished determination of forsaking the old home for some distant place, where at least their surroundings need not daily and hourly recall the memory of those dark years.

Susan wished to take Hetty Flint with them, but having given the subject due consideration, the girl decided that it would be a wilful thwarting of her destiny to go. That wonderful future, which looked so real, must be near at hand now she thought, though careful that no inkling of her wild dreams should reach either her mother or Susan, and she laughed to herself to think what a hopeless lunatic they would regard her could they know the motives by which she was actuated.

After the Brents' departure Hetty returned to her home in the village, near Miss Conway's house, and found matters going so ill that it was necessary to put by her visions and do every thing in her power to assist. Valery was delighted to have her within reach, and for a little Miss Dorothy contemplated the possibility of promoting Nurse Benson to the rank of housekeeper, and giving Hetty a position about her charge. But the plan came to nothing, for somehow Miss Dorothy and Hetty could not cordially sympathize. In certain marked characteristics they were not dissimilar, and those very points of resemblance, resolution and wilfulness especially, seemed to each unbearable faults in the other. Hetty called Miss Dorothy haughty and overbearing, and Miss Dorothy

considered Hetty headstrong and rather impertinent. Still for a few weeks the girl was at the house as sempstress—she was wonderfully expert with her needle—and during that season she and Valery held long talks, and Hetty encouraged the child in her visionary propensities in a way of which Miss Dorothy would have strongly disapproved had she been aware.

Then old Mr. Flint suddenly fell ill, and to the terror of the whole neighbourhood it was found that he had caught the small-pox in a recent journey to Albany. Fear turned the entire village, as I have twice in my life known to happen, into a flock of mere brutes, capable only of remembering their own danger.

Poor Mrs. Flint sat by her husband's bedside just as the cloudy autumn afternoon was fading into a chill twilight. It was cold enough, so that fires were necessary; the leaves had begun to fall in showers from the trees, and the wind swept down the mountain gorges wintry and damp.

The sound of voices out by the gate roused her from her dismal watch by the sick man, who lay moaning and raving in the delirium of fever. She heard her own name pronounced several times, rose, threw a shawl about her shoulders, and opened the door. Outside the gate stood half a dozen of the neighbours—men prominent in the petty positions attainable in a place like that. She moved wonderingly down the walk; as she approached the fence they retreated with one accord into the road, and the oldest of the group, a grim pharisaical deacon, noted for his long prayers and his hard dealings alike with his family and strangers, exclaimed tremulously,—

“That'll do, Miss Flint—you needn't come any nearer; we can hear each other talk, you know.”

“What do you want?” asked she, her keen grey eyes wandering sternly over the familiar faces. “I have a sick husband alone in the house; don't keep me waiting.”

“Yes, exac'ly—exac'ly; that's what we came about,” returned the deacon, rather confusedly, looking at his companions for support, but they all stepped a little farther back into the road and remained silent. “Yes—we—exac'ly,”—stammered the deacon, not finding it easy to tell their errand, fond as he was of constituting himself spokesman on every possible occasion.

“Well?” asked Mrs. Flint, impatiently; “Do you mean you have come to see if you can help your old neighbour in her trouble? I've watched here alone two days and nights, and not a soul has

been near me; did you think it was time to find out if we were alive or dead?"

"Yes—we know—you see the doctor says it's small-pox," faltered the deacon, striving in vain to be calm and dignified.

"You needn't have come to tell me that," retorted she. "The doctor told me, and he said I must do the best I could. He puts medicines down at the gate every day, and I have to guess at giving them, for he says you're such a set of miserable cowards that you have threatened to drive him out of the village if he comes to do his duty by a sick man."

"Now you mustn't take it that way, Miss Flint," urged the deacon. "It ain't right to call names, you know—now is it, gentlemen? I leave it to you, one and all."

There was a feeble chorus of affirmation from the group, but it ceased quickly under Mrs. Flint's rejoinder.

"It's right to tell the truth," said she, "and I have done it. Now what do you want? It's plain you haven't come with any good thought in your minds. I want to know what has brought you."

The deacon turned towards his companions, and a hurried discussion ensued among them. The Pharisee was anxious to retreat from the prominent position he had accepted; but it was too late—the entire company insisted upon his telling the story.

"You called the meeting—you were chairman," said one; "it's for you to speak;" and the others reiterated the words, while the deacon shuffled his feet and grew more and more uneasy, as Mrs. Flint stood looking full in his eyes, with a glance by no means pleasant to encounter.

She was a small, plain-featured woman, grown prematurely old and grey; but as she stood there, one hand resting on the gate, her head raised in stern defiance, there was an absolute grandeur in her face and demeanour which awed the whole party.

"Will nobody speak?" she exclaimed. "Deacon, I hear them say it's your place; you have words enough usually; it must be a bad errand indeed that has brought you all here when your tongue fails you! What's this about a meeting where you were chairman? Did you have to call a meeting to find out whether it would be right to help old neighbours in sickness and distress? You needn't have taken so much trouble, Deacon, if you had remembered your Bible a little better!"



"Yes, exac'ly; we did have a meetin'," replied the deacon, spurred on to new courage by the whispers of his friends and the angry emotions which Mrs. Flint's upbraiding roused. "And we came to a—to a anonymouse decision what ought to be done." Here he looked down again, glanced back at the group for support, found none, and so repeated in his most pompous voice—"A anony-mouse decision!"

"I am glad," retorted the little woman, whose tongue on occasion could be sharp as a needle, and who was not slow to take advantage of the deacon's unfortunate habit of twisting certain long words he had a weakness for using. "It's the first time, girl or woman, that I ever knew this neighbourhood to discuss any matter without a quarrel, and if the decision was unanimous, I don't wonder you made it anonymous too, for it must be something to be ashamed of if you were all of one mind."

"Oh now, see here, Miss Flint!" cried the deacon; "you ain't greetin' us in a Christian sperit; you ain't indeed."

"Maybe not," said she; "I always recollect what my Bible says about throwing away pearls."

The position was becoming any thing but agreeable; the deacon's supporters, eager to end the scene and get beyond the reach of the keen-eyed woman's irony, again urged him to speak out and be done.

"The sooner the better," said Mrs. Flint; "I want to go back to my husband—he may wake any minute and need me."

"Jest so, jest so!" assented the deacon. "And we've made arrangements that you should be with him; of course it's right you should, and there's bread and meat, and every thing made as comfortable as it can be—we 'tended to that afore we come to you, Miss Flint; for I said from the first, 'Brethren, let us do it all in a prayerful sperit.'"

Mrs. Flint took a step forward; the whole group retreated; and the deacon pressed a handkerchief wet with vinegar to his nose and mouth, calling through it in smothered accents,—

"We can hear; stay where you be, Miss Flint—we can hear appropriately."

She leaned both hands on the gate, and flashed her angry eyes full upon them.

"Tell it all out and be quick about it," she said, in a low, stern voice; "quick, or you'll have no chance to say it to me."

At that instant a heavy farm waggon turned up towards the house from the village road, halted near, and the driver sat watching the scene, apparently at a loss how to act. Mrs. Flint darted one rapid glance; she saw that a straw-pallet and some blankets lay in the waggon bottom—she fully understood their errand now.

“Do you mean to speak, Deacon?” she asked, in the same ominous tone.

“Wal, there ’tis now; there’s the waggon; we expected we’d a got it all fixed afore Foster came; but you kind o’ hender matters by not meetin’ us in a Christian sperit, Miss Flint.”

“Do you know what I’m thinking, Deacon Jackson? The meeting you and I shall have before the Judgment-seat and the God you outrage with your prayers,” cried the woman, so terrible in voice and aspect that not a man but uttered a little gasp of awe. “Once more, what do you want—what is that waggon for?”

“Why, it’ll take you both as comfortable as can be,” stammered the deacon; “there’s the bed and all; my wife put in the blankets herself, and you needn’t never send ’em back. I says to her, says I, Elizy, let Miss Flint keep the hull lot.”

“Who is it to take?” demanded she, the momentary excitement subsiding into her former unnatural composure.

“Why, both on you, o’ course; both—it’s according to Scripture—the wife shall cleave to the husband! And it’s all been made as comfortable as it could be fixed. Mr. Osborn here sent a kitchen-stove down himself, and plenty of wood; it’s all ready for you to set up housekeeping without a speck of trouble! I do assure you, Miss Flint, we’ve done the hull in a Christian sperit; try and meet us half way! Ef you felt it would help you any, I’m ready to pray a little with you afore you start.”

“Before I start where?” she asked, cold and motionless, her eyes never releasing him from their searching gaze.

“You ought to git off right away,” pursued the deacon; “it ain’t good for a sick man to be out in the evening air. It’s down by the cross-roads, you know—it’s a barn Mr. Fellowes has just built. I don’ know as it’ll be safe even to use it for hay after; but he don’t mind that! We’re all willing to lose blankets, or any thing, if it’ll make you comfortable; we ain’t going to set nothing of that sort in the way of our duty.”

Mrs. Flint moved slowly round, as a figure cut out of stone might have moved, so that she confronted the rest of the party, who

had retreated to one side and left the deacon standing unsupported while he spoke.

"I want to hear you all say it," she said, "every one of you! Each man has got to speak for himself! James Fellowes, when my husband and you were young men, he lent you money to set up in business; and just after I was married I took care of you three weeks, night and day, when you had typhus fever—have you come here to help murder Caleb Flint?"

"Why, now, don't put it that way—mercy's sake!" groaned the deacon.

"Be silent," she ordered, without glancing at him; "you have told your story. I want to know if it is true, James Fellowes; will you speak?"

The man hung his head, and looked the picture of wretchedness; but the whispered expostulations of his companions forced him to attempt an answer.

"You see the whole village's set on it," he faltered. "They say it ain't safe for Caleb to be lying here right among our wives and children,—"

"As it were," put in the deacon.

"It don't seem right, Mrs. Flint," added another, "to expose a whole neighbourhood to such danger—you oughtn't to want it yourself."

"That's Morrison's voice," said she; "no wonder he tries to slink out of my sight! That's the man who has sold my husband liquor, and encouraged him to drink—now there's nothing else to get, he wants his life."

There rose a broken chorus of remonstrance and excuse, but she silenced them with a wave of her hand.

"Two more have answered," said she. "Mr. Osborn, do you want to help in the murder?"

"I—I'm sorry you take it so hard, Mrs. Flint," returned the unfortunate little merchant, who was the laughing-stock of the whole neighbourhood on account of the abject slavery in which he was held by his strong-minded spouse. "You see, it wouldn't be of any use for one man to set himself in opposition to a general meeting, and we must think of our lives, as Mrs. Osborn says,—"

"That will do," she interrupted. "If Mary Osborn wants a murder committed, of course you've got to help—I might as well blame a blind baby as you! But there are more here—three—four



—men with wills of their own—men I have played with when we were all children—men whose wives and babies I've helped in sickness and sorrow! Speak out, every one of you—I'll hear each voice before I believe."

An instant's hesitation; hurried reproaches from the deacon and the two who had already given their verdict, then the remainder cried in concert,—

"He'll have to go—it isn't safe."

"There, there!" exclaimed the deacon impatiently. "You hear 'em, Miss Flint—we're all agreed—you hear."

"Yes, and God hears too!" she answered, turned and walked back into the house without another word.

The group stood staring at each other in discomfited surprise, and the man in the waggon—a labourer of the deacon's, who, having had the small-pox, felt no hesitation about driving the sufferer to the shelter prepared for him—called out to know if they were going to keep him there all night.

"Now don't be precipitate, Foster, don't!" whined the deacon.

"Oh, blast the long-winded words," muttered the man. "It's my opinion that there female's more'n a match for the hull township."

The committee presented a deaf ear to the impertinence, and an animated discussion arose as to what was to be done if Mrs. Flint refused to come out with her husband.

"Wal," the deacon said at last, "if she won't hear reason she'll have to be made to! Somebody must go and tell her we really shall be obliged to unroof the house or sumpting—I expect there'd be Scriptur' warrant for it—jest remember the children of Israel and the leprosy."

Who was to approach the cottage to give the information, became the next question; but the man in the waggon settled that by jumping to the ground and saying,—

"Stand by the horses, somebody! This is a pooty job you've set afoot! I'm a stranger in these parts, but I'm gaul darned if I don't think a congregation of catamounts would have more decency than the hull meetin' house lot of ye."

There was no reply to his insolent frankness, and he hurried up the path, calling,—

"I say, Miss Flint, it's no use—you'd better be in the Samaritan desert with pizon snakes and wild alligators, than among these here

Christians ! They say if you don't go, they'll have the roof of the house, and I suppose they'd burn you up arter."

"Come in and help, if you are human," returned the woman's voice. "I've told my husband—he says he will go."

It was not many moments before the group of men in the road, anxiously waiting for Foster's return to report what Mrs. Flint said, saw him and the wife appear in the doorway, supporting between them a tall gaunt form, swathed in blankets, who tottered and groaned at each step, but did his best to bear with fortitude his two-fold agony of body and mind.

The deacon was holding the horses by the bridles ; at the sight he dropped them and darted over the nearest fence, followed in eager haste by all his companions. They halted on a hillock some distance back in the field, and stood shivering and trembling, with handkerchiefs pressed to their faces.

The dusk of evening had set in ; a few stars shot out in the cloudy sky ; the wind swept down from the hills, keen and cold, but it wrung no word of complaint from the sick man. Mrs. Flint and Foster lifted him as well as they could—got him on the straw matrass in the waggon—but before they could lay him down, he said,—

"Wait ! Where are they ? I can't see very well."

"Standing over on the hill," his wife replied.

Flint lifted his grand old head, about which the long white hair streamed in heavy masses, the face, disfigured by disease and ill-courses, handsome still, and called—

"Good-bye, neighbours ; I never shall trouble you any more—speak a kind word of the old man sometimes."

They laid him down upon the straw, made him as comfortable as they could, and he said faintly,—

"It's better than I deserve, Jane ; don't fret."

Mrs. Flint stood up in the waggon and looked back at the group on the hill—stretched out her hand and pointed at them, then upward to the sky.

"You called me to meet you this time," said she, in a voice that rang cold and distinct through the stillness ; "when the last trumpet sounds, I'll call you, one and all, to meet me at the bar of God and answer for this day's work."

She seated herself in the bottom of the waggon, lifted her husband's head upon her lap, and the cumbrous vehicle jolted slowly

down the road towards the half-open shed, away out on the edge of a morass, miles distant from any human habitation—the shelter offered by a whole village to a dying man! And that in the midst of this boasted nineteenth century—in the heart of a country which vaunts its claims to civilization and Christianity. May God have mercy on our impious sins!

The news of the barbarous treatment to which her father had been subjected by the town magnates, was not slow in reaching Hetty Flint. The morning after the occurrence, as she sat busy with her needle in a little room off Valery's bedchamber, one of Miss Dorothy's servants came back from some errand to the village and told Hetty the whole story.

Between grief and wrath, the girl was nearly frantic for a while, but her native self-control asserted its supremacy by the time Miss Dorothy learned what had happened, and hastened with her usual kindness to offer not only sympathy, but the promise that every thing which money could purchase should be freely given to alleviate as much as possible the consequences of the inhuman transaction.

"You're very good—you always are," returned Hetty, dry-eyed and pale, mechanically sitting down in her chair again and picking up the work she had thrown on the floor; "I dare say nothing can be done—he'll die of course! O Miss Dorothy, and they call this a Christian land—if there is any justice any where—"

She broke off suddenly and turned her face towards the window.

"My poor Hetty," answered Miss Dorothy softly, "don't think of that, if you can help it."

"I'm a fool to waste my time," said Hetty, rising from her seat and beginning to fold up her sewing. "Miss Dorothy, I must go and see father."

"I think you had better not, Hetty—you can do no good, your mother is an excellent nurse. I have sent over to Rusham for another doctor who isn't afraid of his neighbours. I am sure your mother would not be willing you should run any risk, since you couldn't be of the least assistance."

"I must go and see my father—I will!" returned Hetty in a slow, repressed voice, which proved much more certainly than any outburst of passionate language could have done how thoroughly determined she was. "No matter what he has been, he is my father



and I love him! Why, Miss Dorothy, if he should die without my seeing him, I believe it would drive me crazy."

"I think you ought to be very careful, Hetty; if any body knows you have gone, I'm afraid you wouldn't be allowed to come back into the village."

"I'll go in the evening," said Hetty, "but I wouldn't keep away if I knew they would burn me alive when I got back."

Miss Dorothy could not oppose her resolution, for she knew that she should have felt the same in a similar case.

"Where are your little brother and sister?" she asked.

"They've been staying for a few weeks with my Aunt Sarah over at Rusham," replied Hetty. "After I've seen father I'll go home and get ready for them."

"Let them stay where they are," Miss Dorothy said. "And, Hetty, I suppose it would not be right to let you go back and forth from here to the ——"

"Cow-shed," broke in Hetty. "That's where these Christians have sent him! No, Miss Dorothy, I wouldn't have Valery or the servants run any risk—you're right enough there. And I don't want to bring the small-pox into the village, though it would be no more than they deserve! I'll not go into the house if mother can manage to let me see him without—but see him I must!"

She put on her bonnet and shawl and went to find Valery and bid her good-bye. The child was much distressed at losing her, but Hetty promised to come back as soon as she could.

"John and Amy will be coming home, and they've got to be taken care of while mother is gone," she said.

And Valery, always reasonable, had no further opposition to offer.

But Miss Dorothy was not willing that Hetty and the little ones should stay in the cottage until it had been well fumigated and aired, so it was arranged that they should take possession of a small house she owned in the outskirts of the village and every thing needed for their comfort was sent over at once. Hetty wrote to her aunt, asking her to let the children remain for a couple of weeks longer, and set off to put in order the new home Miss Conway had placed at her disposal. Going down the village street she came face to face with Deacon Jackson, and as there were four or five persons standing about, the deacon felt it his duty to improve the occasion by a few words for the girl's benefit.

"Good mornin', daughter," said he.

Hetty stopped short in front of him, making no answer in words, but the flash of her grey eyes reminded him so forcibly of the way her mother had looked at him on the previous night that the deacon felt somewhat confused and would have retreated, only as there were several witnesses, it would never do to be worsted by this saucy girl.

"Which road was you going, Hetty?" he asked, with something at once patronizing and magisterial in his tone.

"Straight ahead, like John Bunyan when the devil met him," retorted Hetty.

"Tut, tut!" said the deacon, sorely discomfited by the sounds of repressed laughter from the people that stood about. "That's more like profane language, *Mehitable*, than I like to hear."

"It's not so much like it as your swearing was the day you couldn't get the red cow out of the garden," replied Hetty composedly; "besides it's as true in my case as it was in John Bunyan's, and you're always advising the Sunday-school children to tell the truth."

"*Mehitable* Flint," returned the deacon, adopting the nasal twang which he seemed to consider the tone proper for religious advice, "take care; the human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

"You have proved that yours is, at all events," said Hetty. "But look here, I don't wish to talk to you."

"I want to know where you are a going, *Mehitable*," answered the deacon, growing firmer and more pompous as he fancied that his majesty had somewhat subdued her. "We couldn't allow you to go and see your father, it wouldn't be right."

"Deacon Jackson," interrupted Hetty, "if I wished to go, three such villages as this couldn't keep me from it; but I'm going to get a house ready for the children against they come home."

"Yes—exac'ly—quite right—heerd Miss Conway had managed it for ye—always judicial, Miss Conway."

"I don't know about that," replied Hetty, "but she's human, at all events."

"Now, *Mehitable*, you mustn't take it in a wrong spirit," whined the deacon, setting off full swing in his prayer-meeting voice and beginning to saw the air with his right hand. "We had a Christian duty to do and we done it—there was our wives and little ones and

a pestilence among the tents of the Children of Israel, as it were—we done our duty manfully—and you must wrestle in prayer, Mehitable, against the evil spirit that's a tryin' to blind your eyes and fire up an unregenerate wrath in your heart."

"The evil spirit hasn't made me a murderer, as it has you and the others who drove my father out to die like a wild beast," said Hetty. "You'd better pray less and think of your sins more! The Bible you're so fond of quoting, talks about vengeance belonging to Him, and says that He will avenge the cause of the widow and the fatherless! I'd think of it a little, Deacon, if I were you, before I let any more men's deaths lie at my door! You're quite right to compare yourself and your neighbours to the Children of Israel, you're very like them indeed; and when God grew weary of their sins, He left them to work out their own ruin, just as He has you, and it has led you from hypocrisy up to murder—the same road they travelled, Deacon, and it will find the same end."

She walked quickly on and left the deacon to repair his shattered dignity in the eyes of his companions as well as he could. Hetty was very busy in her new house all day; two or three of the neighbouring women came in to see her, but she was in no mood to meet the familiar faces which had now become positively loathsome, so she shut herself in an upper room until they were gone and then locked the doors so that she might run no risk of further intrusion.

The evening came on, clear and cold, with a full moon to light her tedious walk through the fields. Hetty heeded neither the loneliness, nor the difficulties of the way, across ploughed fields, over fences, through a dismal wood where the wind sighed and moaned like a troop of wretched phantoms; taking that route because there was less danger of meeting any person who might try to stop her.

She came out on the edge of the morass at last. Before her stood the half-finished barn, backed by a barren hill. At one side a group of pine-trees added to the desolation of the scene, upon which the silver moonlight shone broad and chill, giving a ghostly aspect to the whole spot more dismal than the commonplace dreariness of its appearance at noonday would have been.

At one end of the building was a space boarded up and converted into a rude apartment; from the window that had been hastily set in, shone a light; Hetty knew that it was there her mother held her solitary watch.



She went on round the barn and found the door, knocked softly on it, and called—

“Mother, mother!”

Mrs. Flint knew her voice instantly—hurried to the door and answered without opening it.

“You mustn’t come in, Hetty—you couldn’t do any good—remember there’s the children, if any thing happened to me.”

“I know,” said Hetty. “But I will see father—it’s of no use to talk—I must see him!”

“He’s asleep, partly; he wouldn’t know you.”

“Will he die, mother?” Hetty whispered.

“Yes—it’s of no use to deceive you! The doctor Miss Conway sent has been here; he says probably he never could have got well, but now, after that ride, it’s only a matter of a few days.”

Hetty sat on the threshold and cried quietly for a while; he might be a lost, ruined man in others’ eyes; a man who had dragged himself and his family down to wretchedness, but at least he had always been good-natured and pleasant to them, and Hetty loved him.

“Mother,” she called presently.

“What is it? Don’t sit there any longer; you’ll catch cold. Don’t let me have to lose you, Hetty; I’ve no hope in the world but you.”

“I shan’t get cold! Mother, is the bed so that I can see him through the window?”

“Yes, I’ll put the curtain up, and hold the light—if you’ll go right away afterward.”

“I will; I only want to look at him once more.”

She heard her mother cross the room, and ran back under the window; the sheet that had been pinned across to serve as a curtain was drawn aside. She gazed into the bare wretched room, and saw her father distinctly as he lay in bed, his eyes closed, but his hands moving restlessly, and his lips muttering delirious fancies. It was a terrible sight, though Hetty was still glad she had come.

“I’m going now,” she said. “Mother, if he should get rational, tell him I was here.”

“I will,” Mrs. Flint answered, stepping near the window. “Take care of the children, Hetty.”

“Yes; I’ve written to Aunt Sarah to keep them till there’s no danger. I’m in that little house of Miss Dorothy’s.”

"I know; the doctor told me; anyhow, Morrison has foreclosed the mortgage on our house—he'll sell us up to the last chair."

"Never mind, mother."

"I don't, Hetty; I don't seem to mind any thing—I've borne and borne, till I'm callous like; it's only the children."

"I'll take care of them, mother, and you too—I will; there's a whole life before me yet, and I'll make it worth having—you see."

They said good-bye, and Hetty started homeward, leaving Mrs. Flint somewhat comforted by her visit, and even feeling a sort of rest in Hetty's assurances for the future, wild and vague as they sounded.

It was all over in a few more days; Caleb Flint's life had come to an end. It was a consolation later to Hetty to know that he did struggle back out of delirium before his death, and that he was made happy by the news of her visit.

"You both forgive me," he said; "may be God will—ask Him for me, Jane. I'd like to see you and Hetty again."

He was dead, and it was necessary that he should be buried, though Deacon Jackson did moot the project of burning up the barn in order to get rid of the body. It was decided that Foster and the lame sexton should bury him at night in a graveyard between the barn and the village, an old burial-place no longer used. They told Hetty; she offered no opposition; wasted no reproaches. She only wished the neighbours to keep away from her, and told them so in few words. It was the evening of the day her father died; Hetty went down to the principal shop to buy a dress for her mother before her return and make some other purchases out of her small fund of savings.

A knot of men were collected there, according to the habit of the idlers of a country village, too much occupied with their gossip to notice Hetty's entrance.

As she was moving towards the counter, a man whom she recognized as a cabinet-maker lately established in the place, called to the shopman, seated behind his desk, busy with some accounts—

"I say, Boardman, if I make a coffin for old Flint, who's to see me paid, I want to know?"

The girl stepped quickly forward, and startled the whole group by the sudden sound of her voice.

"I will," said she; "my name is Hetty Flint, and you can ask any one of these men if I ever failed to keep my word."

She walked out of the shop, leaving the party somewhat ashamed, and from that moment—as was natural now that it could do no good—a reaction of public opinion set in, and there were plenty of people to declare that Deacon Jackson was no better than a murderer, and that they had never wanted the sick man removed.

Hetty vouchsafed no attention whatever; she made arrangements with Miss Conway to advance her the money needed for the expenses of the burial, having it distinctly understood that she was to give its value in needlework. She was commencing life by paying for her father's coffin; it was not likely to soften the determination and asperities of her character.

Of course before long Mrs. Flint was allowed to return; the children came back; mother and daughter lived in the house Miss Conway rented them—they had nothing left but such of their furniture as they were able to save from the clutch of hard-hearted creditors.

Mrs. Flint and Hetty worked at whatever fell in their way, never complaining, never faltering. Night after night, when her tedious tasks were over and her mother and the children asleep, Hetty sat poring over old play-books and dreaming the wild dreams which she did not for an instant relinquish; and if they might never prove more real than at present, they at least aided her to bear patiently that cheerless life.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HETTY'S FUTURE BEGINS.

THE realization of Hetty Flint's dreams seemed as far off as ever, but she clung to them all the closer the more distant and improbable they appeared, and though she did the work of at least three ordinary girls, was never too busy to find encouragement in the thought of that wonderful destiny which was coming to meet her. She and her mother supported themselves comfortably, and took good care of the children, keeping aloof as much as possible from the neighbours who had so cruelly deserted them in their hour of need, though they were both too sensible to render the daily burthen of their lives harder by cherishing resentment or unkindly feelings.



Hetty was indifferent to them all; they had no part whatever in her grand future, and the present seemed merely a transition state, without great importance in her eyes, though unconsciously she was learning lessons of self-denial and sacrifice which would be of infinite value whatever changes the years might bring.

She was as reticent as of old, and the only perception her mother ever gained of the visionary world in which her thoughts dwelt, was from some chance exclamation that at times made the hard-headed little woman marvel if Hetty were exactly right in her brain. Occasionally when Mrs. Flint, worn out physically by her labour, yielded to a passing fit of despondency and fell foul of Fate for having treated her so harshly, or Hetty herself felt unnerved by a week of extra care and annoyance, she would astonish the matron by saying—

“Another day gone—courage, duchess!”

She never gave any better answer than a careless laugh when Mrs. Flint demanded an explanation; but the good soul's ideas in regard to duchesses were exceedingly indistinct, and as the girl showed no other signs of mental aberration, she only came to the conclusion the neighbours had agreed upon, that “Hetty was very queer,” seeming to find a satisfaction in the vague accusation which apparently means so much to country people.

Hetty, however occupied she might be, usually stole a little time out of her sleeping-hours for her books, and having free access to Miss Dorothy's library, was able to gratify her taste to any extent.

She was at the Hermitage a great deal during the winter, and when Valery's lessons for the morning were over, it was her great delight to get into the room where Hetty sewed, and either read aloud or hold long confidential chats. Miss Dorothy, had she known how fanciful these conversations were, would have strongly disapproved, or more probably, not being an imaginative woman, considered the pair no better than two idiots.

The winter passed, and towards spring the Earle family came north, after a residence of many years abroad and in New Orleans, and took possession of a mansion that had fallen into their hands along with certain other property. There were two young women and a mother to represent the feminine elements of the household, so of course there was always enough to be done in the way of

needlework. Miss Dorothy recommended Mrs. Flint and Hetty, and after this the girl was a good deal at the house.

The change of which Hetty had so long dreamed overtook her suddenly enough, and was very unlike her expectations. Robert Earle returned home, having left college before his course was complete, trying a little business later, and not possessing fortitude enough to go on with it, so he appeared to vex his father by his follies, tyrannize over his sisters, and be absurdly petted and indulged by his weak mother.

He had decided, at last, upon his future career, and he talked incessantly about it in very beautiful language. He was to be a painter—the finest, of course, the world had ever seen, and he certainly possessed gleams of genius, which, as is so often the case with young men, showed for a great deal more than they were really worth. Like all masculines of his type, he was wonderfully susceptible, and having discovered that there was something artistic about Hetty's face, and being astounded by her knowledge of poetry and novels, he proceeded to amuse his idle hours by falling into one of his violent passions.

So poor Hetty's destiny came upon her unawares, but alas, there was nothing in the pretty idyl into which her life drifted that promised to lead towards the realization of her old dreams, and they, wild and absurd as they were, would have proved safer guides than the voice of her undisciplined heart, which began to assert itself.

Robert spent several weeks under the paternal roof, then he and his mother persuaded old Mr. Earle to let him go down to New York and commence his art studies under the charge of a noted painter. During the next twelve months, he was back and forth frequently, spent the whole autumn at home, and considered himself hard at work because he dawdled about the fields and woods with an easel and colour-box, though he wasted most of the time lying flat on the ground under the shade of his white umbrella, imagining the wonderful picture wherewith he should speedily astonish his friends, or dating letters in advance from the Eternal City—permission for which pilgrimage he was always trying to wring from the stern parental heart.

Before the year reached its close, the village gossips were busy with Hetty Flint's name, though Valery herself was not more innocent and pure-minded than the dreaming girl. All the females

of the Earle family were furious, made a fierce quarrel with Hetty, and injured her in every manner that feminine malice could suggest. At last, old Mr. Earle, finding Robert intractable, determined to send him away to Europe, sufficiently acquainted with his son's character to be certain that a very brief season would serve to erase from his fickle fancy every trace of the youthful dream, though if opposed, he might from sheer obstinacy marry the girl outright.

But Robert was not a man to allow any thing to disturb his selfish ease, so he did a deal of poetry over the hard necessity of giving up his idyl, and began without delay preparations for going abroad, lest his father should change his mind.

It was the end of a lovely summer day, and Hetty, who taught a little school in the village this season, had gone up to the Hermitage and taken Valery for a walk. Upon the hill beyond the house was a beautiful maple grove, commanding a fine view of the valley and distant mountains.

This was a favourite resort of the two girls, and there they came unexpectedly upon Robert Earle, strolling idly along, his face lighted up with the pleasure of gratified hope, for he was to depart at once.

"I was going down to see you, Hetty," he began; "I've something to tell you."

Valery had several times been the companion of their meetings, and neither of them ever felt the slightest restraint in her presence. To her the whole thing was a beautiful and sacred secret which she never dreamed of betraying, though Hetty had exacted no promise from her.

"What is it?" Hetty asked eagerly. "How pleased you look! Val, let's sit down here and rest; I'm tired with that run."

Valery had her mind full of certain wild geraniums she wished to dig up and transplant to her garden, delightfully oblivious of the fact that the season was not favourable, and she had come armed with her trowel and basket for the purpose. So she left the pair to their talk, and set off in her search, which speedily resulted in her getting dress and hands in a state that would inevitably bring her into deep disgrace, if Miss Dorothy's eyes chanced to light upon her when she returned home.

"Well?" asked Hetty, seating herself on a mossy log and looking up in the young man's face, that face which if Hetty had been older and wiser, would have seemed any thing but a pleasant



one, in spite of its regular features and bright colouring. Not the face of a bad man, but more hopeless, so far as the future was concerned, from its weakness and vacillation. If the shape of the head betrayed no strong passions to overcome, it showed neither the force and strength necessary to battle with Fate and conquer it. Robert Earle would be an aimless visionary and a mere boy, if he lived to the age of Methuselah.

"O Hetty, I am going away!" he exclaimed suddenly, too full of his own thoughts to remember the pain he might cause, for he had told her over and over that he loved her with his whole heart and soul.

She turned pale, but still regarded him with a beautiful smile.

"Your father has consented to let you go to Europe," she said; "I am glad—how happy you must be."

Robert Earle could no more appreciate the effort she made in speaking quietly, the noble self-abnegation she showed, than he could decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics, or paint the doors of the kingdom of heaven. He had just gone through a scene with his whole family for her sake, and now he felt outraged and angry at the idea that she could let him go without hesitation.

"Glad!" he repeated bitterly. "Then the sooner I'm off the better; if you don't mind it, certainly there's nothing to make me regret the place."

"O Robert, but you don't mean it; you know what made me speak."

"I've had more trouble than I ever had in my life on your account," he went on grumblingly. "They've been abusing me like a pickpocket over home."

"I'm sorry," she answered, and those who knew Hetty Flint best would have been lost in wonder to see how meekly she bore these undeserved reproaches—she, whose haughty temper and impatience of the least reproof were among her chief faults. "I would rather have cut my right hand off, Robert, than brought any trouble on you! But it is better you are going! I don't think your mother or sisters have been quite kind to me either. I've heard lately how they talk."

"Let them say what they like, a set of vipers," cried Robert.

"I can't help myself; at least I've done nothing wrong," Hetty answered calmly; and any one less occupied with himself than Robert would have seen how keenly the girl suffered under these

cowardly attacks. But in truth he was eager to get away. Hetty, however undesignedly, had brought annoyance upon him, and he could not forgive it. On his way to meet her he had been afraid of a scene, and though with his usual inconsistency he was vexed at her composure, found relief in escaping it.

"How long shall you be gone, Robert?" she asked.

The question set him off on a new train of thought; he began talking eagerly about his plans, and Hetty listened, glad of any thing which kept their farewell unclouded by harsh words, though feeling with a bitterness she refused to acknowledge the utter unconcern he betrayed in the recital of his hopes.

He was going to town the next morning, but he assured Hetty he should be back for a day or two before he sailed. She knew he meant what he said, but something told her this parting was final—he would not be allowed to return! Still she was able to sit there and smile at his joyous fancies, and put by her pain, to keep from casting the slightest shadow over the brightness of his anticipations. Time enough for her grief later, the girl was conscious of thinking; Robert's last recollection of her must not be a gloomy one.

The bright hues of the sunset faded; Hetty knew that she must go home. It was the hardest struggle she had ever made in her life.

"You—you'll not forget me, Robert!" she said, smiling, though her eyes were dim and misty with the tears she would not allow to fall.

He burst into a rhodomontade that was very pretty and eloquent, though it did not mean much, but Hetty accepted the whole as pure coin. Valery came running up to say she thought they ought to go back.

"Yes," Hetty replied, absently; then true as we all are to our instincts, through her trouble and eager watching of Robert's face, her fastidious eye perceived the havoc Valery had wrought in her dress. "What an object you've made yourself," she continued; "I hope Miss Dorothy won't see you!"

"Oh, there she comes over the hill now," exclaimed Valery.

The colour shot up to Robert Earle's forehead; he held out his hand hastily to Hetty, saying,—

"I must be off; I'll see you again before I sail; it isn't good-bye."

"No, no, it isn't good-bye," repeated Hetty, growing white as death, but speaking firmly.

"Good-bye, little Valery," added Robert, and dashed off down the hill in the opposite direction from that by which Miss Dorothy's tall figure was approaching.

"Where is Robert going?" Valery asked.

"Don't, don't," gasped Hetty; "I mustn't cry now! Oh Val, Val, he's going to Europe."

Before the child could express her sympathy for the distress which, young as she was, she read in Hetty's face as Robert had not been able to do, Miss Dorothy called,—

"Hetty—Valery! it is too late for you to be out!"

"I've been digging up plants," quoth Valery, not easily abashed.

Miss Dorothy was near enough by this time to remark the state the child was in—she lifted her hands and her voice in horror and wrath. "What a spectacle! Hetty Flint, I should think at least you were old enough to have common sense! If you're no more to be trusted than this, I'll keep Valery at home."

Miss Dorothy looked excited. Hetty knew her well enough to be certain that her irritation was caused by something of greater importance than Valery's soiled frock. She sat and waited in silence; but Valery, never willing that any body should suffer for her errors, said eagerly,—

"It wasn't Hetty's fault—she didn't know what I was doing—and, oh dear me, it's an old dress, and Miss Dor, I've got such lovely leaves."

"Humph!" pronounced Miss Dorothy,—but her keen eyes were fixed full on Hetty, and the girl knew the exclamation in some way applied to Miss Conway's thoughts in regard to her and not to Valery's words.

"You're not very, very angry, are you, Miss Dor?" questioned the child, too kindly treated always to have much fear.

"I'll make up my mind and tell you later," replied Miss Dorothy, "run on down the hill before us; I want to talk to Hetty."

"But you're not to be vexed with her—it wasn't her fault—Hetty is good, good!" cried Valery. "Promise to scold me if any body."

"Oh Val, Val," returned Miss Dorothy, shaking her head and sighing, "scolding never did any good, advice never did any good. It seems to me nothing will keep people out of mischief, big or little. There, run away—of course it's not Hetty's fault if you will go grubbing in the earth like a mole."



So Valery danced onward, perfectly satisfied now that she saw Miss Dorothy was not vexed. The spinster waited till she was out of hearing, then turned upon Hetty, who had not yet found strength to rise, and said sharply,—

“That was Robert Earle left you as I came up; he ran away when he saw me—don’t deny it.”

The passionate colour flamed into Hetty’s cheeks; her eyes met Miss Dorothy’s, bright with anger.

“It was Robert Earle,” she answered. “He did not run away—he was just going before we saw you. As for denying any thing, Miss Conway, you’ve known me all my life, and I don’t think you ever knew me enough afraid of any human being to tell a lie.”

“I don’t like all this, Hetty, I don’t like it at all,” continued Miss Dorothy, regardless of her indignant rejoinder. “It seems there has been a great deal of gossip about you two. People don’t tell me such things, so I never heard it; but no girl has a right to let herself be talked about.”

“Who has told you now—what is it you have heard?” asked Hetty, looking hopelessly obstinate at once.

“Miss Earle and her sister—why they say they are sending Robert off to get him away from you! Hetty, Hetty, to think you should have walked with him and met him time and again!”

“Don’t they walk with young men?” asked Hetty, coolly. “When young ladies visit you, don’t they too?”

“You know what I mean, Hetty. I don’t want to be unkind, but oh, my girl, remember that sad house where you lived so long! Think of poor Lucy, and what comes to girls who allow men above their station to be about them.”

Hetty sprang to her feet as if she had received a blow full in her face; she was livid now with anger.

“How dare you!” she exclaimed. “Who are you to talk to me in this way? I’ll not bear it from any human being! Oh, just remember one thing—I’m not a weak fool like poor Lucy, and if I were, the case wouldn’t be the same—Robert Earle isn’t a Conway!”

She fairly hissed the last words from between her clenched teeth, and the intolerable insolence roused Miss Dorothy’s temper to a pitch she seldom allowed it to reach in these days.

“That will do,” she said. “Go straight home, Hetty; you mustn’t enter my house again until you can come and tell me you are sorry.”

"Then I never shall set foot in it," cried Hetty, "and I never want to! Oh, you're a hard, wicked woman!"

"Because I advise you for your own good?"

"Because you dare to think ill of me!" retorted Hetty.

"You have done wrong in allowing yourself to be gossiped about—very wrong, Hetty."

"As if I cared for what this miserable little village can say—what are these people to me?" she exclaimed.

"I fear you care for nothing," returned Miss Dorothy, still too much enraged by Hetty's home-thrust to show her usual forbearance and good sense. "Since my advice only meets with insults, I am forced to believe you are thoroughly hardened and bad-hearted."

"It is you who insult me," cried Hetty; "how dare you do it?"

"Where a girl is as imprudent as you have been, she lays herself open to the harshest judgment," replied Miss Conway, "if this is the spirit in which you meet kindly-meant advice—"

"I want none," broke in Hetty; "I'll not have any! You have judged me unheard—I wouldn't try to clear myself now if my life depended on it!"

"Wrong-headed, bad-hearted girl!" exclaimed Miss Dorothy.

"Oh," cried Hetty, beside herself with rage, "you're a proud woman after all you've gone through, but I could bring your pride lower than it has ever fallen yet—I could! I could tell you something that would make you wish yourself struck blind and deaf! I'll never forgive you—never! I'll never speak to you—I'd starve in the road sooner than take help or work from you. Shame on you, Dorothy Conway—shame!"

She rushed away down the hill before Miss Dorothy could stop her had she felt so inclined. The spinster walked slowly homeward, angry with Hetty, conscious however that she had not spoken so kindly as she ought, though determined that the girl before receiving pardon should recognize the justice of her displeasure. She passed through a side gate which led from the meadow into her own grounds and found Valery busy over her flower-beds.

"Where is Hetty?" asked the child.

"Gone home," returned Miss Dorothy. "It is time you were in the house, Valery."

"Oh, but Hetty wanted a book—she's half finished the first volume of that new novel Mr. Ford sent you."

"Don't talk to me about novels," replied Miss Dorothy; "I wish there wasn't such a thing in the world."

She confused cause and effect in her censures, as people often do, but Valery had her head too full of Hetty's disappointment to argue, and before she went to bed persuaded crooked-legged Nathan to leave the book at Mrs. Flint's cottage as he went down to the village. She accompanied the volume with an extravagantly-worded note, telling Hetty that though Miss Dorothy might have spoken sharply they must both remember how good and kind she was, and confessing that when she herself perceived the state of her stockings she could not much wonder at the lady's wrath. Then followed expressions of love and tenderness and stilted quotations which caused Hetty to cry and laugh, and she treasured the letter sacredly among certain little gifts and billets from Robert Earle's hand.

There was a cloud over the quiet pleasure of Valery's life during many months to come, for Hetty Flint held fast to her resolution of never again entering Miss Dorothy's house. Of course Miss Conway, long past the impulsiveness of youth, was too sensible to cherish any feeling of resentment towards the poor girl for her passionate insolence and vague menace that day in the wood. Still she was unjust in her judgment, and Hetty knew it, but too proud to make the least attempt to set herself right, she gave up the one enjoyment her dull existence held, that of visiting Valery, and went on in her tiresome routine of duties more determined and isolated than ever.

While the dismal season dragged by there was no end to the slanders which the gossips invented in regard to her, and to their shame, the women of the Earle family were as fierce and untiring in their efforts to ruin the girl's character as the most unimportant and ignorant member of the village clique. Mrs. Flint, driven almost to the verge of frenzy by the attacks on Hetty, had unwisely declared that her daughter might have married Robert Earle; and this remark reaching the ears of his mother and sisters, added new venom to their malicious determination to blacken poor Hetty in the opinion of all about them.

It was a hard winter; scarcely a day elapsed without some fresh hurt stinging the widow's heart through her love for her child. A good many people even refused to give them work. When Mrs. Flint went to the Presbyterian meeting-house, on Sunday, her old neighbours greeted her with cold words or averted looks, and though



as time went on, the horrible injustice of the suspicion in regard to Hetty was fully proven, the scandal-mongers did not relinquish their prey on that account. Of course Hetty suffered, but she was buoyed up by a hope of which her mother as yet knew nothing—the idea that her probation was drawing to a close; she should pass so far out of every thing connected with her present life that no memory would recur to her other than as she might dimly recall some half-forgotten dream.

“Patience, mother,” she said occasionally, when the widow was ready to sink under her burthens; “this isn’t the end—the play hasn’t fairly begun yet—trust the duchess!”

Mrs. Flint had ceased to regard such talk as a sign of mental aberration; but she considered it a mere jest invented to amuse her, and it always sounded so ludicrous that, mercurial and brave almost as Hetty herself, she would laugh, even if she had been in the depths of despondency a moment before.

Few of the scandals reached Miss Conway’s ears, and she had no idea of what Hetty and her mother were enduring. All the needle-work Mrs. Flint wanted the spinster gave her, and Hetty, as it was not almsgiving, had no hesitation in allowing her mother to accept, though now that her obstinacy was fully roused by the harsh treatment of those about her, she would have starved physically and mentally sooner than receive the favour of so much as a kind word from any of her censors, Miss Dorothy included.

Old Hans Vrooman lived in the village, busily engaged on the carved decorations which, to the horror of the low church portion of the parish, Miss Conway had commissioned him to make for the pretty chapel. But as she and the clergyman had erected the building at their own expense, and he gave his services, and nearly the whole of the monthly expenses were divided between them, they were able to follow their own wishes, and were agreed in a determination to make the little church as pretty and complete as possible.

Hans dwelt in a tumble-down house not far from Mrs. Flint’s cottage, and his was the only threshold Hetty’s shadow ever darkened during those long dreary months. On certain days Valery came down to receive her lessons in wood carving from the old master, and usually on those afternoons Hetty would take her sewing and go over too, enjoying the strange talks with all the more zest from their contrast to the rest of her life.

Undoubtedly, sage, tiresome, commonplace humanity in general would have considered the three friends fitter inmates for a lunatic asylum than any other place, if their conversations could have been reported, and prosaic Miss Dorothy might have put an end to Valery's visits. As it was, she had no objection to the child's amusing herself with efforts in the old man's art, and was mightily pleased at her success, though what it portended for the future never occurred to her, and she was no more conscious that God had entrusted to her charge one of His most favoured souls—one upon whom He had bestowed a portion of His own creative power—than the guardians of such natures usually are.

But old Hans—crooked, brain-cracked old Hans, as the village called him—was clearer sighted than practical Miss Dorothy, with all her education and worldly wisdom. He understood and appreciated the gift of which the child was as yet herself ignorant, and he revered her accordingly, treating her with as much respect as if she had been a grown woman, consulting her in regard to his work, and deferring to her judgment in a way that was at once comical and exceedingly touching. Hetty came in for a share of his admiration, and as he and Valery were both perfectly aware of the mode in which she proposed to serve Art later, that little house became as odd a school as could easily be imagined. In one of his visits to town, Hans had hunted up a quantity of pamphlet editions of tragedies for Hetty to study, and she used to pore over them at night when her mother was in bed, and rehearse the parts after, with Hans as audience, and Valery taking the rôle of prompter. The old man had the genuine artist love for the stage, and had seen a good deal of acting, so he was able to assist her somewhat, and whatever effect she might have produced on the scene, it was certain that Hetty often electrified or melted her two friends with her passionate outbursts in *Lady Macbeth* and her pathos in *Juliet*.

When the histrionics were over, Valery repeated poems as she laboured at her drawing or her carving; then Hans would tell them weird stories of German life, or Valery produce a new book and treat the pair to its pages, while Hans toiled at his brackets and Hetty's needle flew in and out the endless seams as untiringly as if she had no thought beyond her task. She never forgot it unless to enact some exciting scene, and often, whether she was Bianca or Beatrice, the busy fingers darted back and forth, and the marvels of needlework grew swiftly under her practised fingers—

the recitations no more interfered with it than her wild dreams did with the ordinary side of her life.

The winter passed; spring brightened the hill-tops and brought its ever-new wonders of freshness and vigour to make the old earth beautiful. Valery was growing rapidly out of the last of her childish days; old Hans's labours approached completion, and Hetty Flint had almost attained the age whereat long before she had determined to go out and meet her future; so the first great change in Valery's life drew near. Of this plan Hetty said nothing, even to her confidants, in other than a vague fashion; she feared to meet doubt or remonstrance, and she could not bear to pain them.

During the summer, an artist friend of Miss Dorothy's paid a long visit to the Hermitage, and Valery began her first real studies in the use of her pencil, and filled her teacher with hopes of her future which he was careful never to express to her, though it became clear to Miss Conway what manner of creature had fallen into her hands, and the spinster was rather horrified.

"A genius!" cried she. "I'd as soon have to deal with a phoenix! For mercy's sake, John Ford, don't put any new fancies in the child's head—she has more than enough now, in all conscience."

"Time will decide the matter, Miss Dorothy; it's not in your control or mine," replied the artist, a quiet, grave man, who seemed never to have been young, and whose success in his profession was an established fact in both America and Europe.

The wood-carver left the village; before his departure Hetty Flint told him her secret, and knew that when it became necessary to inform her mother, the good woman would find consolation in the idea that at least her wayward daughter was sure of such protection as the old man might be able to give until the time that Hetty's destiny should render it possible for her to join the girl.

About a fortnight after Hans went away, Mrs. Flint came to the Hermitage one afternoon, to bring some work: she told Valery that Hetty was going up to the grove for a walk towards evening, and especially wanted to see her. Miss Dorothy's permission was not difficult to obtain, so Valery and her dog—a new favourite that John Ford had presented to her, a miracle of ugliness and sagacity—scampered away to the wood through the brightness of the sunset.



Hetty was waiting for her; sitting on the very mossy trunk where she had sat the day she separated from Robert Earle. If in these hasty details of the girl's early career I have made no mention of the hold his memory kept in her heart, it has been from lack of space, since her share in this history is only of importance as it connected itself with Valery Stuart's life.

She loved the man and believed in him with all the intensity of her nature. That he had not written to her was merely a proof of his unwillingness to add to the gossip which pursued her. She dreamed of no future in which he did not have his part, and her visions of the wealth and grandeur she was to attain were most prized because their fulfilment would leave her worthier, in the world's eyes, of his affection.

Hetty was eighteen now; not exactly a handsome girl, as she sat there waiting for her young friend, her hands idly clasped over her knee, her clear grey eyes wearing the absent, preoccupied expression which becomes habitual to a day-dreamer, living the sort of double life she had so long done; but it was a face full of strength and power, that promised to be more pleasing to a critical observer at twenty-five or thirty than now. There was a certain style and elegance about the creature, with her pliant form and supple movements which made her noticeable, however plainly she might be dressed, and had been an additional cause of offence to her neighbours, who were at a loss to understand why she looked so different from themselves, deciding in consequence that it must be wrong and unbecoming.

"Here I am, Hetty!" called Valery, as she danced along the path, with Sophocles bringing reproach on his stately name by a series of frantic leaps and barks. "I've run all the way—I'm so glad you sent for me."

Hetty looked up and smiled, but though she spoke cheerfully, Valery knew her well enough to be certain that she was depressed or troubled.

"Is there any thing the matter, Hetty?" she asked anxiously. "Oh me, I wish you and Miss Dor could really know each other, then you'd be friends, and she could help you so much."

"What a dear soul you are!" cried Hetty, taking both of her hands and pulling her down beside her. "But I shan't trouble any of these good people hereafter, Val. I am going away."



“ Hetty was waiting for her ; sitting on the very mossy trunk where she had sat the day she separated from Robert Earle.”





"Going away!" repeated Valery in wonder. "But not for good and all; where to, Hetty?"

"Most folks will probably say for bad, Val, but don't you ever mind that or believe it, no matter what you hear. But for good or bad, I'm going away, never to come back."

"Oh, Hetty!" exclaimed the little girl; "going to leave me?"

"Now, Val—don't—I shall cry! We shall see each other—bless me! you won't live here always."

"But where are you going? Does your mother know?" questioned Valery.

"Yes, she knows, but I can't tell even you, Val," replied Hetty. "I want you to trust me—to believe in me—no matter what you hear as you grow older, never to doubt me; when we do meet, though it should be years first, never to think I am not just as worthy of your love and just as fond of you as I am now."

"Oh, Hetty, Hetty—going away—I can't bear it!" cried the child. "Of course I shall always love you—always."

"Don't forget what I say," continued Hetty; "you are too young to understand it now, but in a few years you will! When people speak ill of me, don't take the trouble to contradict, but remember my words—trust me, believe in me, love me."

"I will, Hetty; indeed, indeed I will," exclaimed Valery, throwing her arms about her friend with a burst of tears.

They both cried quietly for a little, and it did them good, as it usually does any specimen of feminine nature; then they sat and talked for some time, though Valery with her usual tact never asked a question in regard to this mysterious departure, which Hetty had said must remain a secret even from her.

"You are sure I shall find you?" Valery asked, after Hetty had gone on in her insane fashion about the days when they were to meet in Italy, and sit down in its sunshine to rest from their labour and their triumphs. "Quite sure?" she repeated, receiving Hetty's rhapsody with as much faith as ever mortals of old listened to the prophecies of an inspired sybil.

"We must meet—it's written in the book of fate," returned Hetty. "Your destiny and mine can never run very far apart—besides there's the promise I made."

"What do you mean?" asked Valery in amazement.

"Nothing—I forgot—that's just nonsense," said Hetty, trying to laugh; but all the while she was whispering, "I shall not forget,

Lucy—I shall never forget! I made a vow by your death-bed to help when the right time came—I will do it.”

“What are you saying to yourself?” asked Valery, impatiently. “I can see your lips move—you look so odd!”

“Just a little play-acting,” returned Hetty, laughing again. “But come, Val, we must go back. I wonder if we shall ever stand here together again and talk about the old life, that will look so far off and so strange!”

“O Hetty, don’t go!” pleaded Valery; “don’t go!”

“Why, Val, I’m surprised at you; you wouldn’t have me turn back on the very threshold of my destiny,” said Hetty, saying the grandiloquent words so seriously that they did not sound affected or absurd. “You don’t want me to spend my existence sewing long seams and mending old clothes for the village, do you?”

“No, no,” Valery said.

“Then let me go. Don’t cry—don’t feel sad—I tell you we shall find each other again. There, Val, it’s like tearing a piece out of my heart to say good-bye, but I must do it!”

She was not in the least a demonstrative person, but she caught Valery in her arms and kissed her and cried over her, begging her wildly to remember her—to love her—and, oh! above all, to trust and believe in her. Then, unable to endure further the sight of Valery’s grief, she let her go, said another hasty good-bye, and rushed away down the hill so fast the little girl could not overtake her. Valery followed, weeping silently, while Sophocles marched by her side, conscious that something was amiss, and staring up in her face with mute sympathy. As she reached the gate that led into the Hermitage grounds she stopped, and looked along the high road. Hetty had climbed the fence, and was turning toward the village; she paused, waved her hand, and once more the sound of her clear, vibrating voice reached Valery—“Good-bye, dear Val, good-bye!”

The child responded to the farewell, and stood gazing after her until she had disappeared. Before they were to meet again so many years must elapse that it would have seemed to both, in their youthful impatience, an almost eternal separation, could they have gained any warning of its length or of the strange paths through which their lives must pass before they joined anew.

It was early in September now, and when the next day came to an end the whole village knew that Hetty Flint had left her home.

At first gossip said she had gone to visit her relatives, but Mrs. Flint gave no satisfaction to those who ventured to inquire; and, as weeks went by and still the girl did not return, the old slander came up in a fresh and more abominable shape. Report unhesitatingly declared that Hetty Flint had gone away to join Robert Earle; so out of the petty vileness of their imaginations the village coterie invented tales concerning the absent one, and ended by believing their own miserable falsehoods as completely as if based on a secure foundation.

In a month Mrs. Flint packed up her worldly possessions, took her two younger children, and went away to live with her sister. Whether she knew where Hetty was gone nobody could tell; whether she suffered or not was equally an enigma. She departed with scant farewells to the people among whom she had lived all her days, and very soon some new topic of interest swept the mother and daughter from their minds.

But Valery never passed the old house without a pang at her heart, and treasured every recollection of Hetty as something sacred, never weary of looking forward to the vague future, when they were to meet beneath foreign skies, in the wonderful clime which is always the haunt of youthful dreams—that true home of every visionary, imaginative soul—the magic realm of Italy.



# VOICES FROM THE STREET.

## No. III.

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### THE PHARISEE AND THE SINNER.

"I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers,  
or even as this publican."

WHY shrink back with fear, as you pass so near  
To a tatter'd form like mine?  
Why piously raise your eyes from my gaze?  
I've a prouder soul than thine.

My brow is so bold, my tale you've been told,  
Though dimly the gas-lamps shine;  
Let me hug my despair in the cold night air;  
I've a prouder soul than thine!

God knows us both. Even I would be loth  
That all that you're worth were mine  
By a livelong lie. We must pay, when we buy;  
I've a prouder soul than thine.

They tell me you've wed an old gray head  
(How brightly your jewels shine!),  
That your hand you have sold, for your price it was gold;  
I've a prouder soul than thine.

Yet all your life you must seem his wife;  
Smile on, though your heart repine!  
Loathe every kiss of your wedded bliss!  
I've a prouder soul than thine.

Oh love! oh fate! I was no fit mate  
'Mid the gentle folk to shine,  
So whate'er might betide, I stifled my pride;  
I've a prouder soul than thine.

Yet blame him not for my hapless lot;  
He'd have lower'd his ancient line,  
Had I loved like you. Thank God I was true!  
I've a prouder soul than thine.

R. G. H.

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE THREE.

A JUDICIAL DIFFICULTY.

*Translated from the Hungarian of Maurus Jókai,*

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

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SOMEWHERE about sixty years ago there died in Upper Hungary an old Titular Judge, who had a great fancy to be remembered long after his death. He had three nieces, Herminia, Pepi, and Agnes, who while he lived had the credit of being singularly beautiful, indeed the fame of their beauty resounded far and near.

These three pretty girls often visited their uncle, and the burthen of all their requests was, "Now, my dear uncle, won't you leave me your many-storied house when you die?"

"Yes, dear, I'll leave it to thee. I'll leave it to thee. I'll leave it to thee," he said to each of them in return; and as he liked such talk, they often repeated their prayer. It suited his humour to be amused with such penetrating inquiries—indeed, he was almost prepared to depart with the foreknowledge that after his death an excellent joke would amuse the world, and he anticipated its consequences with much self-satisfying laughter.

He died—his will was opened, and these words were read from it: "My two-storied house, however, is bequeathed to the most beautiful of my nieces."

Who would like to be the executor of such a testamentary bequest?

Of course there was a lawsuit, and it lasted for ten years. The three goddesses were not a whit discouraged. Never did a two-storied house excite such interest.

It was indeed a most embarrassing question for the lawyers—of these fair maidens which was the fairest?

When it came to the question of evidence, there were a hundred witnesses ready to depose in favour of each of the ladies—their personal bearing, their dancing, the air with which they walked, the tenderness with which they sighed, the grace with which they dressed.

A *visum repertum* was needed fully to appreciate Herminia's light figure, her raven-black locks, her shining eyes. Then again the lovely Josephine or more properly, the rosy-lipped damsel with the silky blond curls and the most delicate hands. And next, the irresistible Herminia, with the chestnut-brown ringlets, the sweet blushes on her cheeks, the teeth which were rows of pearls, and above all that fascinating smile. Every body indeed must own that they were beautiful—supremely beautiful—all the three. But what lawyers could decide, what controversy determine, which was the *most* beautiful?

It was truly only the repetition of the Trojan war, carried on with pen and ink. And how could the interesting question be settled? What had—what had not the advocates to bring forward on behalf of their clients? It was agreed by all that they had less to plead their superlative beauty than to discover the inferiority of their opponents, for the loveliness of each was acknowledged by every body, and nobody could deny that the inheritance must belong to one of them.

And who could avoid seeing how embarrassing and how costly such a lawsuit must become? All the mysteries of the toilette, even the most impenetrable, were brought forward in comparison and contrast. When the advocate of Herminia averred that rouge had not been without influence upon Pepi's glowing cheeks, abundant evidence was adduced to show that the bloom of health was alone visible there, that its beauty came with the dawning of the day, and that a tint so lovely could never have been borrowed; it was native to that charming face. A still more alarming averment was that, on close inspection, Herminia would be found a little crooked, and that she wore stays to keep herself straight, while Agnes walked a little lame on the right foot, and wore something within her shoe—and moreover, that her chignon, as they called it, was not her own, but was made of false hair. Then came the overpowering argument—the great triumph for the advocate, that in order to influence the verdict, when Pepi's cheek was distorted by rheumatism, and she could scarcely open her mouth, Herminia



was unable to speak from having taken too much snuff. Then all the various intellectual qualities of the ladies were depicted—the one how piquant! the other, how grave! the third, how ungallant! this was perverse; that venomous, and what could be more damaging to beauty than frowardness and ill-humour? And examples were brought forward: there were Shari, Katty, Nina, Parius, Tulsha, and many a dismissed lady's maid, female cooks, and abigails, the narration of whose misdoings occupied the court for eighteen weary hours; while on the contrary side, Betty and Natty, indignant at the reproaches flung at their sex and at their professions, were heard at length, and they swore they had no other interest than to protect outraged and calumniated beauty.

Seven years the lawsuit lasted; it had not advanced the breadth of a hair. Now the balance fell on one side, now on the other. At last the Judge recommended the contending parties to come to some friendly understanding with one another.

Happy thought! As well might he have recommended a fashionable Englishman to imitate a nude Indian. You may ask the Vladika of Montenegro to own that the Sultan is a greater man than he! You may counsel the editor of a fashionable journal to avow that either of the two rival journals is better than his own; but you must have indeed a strong faith to believe that in the contention for beauty between these fair maidens any one would allow the other to be fairest. So the breach was unhealed—the decision void—and the war waged with greater bitterness than before, and the *pros* and *cons* were fiercely debated.

And the years rolled on with accelerated swiftness. During eight-and-twenty years the discussion still continued—"Who is the most beautiful of the beauties?"—and there was no prospect of a final award.

In the meantime there was nobody to take charge of the house that was bequeathed by the will—nobody to pay the interest on the charges that had been incurred. While they lasted, the yearly revenues had been spent on the lawsuit. The impatient creditors seized the house—sold it by auction, but it did not produce enough to cover the expenses; and there were more quarrels among the creditors about their respective rights than there had been among the beautiful nieces as to which was the most beautiful.

They had all of them now passed their fiftieth year; age and trouble had swept away what was left of their comeliness. They

were all unmarried; they lived in the same house, but not harmoniously; the passers-by in the street were often disturbed by their wranglings and their quarrels.

When the bequeathed house was disposed of, the three ladies went to the Judge, inquiring what they had better do. "I think," replied the honest magistrate, "that if the lawsuit be renewed, the inquiry had better take another shape, and be this—" Which is the *ugliest* of the three?"

This I know, that the lawsuit was *not* renewed.

## THE LONELY LIFE.

*(Continued from page 492.)*

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THE church was large and dark. I knew that I must let myself be seen by more than one, and that I must wait to allow for the decline of the stronger daylight outside. How I did it I know not—how I resisted the almost uncontrollable impulse to rush at the top of my speed and bury myself under those friendly folds awaiting me within a few paces. I crept through the church, stopping at each station, as in duty bound, and muttering at each one a prayer, and then, almost faint with overpowering excitement, I took up my position in a side chapel—for although I have described the building as a chapel attached to our convent, it was so only as being the next building, and possessing a private door which gave admittance to our house. It was in reality a church of some pretension. In that side chapel, in an attitude of deep reverence, I was seen, I know that I was seen, by more than one of the sisters. From out my folded fingers, folded tightly over my face, I watched and listened. The few remaining rays of light faded from the church, it lay in almost total darkness, save for the tapers glimmering before the different altars. One by one the worshippers disappeared. I had determined to wait till the big clock struck eight. I knew that at that time all the sisterhood would be in the convent, and that the chances of being seen would be small. There was a silence; then the great “boom, boom,” burst on my ear. Surely it was louder than ever. It seemed like an actual blow on my brain. It seemed as though it must attract the sisters and tell them all my plans.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

As the last sound died on the ear, I arose from my knees, and began my flight. Creeping, creeping noiselessly, breathlessly, to the door, keeping well in the shadows, now dropping on my knees and holding my breath, as an acolyte flitted noiselessly by—more than once dropping flat on my face in the gloom as the street door gave entrance to some one from without. At length I reached the side-door opening into our own court. In another



moment I was outside, and the tarpaulin was before me. I felt rather than saw it, and with trembling limbs I ensconced myself within its shelter, as near the middle as possible, according to John Brenchley's directions.

How long I laid there I have no idea. Long enough to grow numb in every limb. Long enough to suffer all the agonies of hope, fear, expectation, and despair ; now thinking he would forget to come, or be found out and stopped—now hearing voices too well known approaching, and at last wrought up to such a pitch of agony that I feared I should die before deliverance came. Once steps did approach, once old Jacques tottered across the court, and paused close to me, muttering to himself. Did he see me? Was it possible he could discern a breathing form under that mass? No. He was only arranging his lantern ; but as he went on his way he gave a kick at my covering which nearly wrung a scream from my lips. By this time I was well nigh stifled, for all the air I had to breathe came through a few ragged holes, and I dared not lift the sides of my weighty prison. What noise was that? The grating of the bolts in the big doors. Yes ; too truly Jacques was closing up for the night, or to speak more correctly, he was bolting up, for closed were those doors from morning to night. The bars once up well I knew he would remove them for no one save our Reverend Mother or the Holy Father himself. My heart grew sick with disappointment, when a voice fell on my ear. Only once before had I heard that voice, yet I could never forget it. John Brenchley stood without and called lustily for admittance—called in the best French he could muster.

And called in vain. I heard Jacques' cross answer. It was already after hours, and there was no admittance. Louder and louder still shouted Mr. John, until I feared our Superior herself would hear. The noise did reach the ears of Babette, and she came forward and sharply chided Jacques. He only grumbled the more, and slowly continued to fasten up the huge bars, and to drag the heavy bolts into their grooves. And still John Brenchley knocked.

" Mounseer, I say ! Voicy ! Here you confounded French frog, let us in. Bother my buttons, if I don't smash the doors, and drag the young woman out before your eyes." These were the words I heard, as Babette, with a strong arm, pushed her husband aside, and drawing back the bolts, flung the door open to its full extent, and

then turned upon the crest-fallen Jacques with a volley of words which no Englishwoman could have rivalled.

John Brenchley stepped into the court. Ah, how my heart throbbed. I thought it would have burst. He stepped across the yard, talking all the time, talking cheerily, merrily, composedly as he would have talked at his own fireside, or at the cannon's mouth. And Babette followed him, followed with the lantern, holding it high up to cast its light over my prison, talking too, fast and loud, with profuse apologies for the churlish behaviour of her husband. He went off to his quarters, and John Brenchley heaped the rest of the tarpaulin over the spot where he rightly imagined me to be, and taking it up in his arms he carried it out—he carried *me* out, and placed me in his cart before Babette's very eyes. Nay! with her help, for she not only held the lantern for him, but she gathered up one end of the waterproof which trailed on the ground, and carried it after us to the cart. They both talked as fast as they could the whole time, and could Babette have but divined the meaning of half his words my journey would have ended then and there.

"Thanky, missis, thanky. You *are* a jolly one, no mistake; and if ever you wants a good turn yourself drop a line to J. B. and it'll be attended to. All right, old lady, here we go. This side uppermost, young lady, with care. Perishable. Glass. To be kept dry, and left till called for. My dooty to that kantankerous old rascal. I wish you good night, marm. Parley voo to ye."

It was done. I heard the convent doors close, the bolts creaked back to their places. The convent world, that little kingdom to which I had belonged for so many years, was pursuing its ordinary routine—and I had left it for ever.

The cart rolled on. John Brenchley dared not speak to me. On, on we jolted. I was terribly bruised and shaken. When at length we stopped, I ventured to peep out. We were in a very large yard, completely surrounded by sheds and stables. The cart was backed into one of the former. The horse was taken out and led away. I am ashamed to say that at that moment a sudden distrust of my brave deliverer entered my mind. He had talked of a boat. Surely he had named a boat, and here he was evidently putting the horse up for the night. What was to become of me? The full hopelessness and utter helplessness of my situation burst upon me. At this moment honest John Brenchley approached, and at his first words my perfect trust in him was renewed. He merely

bade me wait. It might be for hours, he said. He must watch his time, but I might depend upon his coming to take me to the boat ere daybreak.

What a night it was! For it must have been the greater part of a whole night that I passed in utter solitude, almost in utter darkness, in a filthy cart, half covered by a tarpaulin which no lady would willingly have touched with her little finger. Now and then I contrived to raise my head, and tried to peer out into the vast court, but the moon was obscured with clouds, and the darkness was almost oppressive. For the first hour or two there was movement in the yard; men putting up their horses, locking of doors, and all the noises of a stable. But soon all was still, and nothing was heard but the occasional knocking and stamping of the horses, or the scuffling of cats. It seemed centuries since I had risen that morning, and I thought the end would never come. In truth, before it did come I was in a high fever. I remember dimly, as in a dream, John Brenchley's return. I hear his low whistle, his honest reassuring voice. I hear his exclamation of pity as the moonlight for one moment fell on my white face and wild gleaming eyes. I see it all as though I had been no actor in the scene. I do not think he spoke again, but he helped me out of the tarpaulin, and then he packed me up in a large bundle of straw, and slinging me on his back he walked off with me at a rapid pace. I believed, for very long I believed, that that walk lasted for years; and now, whenever I am feverish, I still dream at night that I am travelling through countries and cities, and wildernesses and forests, closely packed in straw, and slung on to the back of a giant. But I have been told that within half an hour I was safe in the hands of Little Bob.

Little Bob was a woman. Her name had been given her, as she herself told me, to distinguish her from her husband, for they were first cousins, and had both received the Christian name of Robert, after a much respected grandfather. Little Bob was of a muscular mould. I never saw so tall a woman, nor so small a man as Big Bob, her husband. Their hearts were in proportion to their respective sizes; hers being of sufficient capacity to harbour, in all kindness, whole convents of run-away nuns, let alone one poor little convent drudge like myself; while he would have given up his own wife to the torture for the mere pleasure of seeing her suffer, had he not lacked both opportunity and courage, for of her heavy hand he stood in awe.



She had engaged and married him to keep her barge tidy, as well as for the purpose of putting a summary stop to the courtships of her many suitors, who had interfered sadly with business. All this she told me herself, adding that it was "an uncommon good thing she had took up with him, for he was that bad at heart and untrollable as to temper, that she didn't believe any other woman living could have managed him." I believed her the very first time I set eyes on him. But I must not forestall the relation of that event. On that first night I saw neither Big Bob nor any one else. My fever ran high, and of the first days of my life on board I can tell nothing, excepting that I was nursed with the tenderness of a—Little Bob; a phrase which to me implies far more than the more conventional one, "the tenderness of a woman." There were women in our convent, and in my childish illnesses I had never received half the kindness with which my new friend treated me.

The barge was her own, inherited from her father. Her occupation may have been singular, or she may have been but one of many. At all events she is the only one of her class whom I ever knew; nor can I better describe her calling than by mentioning the name of her boat. It was called "The Floating Shopkeeper," and she gained her livelihood by trading in a small way among the sailors and bargemen of the Seine. She had six tall sons, giants among men. They were fishermen, residing somewhere on the English coast, and it was their duty to keep her supplied with articles of commerce, which appeared to me comprise a little of every thing under the sun, with a large preponderance in favour of all things possessing a powerful odour. She was a wonderful woman, and a good one, though I have reason to believe that her notions on the subject of smuggling were peculiar. Her moral influence among the rough men who frequented her barge was extraordinary, and among her friends no honour was so highly esteemed as that of an invitation to tea with her. Probably some part of this influence might be attributed to her possessing at once the power and the will to disable with one blow any ordinary-sized man who had the ill-luck to offend her, and a little perhaps to the excellent state of discipline in which she kept her husband. Poor thing! she had had one only daughter, her constant companion in the barge, but this girl had died not long before, and by causing me to represent her John Brenchley hoped that we should elude those official

examinations from which even Little Bob was not exempt. That good and great woman, however, scorned the idea, and rightly, for the daughter, who had rejoiced in the name of "Bobson," had overstepped her mother, whereas I am extremely small. Brenchley deferred to her superior judgment, and she was left to extricate herself and me from the difficulty as best she could.

For the time being we were safe, as long as we remained stationary, and we did so remain, until I had recovered from my fever, and was able to understand my situation. It was explained to me by Little Bob herself. John Brenchley had left for England, but not before he had by her orders placed some of my clothes on the banks of the river, as far from us, and as near to the convent as possible. Doubtless it would be supposed that I had met with a watery grave, and inquiry would be hushed for the sake of the character of our house.

Little Bob declared herself fearless on the subject of pursuit, and determined on that of my attire. I could not share her peculiar wardrobe; that of her daughter was equally useless to me in its original state; but with a readiness and dexterity which I should never have expected from such a Bob, a suit of lad's clothes had been manufactured for me out of her daughter's wardrobe, and in this I was to play my part as cabin-boy to the best of my ability, keeping, however, as much out of sight as possible. I agreed, and the metamorphosis was completed in a few minutes.

It was a rough life at best; but I believe many a harder lot has to be endured in the mansions of the rich, for there was an unspeakable depth of love and kindness in it all. One unkindness alone can I recall, and I reproach myself at the word, for it was meant in all love. Little Bob insisted on my learning to smoke, and my sufferings were great before this could be accomplished. Once conquered, it was, of course, the greatest safeguard. The pipe in my mouth was a protection in the presence of the rough men who frequented the barge; but I never grew to like it, as Little Bob prophesied I should.

I now come to my first interview with Big Bob. I learned quite casually from his wife, that his reluctance to receive me on board had amounted to such a pitch, that she had been obliged to punish him severely, not only at the time, but more than once since, and I dreaded to see him.

There were but two divisions in the covered part of the barge,

and since my arrival he had not been allowed to enter the inner one. The first time I came on deck, Little Bob remained within, forgetting that her husband and I had never met. I pushed open the crazy door, and stepped out, looking timidly around. A low snarl fell on my ear, together with the clanking of a chain. I turned and discovered a very diminutive figure and a face covered with hair, and almost concealed under a sailor's hat. He was literally crouching on the ground, but as I moved he sprang up and rolled towards me, his chain clanking horribly. With a shriek I fled, but not before I had seen that one end of it was wound round his waist, and the other fastened into a staple in the barge. His wild screams of rage pursued me, as I flew to the protection of Little Bob. She did not speak, but with two strides she stood at his side. He was quiet in a moment, and when within an hour or two she unchained him, he crept about like a tame wolf, consoling himself for his dread of his wife by making the most fearful faces at me whenever her back was turned. I can give you no idea of the diabolical ugliness of his face even in repose. When distorted, it was truly too horrible to look at. The peculiarity of his hideousness was that his face was far too large for his head, and that the two sides of it were totally dissimilar; one eye being large and protruding, and the other small and sunken. One side of his enormous mouth was drawn upwards, and being usually open, displayed several teeth of extraordinary form, while the other side was tightly closed, and pointed down in an oblique direction. His nose was, more properly speaking, two, for after it had to all appearance completed itself, it had begun life again, and expanded into a second nose, longer, thicker, and more distorted than the first.

The days wore on, and strange as it may appear, the change I had made was for the better. We passed through our examinations undetected, owing to the eccentric but excellent management of Little Bob, who, when the time approached, offered me the choice of two courses—either to be rendered insensible by drink, or to smoke myself into my usual state of indisposition. It is needless to say that I chose the latter, and I sat myself down to my pipe with a courage which has seldom been more needed. Accordingly, when the officers came on board they saw in me no more than a young lad on a heap of sacks, suffering from the effects of his first pipe, and I was passed over with some laughing compliments addressed to the Bobs on their training of youth.



And now a curious thing happened to me. We were nearing the sea. The river was widening perceptibly. Now and then we touched at some village or town where "The Floating Shopkeeper" was well known, and at one of these places, meeting with an old friend, Little Bob elected to give one of her rare and famous tea-parties. The guests invited were few and orderly. I was, as usual, to wait upon them. There were, as I have before mentioned, two covered divisions in the barge. The inner one served as bedroom and kitchen. The guests assembled in the outer one, the evening being wet and gloomy. Big Bob had again offended, and was chained to his staple. I heard him pacing round and round as was his wont, and now and then I saw his hideous face pressed against the pane of glass which served to lighten the inner room in which I was busily engaged preparing the tea. Little Bob was receiving her guests in the outer room. She was dressed in her best, which consisted of a very short and dingy gown, of gigantic pattern and curious variety of colours, enormously broad cloth trowsers, and a scarlet coat almost purple with age, which must have seen good sport on the back of some fox-hunting squire. Round her neck was a mangy brown boa, and on her head was her full-dress evening cap, an edifice formed from two bonnets and a man's hat. The bonnets were tightly lashed together horizontally, while the hat rested on their summit, and was tied firmly under her chin, with an old bit of rope. This structure had cost her some thought and pains, and she was proud of it. Her ordinary attire, I may here remark, was a loose blouse and a sailor's hat.

As I bent over the fire I could easily distinguish the loud tones of her voice; nay, I could hear all that was said, but being fully occupied with my duties, I paid no attention to what was passing. Presently two new comers entered, and I could plainly hear the rather timid apologies tendered by the one, who had been invited, for the liberty he had taken in bringing the other, who, evidently, had not been asked. It was a liberty, and one which Little Bob would rarely allow. I could hear from her answer that she was not pleased, and the uninvited opened his lips to add his own apologies.

What was it that made me start so that I nearly dropped into the fire the bacon I was frying? I paused, I listened. It was next to impossible that I should know that voice,—I, who since my baby days had hardly heard the voice of any man save those of our

priests, of Jaques, and of John Brenchley. Yet it sent a strange thrill through me, and when I carried the first instalment of tea into the next room I trembled from head to foot. It was lucky that the table was close at hand, and that I dared not lift my eyes until I had safely lodged the rickety old tray upon it, for when I did turn I saw that which almost deprived me of my senses for the moment.

On the back of a chair there rested a hand,—a man's right hand. The little finger was twisted in a peculiar manner, and the second was wanting altogether.

I needed not to raise my eyes to his face, yet I did so. I was not deceived. It was he—the man who I doubted not had stolen me from my home.

I staggered through the doorway and fell on the bundle of rags which formed my bed in the kitchen, too sick with fright to speak or move. And yet how I longed to ask him all that he alone could know!

Presently Little Bob called me. I could not answer, and her huge form soon darkened the doorway. A glance told her that I was ill. Too busy to do more than bid me lie still, she occupied herself with my duties, which detained her for some minutes. Long enough to allow of a sensible increase of noise outside. It was evident that a quarrel was beginning. Striding forward in her usual grim silence when offended, Little Bob stood before her guests. She had pushed aside the frail door with such force that it remained open, and I could see all that passed. All were silent as she advanced—all save one, the stranger, he of the crooked finger. He continued his abuse, he who had originated the quarrel.

"Silence," said Little Bob in her stentorian voice. The ill-fated man in his passion disregarded the warning.

"Silence," reiterated Little Bob as with one mighty step she crossed the cabin and laid one hand on his shoulder.

In his brutal rage he shook her off. His eyes gleamed fire. His white face shone in the faint light. He raised his arm and struck at her with all his force.

There was one simultaneous groan and a rush. Little Bob stood like a rock. With her left arm she pushed them back. With her right she seized the offender by his collar, and positively lifting him up, she made but two steps to the boat's side and calmly dropped him into the water.

Then with a large calm smile she stretched her big arms as she stood still for a moment to watch the frantic efforts of her victim to attain the shore. He was a bad swimmer, but the distance was short, and in a few seconds he stood on the bank dripping like a rat, and shaking his fists at the giantess. She returned to her guests as if nothing had happened, but it was many days before my spirits could shake off the effects of the shock. Although we remained some days at this spot we heard no more of him of the crooked finger. Yet I told my tale to Little Bob, and she sought for him, but in vain.

We were bound for Dieppe. Four times in the year "The Floating Shopkeeper" repaired thither to replenish her stores, which was accomplished by a meeting with some of the six tall sons, who between them owned two good-sized fishing-smacks. In one of them I was to perform the voyage to England. A change of dress had been by degrees prepared for me. I was to be taken to Dover, and placed under the care of John Brenchley's mother, who kept a small lodging-house there, and by her I was to be put on my way to town. I was so firm in my conviction that once in London I should know and could easily find my home, and so decided and constant in expression of this belief, that more experienced heads than that of Little Bob would have hesitated to doubt my assertion. Our plan was duly carried out. We reached Dieppe, and there met "The Jolly Bob," and "The Dancing Peg," with their stalwart masters. It was my fate to cross in the latter, and I am fully prepared to vouch for the fitness of her name. I was carried on shore more dead than alive, and once more given over to the tender mercies of a stranger.

Mrs. Brenchley received me with motherly kindness, partly from the promptings of her nature, partly from the recommendation of her son, who had prepared her to expect me. In twenty-four hours I was myself again and eager to set forth on my journey. Mrs. Brenchley, it is true, raised her hands and eyes in astonishment when I explained to her the nature of my recollections and their remote date. She tried to persuade me to renounce my scheme. She drew striking pictures of the vast size of the metropolis, of the hopelessness of finding any one house, without some clue, however slight, as to its locality. But I was immovable. In my heart I was still persuaded that I should know the place, the house, the door. I answered almost impatiently that I could not be mistaken,



that I had a clue. It was near the Park. And I continued to picture to myself the scene of recognition which would take place the moment my dear old nurse set eyes on me. Doubtless she would open the door, or she would be crossing the hall. She would know my voice. She would rush into my arms and take me to my mother. Strange, that my hopes should concentrate upon an imaginary person, for as I have before said I could remember no individual in my home save him who took me hence. If any one wonders at my simplicity, let him remember my convent breeding, my life of utter seclusion. Meek and mild Mrs. Brenchley had no power to turn me from my purpose. Possibly, had she been of stronger moral build it might have been different.

I set out. I had but little money. Enough to pay my journey, for Little Bob, in her noble hearted-kindness, had insisted on paying for work performed by the desolate orphan whom she had sheltered, and who owed her a debt of boundless gratitude.

Those were the days of coaches. Mrs. Brenchley saw me into the "Tally-Ho" one brilliant morning in June. I leaned out to take a last view of her friendly face, and then I sank back in my seat. I must here pause to notice the extraordinary sensation I experienced both at this time and for some months after my first leaving the convent. The sudden change from monotonous routine and profound retirement to the incessant motion, the hurry and bustle, the loud voices, the glare and glitter, was an experience which almost stupified me. My brain felt giddy, like a wheel that is going round and round, and will not stop.

The journey passed without incident. Mr. Clements, the coachman, treated me with that civility for which I have since heard he was renowned. I was put down at the "Spread Eagle," in Gracechurch Street.

If I had felt bewildered in the boat, in Mrs. Brenchley's quiet house, or even by the rapid motion of the coach through the country roads and country towns, what was it now that I was put down alone in London. I gazed round me like one in a dream. A passing cab hailed me. It drew up close to me as I stood on the edge of the pavement. The man descended with alacrity, and opened the door. Mechanically I stepped in. I should have taken any other course that presented itself.

"Where to, miss?" asked the man.

"To the Park," said I at once.

It was the only locality of which I knew the name; and when the cabman touched his hat in assent, and mounted to his place, my heart throbbed in triumph, with increased certainty that my memory was to be trusted. He descended again, however, in half a second, to ask,—

“Which gate, miss?” but as I hesitated, he suggested “Marble Arch, miss?” with a decision which invited the assent that I immediately gave.

“Stop, stop,” said I, as he prepared once more to mount the box. “Stop; do you think you can get safely through all that?” And I pointed towards the crowded streets. The man grinned, and we set off.

During that drive I entertained no doubt whatever that my driver was tipsy. Of tipsy men I had seen something during my barge life, and I could imagine that such reckless, such mad driving, might result from such a state. I gave myself up for lost. We positively flew along the streets. Every moment threatened to bring us in contact with some other vehicle. It seemed a miracle that we escaped. That we knocked down countless foot passengers I felt morally certain; and when at length a block brought us to a stand-still for a moment, I thrust my head and shoulders out of the window and implored the passers-by to help me. Some smiled in amusement, some looked surprised or offended, while others took no notice whatever of my appeals. On the recurrence of another occasion, however, a policeman chanced to be standing near, and he at once advanced and listened to my frantic entreaties to be released. He opened the door, and I sprang out, while the cabman descended from his box, and commenced a wordy harangue, of which I understood not one word. Falteringly I held out to him my little purse, but the policeman, who was calmly listening, interposed and took it from me. A crowd collected, of which I was the shrinking centre. Never before had I seen so many people assembled. I was half dead from fright. While I stood trembling and shaking, the policeman continued to gather some idea of the true state of the case. He reassured me, while the cabman, growing calmer, said in words which even I could understand, that “he beleft the young woman hadn’t never been in a cab afore, and didn’t know wot it was.”

Eager to escape from those many eyes, from the pressing throng, I adopted in a moment that view of the case.

“It may be so, monsieur,” said I; “I have perhaps wronged the

good man ; only bid him drive more slowly ; ” and heartily ashamed of myself, I crept back to the shelter of my cab. With a quiet smile the policeman handed to me my purse, and in another moment we were again *en route*.

Nothing further occurred to hinder me, and the cab drew up at the Marble Arch. I jumped out, and put my purse into the cabman’s hands. When he returned it to me it was empty. He drove off, and I stood alone.

I looked round me. Surely, surely the scene was familiar to me. I endeavoured to compose myself, to begin my task with collected spirits. Yes, I was not mistaken. The realization of my dreams was about to commence. This was the very Park in which I and my nurse had walked. There was the massive archway, there were the benches—the broad walk—the gay carriages and horses—the foot passengers—nay, the very nurses with the little children with whom I had played. This was happiness unspeakable. This was coming home indeed. I forgot my loneliness, my poverty, the change which time had wrought in me. I started hastily, almost running down the familiar walk, upsetting more than one small child in my awkward speed, in my lack of the habit of walking in crowded thoroughfares.

Yes, it was all familiar to me. I turned to leave the Park by the small side gate, as of old—and there I paused. Memory deserted me. Again and again I retraced my steps ; again and again I stepped out of that little gate, hoping, first hopefully, then fearfully, then despondingly, and at last despairingly, that the missing link would return, that I should surprise myself into turning mechanically the right way.

It was not to be. At length, with failing courage, I dashed through at a venture, and wandered about the neighbouring streets. Green Street, Grosvenor Square, Grosvenor Street—but why recount their names ? In a word, I passed hours and hours in wandering through that district, and in vain. I could not find the house. Memory would not answer my call. Loudly she spoke to me still of the space from the Marble Arch to that little gate, and then she remained obstinately silent. Ah me ! Ah me ! It was black despair—black, hopeless despair. I heeded not my failing strength until it gave way entirely, and I fell on my knees on the pavement. I had no strength to cry or sob. It was despair, *pur et simple*—passionless, as true despair must ever be.



I was roused by a rough shake, and I raised my head. For the second time in that day I was in the hands of a policeman; and yet I should not say "that day," for night was far spent. I had not noticed it before, but I perceived now that dawn was breaking. The faint, sickly daylight struggled with the fading lamps—the streets were silent and deserted. One dying lamp cast its light on the big form by my side—on my white face, as I turned it up to him. He tried to pull me up. Twice I essayed to rise, and twice I failed. He was preparing to lift me bodily from the ground, when the door of the house opposite was opened just enough to admit of the exit of the most extraordinary figure I ever beheld. I was at that moment too thoroughly exhausted to notice more than the bare fact of the policeman letting me slip into my former attitude, while he answered the inquiries addressed to him by a woman's voice. They talked for a few minutes, and then a soft hand was placed on my head, and my face was again turned to the light. Somebody was gazing at me intently. I felt rather than saw that, for the next moment I was in a dead faint.

When I came to myself I was sitting on a door-step, and some one was forcing brandy between my clenched teeth; then I revived and sat up. The policeman was supporting me. A large and very handsome black dog sat opposite, gravely watching the proceedings of a short slight figure with an extraordinarily large head. Her dress was short and spare, but of dark material. Her face was that of an old woman; the skin peculiarly light, yellow, dry, and seamed with wrinkles, but the nostrils and lips were mobile and delicate as a girl's; the mouth of an indescribable sweetness of expression; the eyes large and sad. A very broad band of black velvet was drawn tightly across her brow; over it fell masses of thick grey hair, surmounted by a bonnet which, though it fitted her head, was wonderfully out of proportion to her slight active figure<sup>1</sup>. A basket was at her side, and, as I looked up, she replaced in it the bottle of brandy with which she had recruited my powers.

"I'm odd, I'm odd, I'm very odd!" were the first words that fell from her lips, muttered rather than spoken.

"She'll do now, ma'am," said the policeman, half rising as he spoke.

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<sup>1</sup> Those who have experienced the kindness of this eccentric creature will not fail to recognize her by this description.

"Mummage, not ma'am," was the rapid reply. "Lift her! Bring her!" added the odd woman; and the policeman obeyed.

Up rose the dog, trotting gravely on before, followed by his mistress, whose gait resembled a run more than a walk. The policeman, carrying me in his arms, brought up the rear. After a time they met a cab returning from some distant job; I was lifted into it. The dog and my new friend followed, the policeman continued his rounds, and we drove off to the City—not that I knew then that it was the City, but so it was. As we stopped at a house in a narrow street, the dog gave one deep, short bark, and the door flew open almost immediately.

"Toad!" exclaimed my companion, who had continued muttering to herself during the drive, but had not addressed one word to me. "Toad!" And a creature issued from the doorway—a girl so like a toad in head and face that I almost shrank from her touch. I was, however, by her help and that of her mistress, assisted into the house, through an old-fashioned hall into a good-sized sitting-room. A sofa, several easy chairs, a bright fire, and a substantial tea ready prepared on a long table, gave an indescribable air of comfort to the room. I was placed upon the sofa, and while the girl poured out the tea and the dog curled himself up on the rug, I watched the proceedings of the lady; for that she was a lady I felt at once. Without removing her bonnet she sat down and made entries in a large black book, talking half aloud the while. The notes appeared to relate to the day's work—descriptions of cases of poverty and sorrow, memoranda of things to be inquired into and done. The last words concerned me. "Space for name," muttered the lady; "girl, small and pale; found at 3 a.m. Saturday morning, George Street, Hanover Square; policeman B 141, James Grant; space for further observations. Tea!"

This last exclamation was uttered aloud, and in a few minutes the strange trio were seated round the table, for the dog took his place with the others. I was carefully waited upon by the girl, for I was too much exhausted to leave the sofa. The meal proceeded in perfect silence, save for an occasional word addressed to "Brand" by his mistress. Of me she took not the slightest notice until we had all finished. She then rose abruptly, and seating herself on a low stool exactly before me, with her chin planted firmly in her hand and her elbow resting on her knee, she settled herself to examine me thoroughly.

Presently her conclusions were made and pronounced in the same jerky disjointed manner as before.

“Humph! I’m odd, odd, odd. I see—well born, sensitive, unsophisticated. No harm there. I’m odd, odd, very odd. No love story—turned out—run away—cruelty. I’m very odd, odd. I’ll never die—never be married—odd!”

And with these words murmuring in my ears I fell into a profound sleep.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHOOL-DAYS IN AN AMERICAN FEMALE SEMINARY.

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### No. I.

IF the Americans, as politicians, are in advance of other nations in working out the problem of self-government by the masses, American women seem to be not very far behind them in solving the still more difficult enigma of women's rights. Female doctors claim there a share of public confidence with the privileged class of medicos. Female brokers are invading Wall Street. Female lecturers, and even preachers, have fought their way to the platform and to the pulpit. Female candidates have been found, willing, if not able, to compete with General Grant and Mr. Greeley. These may be extreme cases, but they are merely the leaders of a movement which is observable throughout American society, and which, in many respects, is benefitting the sex by throwing open new avenues to employment and to fame. But while in one respect they are gaining power, in others they are losing it. The domestic bond is loosened and social ties are weakened. Illinois divorces are some of the weeds that have sprung up out of this harvest of female enterprise; and "free love" is one of the ominous signs of the times that shows how dearly in their social relations the sex is likely to pay for the privilege of an entrance into the arena of public life. It may be desirable to many Englishmen and Englishwomen to take a peep into the institutions where the advocates of "free love," and these female doctors, brokers, and lecturers are "raised."

The writer is one of the few Englishwomen who have had an opportunity of studying school life in that remarkable feature of American society, a "Female Seminary." Accident led to the writer, at the age of fourteen, being sent to one of the largest and most expensive ladies' schools in the United States.

The pupils were a fair representation of the better class of American girls, and embraced in their number members of some wealthy and prominent families of the United States. The names of persons and localities are changed, but the incidents mentioned are in substance a literal history of the recollections of the writer. As this is an autobiographical sketch, the first person will hereafter be used by the writer, as the most convenient form of describing these recollections of American school life.

The cruel parental fiat went forth,—“The child must go to school at once, I will not have her head filled with nonsense.” Child! I was fourteen, and had been already begged to consider the feasibility of starting an establishment on the munificent pay accorded to a gallant midshipman. In vain did I attempt a compromise and basely offer to sacrifice midshipmen and princes if this barbarous idea were abandoned. In vain did I bring to bear all my accustomed weapons of persuasion; even my transformation into a temporary Niobe had no practical effect upon my Brutus-like parent. To school I must go, *à coup sûr*, but where? Canadian ones were rejected on the prophet-in-his-own-country principle; England was too far. But was not the United States the chosen home of educational progress? Were not “sweet girl graduates,” versed in every ’ology, and in all the languages dead and living, turned out, as one cannot say B.A. (M.A. I suppose will stand for Mistress of Arts, and may be so very comprehensive). So it was decided that I should be sent to the female seminary at Delphi, a college for young ladies, where I was to be moulded into a model of the graces and cardinal virtues combined. That settled, no time was lost in preparing me for this brilliant future, and almost before I had time to realize the full horrors of my situation, I found myself fairly *en route* under the escort of old friends.

Our journey did not open propitiously. We crossed the Bay of Fundy in such a storm and with such a sea as I believe that detestable piece of water alone can produce. The scene which the ladies’ cabin presented stands out vividly before me even now; at first the mere common-place miseries of a “rough night,” with the sights and sounds so painfully familiar to all who have passed its interminable hours in company with the wretched army of martyrs mildly designated as “not good sailors;” but soon a lurch, from which it seemed that the little steamer could never right itself—a

crash—the sound of water rushing overhead, and the cessation of the engines, told that we had risen to the highest level of danger. Instantly the wildest terror took the place of the patient wretchedness which had hitherto prevailed. Shrieks in every cadence of shrillness rung on the air, figures in all stages of dishabille precipitated themselves from the berths, and flinging themselves on their knees, testified to the truth that the language of terror is the language of prayer. Here, a group huddled together ejaculated petitions from the Litany, intermingled with screams at each fresh plunge of the vessel, now lying at the mercy of the waves; there, devout Roman Catholics told their beads with the rapidity of those who feel there is not a moment to lose; others seemed to feel that their safety lay in the Lord's Prayer, which they repeated without cessation or variation. One very pretty woman illustrated the ruling passion strong in death, evidently determined that if she must go down, at least it should be looking her best; she was dressing her hair with great elaboration, though with a white face and trembling hands.

In the midst of this tumult the captain appeared; incontinently he was surrounded by the clamouring group. "What is the matter?" "Is there any hope?" "Are we going down?" "Oh, captain dear, you will save us?" "I have three small children at home, captain, you'll let me in the boat." To these and a thousand other entreaties he answered calmly that we were in great danger, for the machinery was useless, but we must put our trust in Providence. "Good God, captain! has it come to *that*?" exclaimed in horror an old lady of weak faith. But the trust was not misplaced; the gale abated towards morning, and as the wind was fair we were able to sail to our destination, where we had been given up as lost. After a short time to recruit, we started for Delphi (the very name inspired confidence), where the seminary was situated. The first appearance of my new home was scarcely calculated to raise my spirits, which had fallen below zero, at the prospect of parting from my escort, the last link of home. It was doubtful whether the long high building, without the slightest pretence at architecture, with its four tiers of tiny windows, those on the ground floor being of a most respectable size, most resembled a barrack or a prison; the barred shutters, or blinds as they call them there, did rather tend to encourage the latter idea, which certainly was the one prominent in my mind.



On our arrival we were ushered into a solemn, stiff-looking drawing-room, Americané parlour, destined to become terrible to me, as the scene of the monthly dismalities known as Mrs. Wilkins' soirées. The very chairs and tables in this apartment seemed to have a fitting sense of the honour and responsibility accorded to them in being permitted to minister, in their humble sphere, to "the great work of the regeneration of society, by fitting the young women of this favoured land to be the ornaments of their sex, and the pride of the great nation to which they belong, whose eyes were turned on them, in confident assurance that they would aid in fulfilling the glorious destiny so clearly marked out by Providence for this peerless union." I must not take credit for these noble sentiments; they are couched in the glowing language of the prospectus, from the able pen of that "most remarkable woman" Professor Theodora Wilkins. She was the original founder of the seminary, but now in the evening of a life devoted to the good of mankind, she was enjoying the repose she had so nobly earned, well content to feel that the mantle of her devotion to the great work had fallen upon her son, Mr. Principal Wilkins.

There, I have lapsed into the prospectus again; it is impossible to separate Mrs. Professor Theodora Wilkins from it;—she lived it, she talked it, and I am sure she dreamed it.

The wife of the fortunate inheritor of the maternal genius shortly made her appearance; and that my readers may the better appreciate the incalculable advantages of which I was about to become the recipient, I will endeavour to give a summary of the stream of information upon the subject, which fell in a torrent of burning eloquence upon our bewildered ears, though mine must be dry statistics, for I am incapable of doing justice to the eloquence.

Her husband was the principal; her sister, the vice-principal; she herself, the lady-directress and superintendent, each pupil receiving from her the tender supervision of a mother. The staff of "lady" and "gentlemen" professors numbered twenty, each one being in himself or herself an Admirable Crichton. The course of studies comprised, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and all the modern languages; geometry, algebra, geology, archæology, physiology, astronomy, trigonometry, conchology, botany, rhetoric, theology, painting, sculpture, music, and poetry. Nor were even such trifling items as geography, history, grammar, and arithmetic, quite forgotten.

There were yearly public examinations, at which diplomas were given and degrees conferred. In order to graduate it was necessary to remain three years in the seminary; but fortunately for the brains of the future help-meets of young America, it was only obligatory to pass examinations in a given number of subjects, selected from the copious list.

If the secular advantages were great no less so were the religious privileges. There was no church, sect, or denomination, which had not its representatives, from Papacy to Soft-shell Baptists, and all were marshalled to their respective "worships," under the *Ægis* eye of a professor; indeed, there was no time or place in which that supervision was relaxed. The laws of hygienics also were strictly attended to. In a word, at the Female Seminary of Delphi more than the comforts of a Christian home were combined with the intellectual resources of a university.

Taking advantage of the pause for breath, which proved that even Lady Principals are mortal, my friends requested to be shown the establishment. The proposition was enthusiastically complied with. The "local habitation" was very simple, to be the abode of so much learning. The four storeys consisting of long, narrow, dim halls, with three staircases in each, and rows of rooms on each side. The first floor was occupied by the Principal and his family, a few classrooms, and a large lecture-room; the second, more class-rooms and pupils' bedrooms; the third and fourth, bedrooms only; the others were used as studios for the artists in oils; and underground, in what I should designate the cellar, but which was dignified by the title of the "basement," besides the kitchen and larders, which one associates with those regions, was situated the most dismal of refectories, which would have been as effectual in subduing exuberant appetites as the Dotheboys Hall sulphur and treacle, but that school-girl appetites partake of the general irrepressibility of their nature; and also a large gymnasium, where the "Fem Sems," as they were familiarly called, disported themselves in the exercise-hour of rainy days, and had dancing lessons twice a-week. Connected by a long passage with the main building was a smaller one, dedicated to the sister arts of music and drawing, where twenty pianofortes, in various stages of tin-kettledum, played incessantly by twenty pair of incompetent hands, sadly belied the name of the music-house.

But postpone it as one might, the fatal moment of parting from

my friends had come; the gamut of admiration of all the arrangements had been sounded on every note; I had been solemnly recommended to the promised maternal supervision, and received as "a sacred trust;" the adieus were said, and I was fairly launched a stray waif upon the unknown sea of seminary life.

I was at once taken up-stairs to be introduced to my "room-mate." To share a room with another is called in America "rooming" together, and the companion is a "room-mate." A most serious affair this same "rooming" was; for if the tie was not actually till death them did part, one's happiness for the time being was quite as dependent on one's mate as that of husband and wife can be on each other, perhaps more so, for there was no refuge of club, ball, or Dorcas-meeting for uncongenial "Fem Sems," and incompatibility of temper must have reached terrible lengths before Mrs. Wilkins, our Sir Cresswell Cresswell, was applied to to dissolve the union. Indeed, this extreme step was considered as so disgraceful by the conventionalities of our society, that the annals of the seminary afforded very rare instances of its having been resorted to. One heard occasional rumours that the couple in No. 49 did not "get on," or some meek little party was pointed out as being "awfully hen-pecked;" or it was whispered that sounds of disagreement had been heard in No. 90; but farther than this the secrets of each *ménage* were considered sacred. Our rooms, tiny though they were, were literally our homes; our room-mates, therefore, our inseparable companions. We seldom left them save for meals or classes; general sitting-room there was none.

There was a group of three or four girls, of ages ranging from seventeen to thirteen, collected in the little den into which I was ushered, who, after indulging their curiosity by such lengthened stares as led me to tremble, lest I had suddenly become gorilla-like in aspect, began a species of "Shorter Catechism," that being the longest thing in that line which I know:—"Where had I come from?" "How old was I?" "What was my name?" "What was my father," &c. &c.; "Had I brought any 'goodies'?" being apparently the most important. Their ardent search for knowledge in some degree slaked, and evidently finding me uninteresting, they continued the conversation which my entrance had interrupted. I listened to it in open-eyed amazement. I think it will be conceded that the opening sentence *was* startling, given in a rich nasal twang.



"Will you be sick, to-morrow, Toots?"

It was Saturday afternoon.

"I guess so; so will you?"

They are going to sea, was my inward pitying comment, shaken however by the answer.

"'Tain't possible; I have a note for Jeddy, and he is to bring me candy."

"The fox is going, guess you'll have to be pretty spry."

"Trust me for that. I am bound to tear my dress in the church-porch, and while I am fixin' it up, Jeddy will slip the candy into my pocket."

This bold stroke of genius being duly applauded, more trivial matters were entered into, such as how many new scholars had already arrived, what studies the speakers were "to take" this term, how large the dancing class would be. Here my room-mate, Toots—which cognomen I discovered to be a corruption of the piously suggestive name of Virtue, with which good Puritan sponsors had endowed her—remarked,—

"You need not count me, any how; I ain't going to take dancing again."

"Dew tell! What an outrage! Well now!" broke in, in amazement, the youngest of the party, an over-dressed and affected little being, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation. Her elder sister interrupted her lamentations *sans cérémonie*.

"Hush up, Flo; how's that, Toots?"

"Well, father says he reckons as how it is better to use one's head than one's heels; so he will have no more tripping it."

Whereupon Lissa, who appeared to be at once sentimental and practical, exclaimed in admiration, "Ah, I adore satire." Then turning abruptly to me, demanded, "Are you satirical?"

"Not that I know of," I responded meekly.

"Then you ain't good for much," with which sweeping condemnation I was allowed to sink into insignificance again.

In a few moments I was startled by the clanging of a tremendous bell, which like "John Peel's view halloo" might have wakened the dead, and was informed that that was "supper." I considered it an ambitious title when I found that the repast consisted of that description of thick bread and butter commonly known as "bread and scrape," washed down by the mildest of tea.

On leaving our rooms the halls presented a marked contrast to the stillness which had reigned on our tour of inspection ; then not a form was to be seen, now the animation and bustle reminded one of an ant-hill suddenly disturbed ; every door was open, and the occupants of the rooms were issuing forth in pairs, like Noah's animals. "No talking allowed in the halls," figured largely in the printed rules of the Athens Female Seminary ; but as it is difficult to reduce to silence two hundred female tongues, the buzz was very decided notwithstanding, but it subsided into the gravest decorum at the entrance to the dining-room, for were not Mr. and Mrs. Principal Wilkins, surrounded by their olive branches, presiding over the festal scene ?

The room was entirely filled with rows of long tables and the three-legged stools accorded to each pupil, the teachers alone being honoured with chairs.

During the half-hour which elapsed after tea the young ladies—we were never called girls—were allowed to visit in each other's rooms ; and these calls, except in the case of extreme intimates, were conducted with great solemnity, being formally returned at the correct time, and cards left if the ladies were not at home.

At a quarter to seven o'clock a warning bell was sounded, and at seven it again pealed forth to announce that all must return to their own domiciles, which they must not leave again that night.

I have not yet described the "homes" in which our school-life was passed ; they were small square rooms, containing a cupboard, American press, a bed, two wash-hand stands, two tables with drawers, two chairs, a set of hanging book-shelves, and the boxes of the inhabitants ; these, with a tiny close stove, completed the inventory of what was provided by the school, though some Sybarites added a sofa or armchair of their own.

My room-mate, too, deserves a word : a tall, largely-made girl of seventeen, whose legs and arms seemed constantly to present to their owner the insoluble problem of "What is to be done with us?" with a broad sallow face, most insufficiently lighted up by small brown eyes, which were generally half-closed, but on occasion could glow with feeling or flash with passion, and a sleepy, indolent manner worthy of one of Onida's heroes. She was not at first sight prepossessing, but I soon found that, hidden under the inexpressive

face and the *dolce far niente* manner, lay real talent and a will so strong that few were capable of successfully resisting it. I may as well announce here that I never even attempted it; and if any one despises me for this confession of weakness, I can only answer, as a friend of mine did, when it was suggested to her that her maid was in point of fact the mistress—"Then I am sure I have nothing to complain of; she is very kind to me." Toots was very kind to me, and my "conciliatory policy" was more successful with her than the same line has lately proved with her nation; and our domestic life, if not an unruffled calm, was at least disturbed only by such light breezes as are necessary to keep any atmosphere, whether physical or moral, in a healthy state.



## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

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July 2nd.—At Kargapol, of typhus fever, Alexander Hilferding, aged 42, one of the chief authorities on all questions concerning the various Slavonic peoples. Among his principal works may be mentioned those “On the Affinity of the Slavonic to Sanscrit,” and “On the Relations between the Slavonic and the Languages akin to it;” “The History of the Baltic Slavonians;” “The Relics of the Slavonians along the South Coast of the Baltic.” By his early death Russia has been deprived of one of her most erudite and most enthusiastic scholars.

July 5th.—In Wigmore Street, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Gore, eldest surviving son of the late Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Killala. He entered the 88th (Connaught Rangers) in 1843, and became Brevet Lieut.-Col. 1868. Colonel Gore served in the West Indies, in North America, and throughout the Crimean War, for which he obtained the medal and three clasps, also the Sardinian and Turkish medals. His death was the result of injuries received in the hunting-field.

July 6th.—At Grosvenor Crescent, the Hon. Meriel Leicester, wife of Allen Bathurst, Esq., M.P. for Cirencester, aged 33.

July 7th.—In France, Joseph Dundas, Esq., of Carron Hill and Fingask, aged 50. Mr. Dundas was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Stirling.

July 9th.—At Norwood, M. Raphael Félix, the Manager of the French Plays, aged 46. He was the only brother of the great Rachel, and acted with her in London some twenty years ago. After her death M. Raphael Félix took to the management of theatres, and of late years attained a considerable position in Paris as director of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin. For the last few years he has been well known in London as Manager of the French Plays, which he has produced successfully during six seasons at the Prin-

cess's, Lyceum, and St. James's. He had earned great respect and consideration both in his profession and from the public.

July 13th.—At the Hall, Atherstone, Warwickshire, Charles Holte Bracebridge, Esq., aged 73. In early life Mr. Bracebridge took an active part in public affairs, and during the Crimean War, he and Mrs. Bracebridge accompanied Miss Nightingale in her mission to the hospitals in the East. The family of Bracebridge is Saxon, and was settled in the county of Warwick long before the Conquest.

July 13th.—At Salford, suddenly, of *angina pectoris*, the Right Rev. Dr. William Turner, Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, aged 72. The deceased prelate held the charge of some important missions in the North of England previous to 1851, when he was nominated first Bishop of the Roman Catholic See of Salford, and he was consecrated by the late Cardinal Wiseman in July of that year. The Bishop was appointed Assistant at the Pontifical Throne in 1862.

July 15th.—Drowned, whilst bathing in Rothesay Bay, Roderick Campbell, Esq., a Canadian merchant. He was a good swimmer, but being seized with cramp sank before assistance could be rendered.

July 16th.—At Audley Square, the Right Hon. Charles Fitzroy, third Lord Southampton, aged 68. This peerage was conferred on Charles, the second son of the second Duke of Grafton, in 1788, on account of military services. The ducal house of Grafton, as is well known, derives its origin from the royal line of the Stuarts, the first Duke having been the second son of Charles II., by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland. The second Duke (father of the first Lord Southampton) was killed at the siege of Cork, under the great Duke of Marlborough, in 1690. The late Lord Southampton was a distinguished hunter of hounds, having opened in early life with the "Quorn," which he held for a season or two. He was well known in his own county in Whittlebury Forest—the hunting ground of the Fitzroys for many generations—and here he went out hunting in earnest, sparing no expense, and purchasing pack after pack. His lordship married, first, Harriet, only daughter of the Hon. Henry Stanhope, who died 1860; and secondly, a daughter of Mr. Walter Nugent, by whom he leaves a family of two sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Charles Henry Fitzroy, born

1867, succeeds his father as fourth Lord Southampton. The late Lord Southampton was Lord-Lieutenant of Northamptonshire.

July 17th.—Lady Byles, wife of the Hon. Sir J. B. Byles, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

July 17th.—General Walker, Royal Artillery. The deceased was a General on the retired list.

July 18th.—At Highshot House, Twickenham, Miss Elizabeth Hough, aged 55. She was walking in her garden when she was attacked by bees—one or two of which stung her—and she died before medical assistance arrived. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from the mortal effects of syncope, accelerated by the stings of bees.

July 19th.—George Cowper, of Caithness, believed to have been born in 1766, was recently buried in Dunnet churchyard. Till lately he retained his faculties, conversing intelligently on events which occurred as far back as 1770.

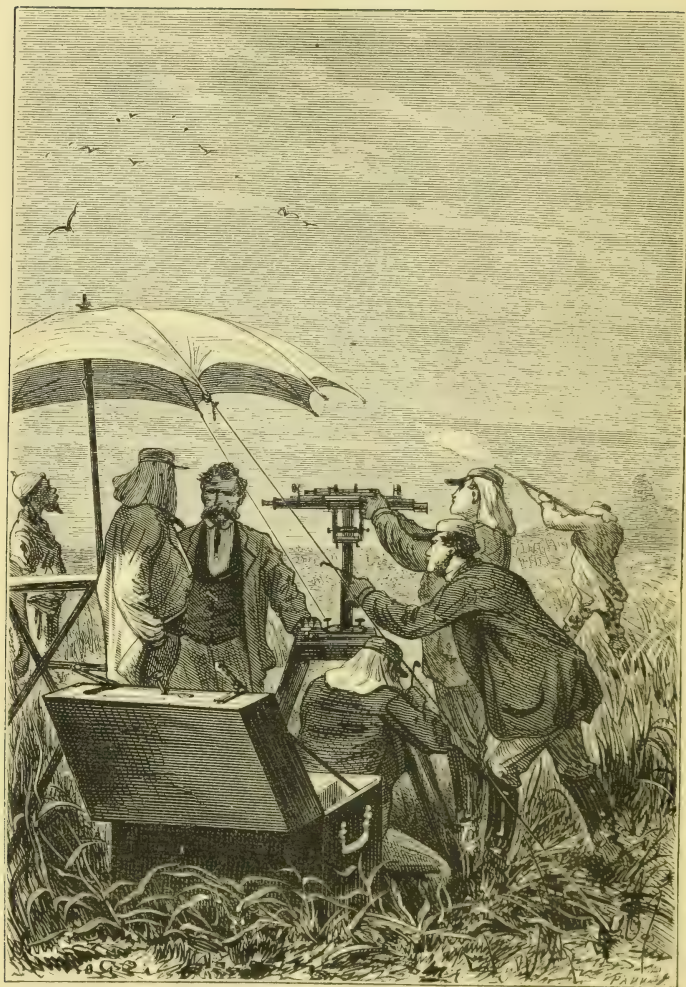
July 19th.—Henry James died in Cornwall a few days ago, aged 103. He was baptized at St. Columb on the 8th November, 1777. For the last fourteen or fifteen years he had been confined to his room. The date of his baptism, if correctly stated in the *Times*, makes this man's reputed age rather doubtful. Very old people generally say that they are older than they really are.

July 20th.—The death of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo is announced, aged 91. Originally a Franciscan Friar, he came into notice at the Court of Spain in 1816, when he attended Isabel of Braganza—as bride of Ferdinand VII.—to Madrid. Thenceforward he exercised considerable influence and authority in Spanish affairs. The Archbishop was a confidential adviser of Don Carlos, but nevertheless favoured the Convention of Vergara.

July 21st.—In London, Henry Tidey, Esq., aged 59. By his death the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours has been deprived of one of its most distinguished members. Since his election in 1858, he has yearly contributed some important work to the Gallery, amongst these some of the largest water-colours ever painted. His "Feast of Roses" was purchased by her Majesty, and his "Darthula" by the Duke of Manchester. Enthusiastically devoted to his profession, both as a worker and a theorist, his opinions commanded an unusual amount of attention at the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, of which he was recently nominated Vice-President.







THE ASTRONOMERS AT WORK.

## THE CRAVENS OF CRAVENS-CROFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TENANTS OF MOOR LODGE."

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### CHAPTER LI.

AT the door of Lady Ayre's lodging Sir Henry dismounted, sulky still; and Mab a little sulky likewise, and certainly more than a little angry, went straight up to her dressing-room, leaving her lover free to carry his grievance to Lady Ayre.

He had never complained of Mab before. He had been content hitherto to curse Poland's insolence under his breath, and to grumble a little about him in his absence, but it was always Poland he blamed. Poland's forwardness, Poland's attentions, Poland's visits, never Mab's encouragement; but to-day Mab was to blame, to blame so thoroughly, that her justly-angered lover appealed to Lady Ayre.

"He did not know what Mabel meant," he said, "by inviting the fellow in defiance of him, unless it was that this kind of foolery pleased her vanity, that d——d vanity which is the curse of her sex."

Poor harassed Lady Ayre, who wished the courtship, and the marriage, and all her weary watching, flattering, and managing was at an end.

She was very sorry, of course; Mab was very perverse. Mab was jealous and angry about that dinner-party. She lied boldly, she cajoled softly, she coined speeches of Mab's regarding Sir Henry, which Mab had never uttered; she invented confidential remarks which Mab had never made.

Sir Henry sat on a sofa with his legs crossed over each other, his elbow on the arm of it, and his large dark hand laid against his cheek, black-browed and surly, an angry, sulky listener. Lady Ayre, with her hand on the back of an armchair, stood near him, smooth of brow, plausible, quiet, persuasive.



"Mab was very wrong," she admitted, "and perhaps it is as you say, she may have been a little led by her vanity."

"I did not say a little," Sir Henry broke in. "I said I did not know what she meant by going on in this kind of way, unless it was to please the d——d vanity which is the curse of her sex."

"Mab's vanity is at least excusable, Harry," Lady Ayre answered, drawing a step nearer the angry baronet; "she has been so very much admired."

"Admired—yes, by Jove, I should think so!" and Lady Ayre saw that Mab's beauty was her tower of strength with her surly lover. "Let people admire her, I want her to be admired; but I'll have no man following her steps, no man making open love to her in my teeth. I've seen too many of these games played, not to understand the move, and I will have no outsiders prowling after my wife; I'll have no flirtations, Platonic friendship, or any other d——d nonsense. My wife shall be my wife; I object to partnerships, I object to such ridiculous balderdash."

"Harry dear, you are exciting yourself unnecessarily," Lady Ayre said, frightened at heart by his rough vehemence, but keeping up bravely. "Mab is not the girl to encourage nonsense beyond a certain limit, and rely on it, when Mab is your wife ——"

Sir Henry drew his hand from his head, and brought it down with a blow on the end of the sofa, interrupting Lady Ayre's sentence.

"Mab is my wife," he flashed forth. "She is my wife to all intents and purposes, so far as this Poland is concerned. And I want to know one thing, Lady Ayre; is this cursed nonsense, which has followed us to the very church door to be begun again when we come out of it? I thought when the fellow took his Jew's carcase out of Mainshire that we were done with him, instead of which, he turns out to be a gentleman who rides in Rotten Row, and won't understand that country acquaintances, are not always to be London intimates."

Lady Ayre looked at his swollen, savage lip, at his glowing savage eye, and felt afraid. Of what? Afraid that if Mab came in and saw him, she would draw back affrighted. The man was a brute, a gigantic brute, whose uncontrolled passions had got the spur when they should have got the curb. After Mab was married she must preach to her to be cautious, to humour her husband, to flatter, to fool, but never to provoke.

Now he must be calmed down. Mab must not see him in this outburst; Sir Richard Ayre must not even hear of it.

Women who marry for money always have to make some sacrifice to Plutus in return for his gifts. The husbands girls marry for money are, in nine cases out of ten, sure to be ugly or old, fickle or vicious, brutal like Sir Henry King, or stupid like Sir Richard Ayre. A gentle, easy-tempered girl might have been content with such a drag to her chariot-wheel as Sir Richard; but keen-witted, manœuvring Lady Ayre despised him in her heart. She had made her sacrifice to Plutus, why should not Mab? Sir Henry's brute strength was not more nauseous than Sir Richard's supreme foolishness. Not so nauseous, Lady Ayre thought, who had never known what it was to spend her life with an untamed savage.

Mab could soothe and manage him, she could control a nature which had never learnt to control itself: a jealous nature whose love would be exacting, and whose suspicions dangerous: a fierce man who growls behind his set teeth when he is angry, and interlards his talk with curses.

Lady Ayre's argument the day Sir Henry first showed his cloven foot in Ayrefield, that it was too late to draw back, was a stronger argument now, when all things were ready, and the guests were bidden to the marriage,—when, as Sir Henry King said, they were almost at the church door, and in the quarrel, if it came to a quarrel, Sir Henry would be in the right, and Mab utterly in the wrong. She had no business to allow Mr. Poland to dangle after her up to the very eve of her wedding. She had no right to defy Sir Henry's wishes. She was drawing this man within a circle into which he had no legitimate *entrée*, and if he pushed his way in there in her train, what would the world say to it?

In such a case the world would not be very long in the dark, for Sir Henry was not a man to hide the shining of his wrath. He was not a wise man, who would fight a resolute battle in private for Poland's banishment; but he was a foolish violent man, who would curse him openly to his teeth, and order him from his door, in the face of his servants.

Such petty scandals as follow the steps of passionate men, who expose their jealousies to the laughter of their fellows, would be sure to follow a renewal of Mr. Poland's acquaintance with Mab, once she became the wife of Sir Henry King.

To do Sir Henry justice, he had borne with Mab a long time—

wonderfully long, considering his peculiar temperament, and when he did speak at last, if there was too much force in his method, there was at least cause of complaint.

"Of course you understand, Lady Ayre, I have no wish to restrict Mabel's general acquaintances," Sir Henry went on, cooled down a little by his free abuse of Mr. Poland, and Lady Ayre's soothing suavity. "But I will not have that rascally Poland in my house, I wish that to be clearly understood."

"I don't like him myself," Lady Ayre answered, with a little shrug, expressive of her distaste. "He is amusing sometimes, in a certain way, but there is a vulgarity about him which spoils it all."

"Say it out boldly then, Lady Ayre," Sir Henry said, snatching at her admission. "Gad, I never hide my hatreds under a bushel, and why should you? Tell Mabel you object to Poland being here, and get her to put him off to-morrow."

"There might be some awkwardness in that," Lady Ayre said, hesitatingly, the real awkwardness being her fear that Mab would be unmanageable.

"What awkwardness?" Sir Henry demanded, "Let Mabel say you had made an engagement during her absence, that she is sorry, and all that."

"Well, will you leave it to me? Will you be peaceable and quiet, if Mab does what you wish?" Lady Ayre asked, with her hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Ay, whatever you like, so as I get the fellow a slap in the face I don't care a——" Something strong was coming, but Sir Henry's gust of passion was sufficiently subdued to let him think of his words, and he changed the expletive to "I don't care a pin how it's given; only this, mind, the letter must go in Mabel's handwriting."

"Certainly," Lady Ayre assented.

"And we can make it all right, you know," Sir Henry said, quickly subsiding into good humour. "We can drive out to Richmond, and lunch there."

"I am so thankful it is nearly over," Lady Ayre said inwardly, as she ascended the stairs to Mab's dressing-room, a poky back-room, as unlike her luxurious apartment at Ayrefield as possible, where Mab Ayre sat looking on the dreary prospect of a narrow back yard, over whose pavement two miserable London sparrows were hopping in search of crumbs.



She had taken off her habit, and altered the dressing of her hair, so as to suit the bonnet which was to replace her hat during their afternoon shopping; and she was sitting idly in the window, watching the eager sparrows hopping to and fro, when her mother entered the room, without a sign of the storm which had raged below showing on her placid face.

That was the beauty of Lady Ayre, she could show a calm front on almost any occasion. There were times, one of them a time very near at hand, when her calmness temporarily failed her; but take her as a whole, there were few women who could carry themselves through difficult passes with the outward smoothness of Lady Ayre. Smooth she was, and soft, and purring, as she came over to Mab's side, where she stood stroking the girl's hair with her hand, a white velvety hand, soothing and mesmeric in its touch.

"You have a dreary look-out, dear," she said, with a voice quite as mesmeric as the touch of her hand. Then, questioningly, "Where are we going to to-day?"

"Somewhere about pictures, I forget where. Sir Henry told me he had a note from a collector, who says he has got a Rubens for him, but I suppose it's a cheat," Mab answered indifferently.

"Perhaps not, dear. Amateur collectors sometimes get into difficulties, or an heir chooses to sell what he may not prize. I dare say Sir Henry will know what he is about."

"Not he. He is bent on having a large picture for the staircase. He has one he says, but it's too small, too far away from its neighbours, and he wishes to replace it with a larger one."

"Sir Henry ought to get a connoisseur to look at it before buying," Lady Ayre said. "Mr. Clinton is a good judge, I believe; but then he is not in town."

"Mr. Poland is a good judge, I think," Mab answered. "I wonder would Sir Henry allow him to see this Rubens?"

"Jews are always good opinions on all things to be bought or sold," Lady Ayre threw in quietly.

"Mr. Poland is not a Jew, mamma."

"Is he not? Well, it's much the same. His father is Jewish, or his mother," Lady Ayre answered, with the air of a woman who pretty well knows all about it.

"Who on earth says so?" Mab asked.

Lady Ayre might have answered, Sir Henry called him a Jew when he was in a passion awhile since, but she only shook her head.

"I really don't know," she said; "some one told me—I forget who—but, at all events, Sir Henry would not brook his interference."

Mab laughed—there was malice and mischief in her laugh.

"He is jealous of him, mamma. Was he such a fool as to tell you?"

"Surely you are not so foolish as to try to make him jealous!" Lady Ayre answered evasively. "Trifling with a lover is a dangerous pastime, Mab."

Mab took up the tassel of the window-blind, and twined the cord in and out round her fingers.

"I'm not trifling with Sir Henry King," she said. "I am desperately in earnest—so desperately in earnest that I am to marry him in ten days! But I will not allow him to insult people because of his jealous whims. He insulted Mr. Poland to-day in the Park, and I suppose he has been complaining to you that I asked him to lunch here to-morrow."

Lady Ayre's look of surprise seemed very genuine, and she said readily,—

"My dear child, it's impossible he can lunch here to-morrow. I made quite a different arrangement in your absence. We are all going to Richmond to-morrow; I have promised Lady Wallis."

"Well, you can write to Mr. Poland, telling him our change of plans, and ask him to accompany us," Mab answered with a flush.

"It's quite impossible, Mab. How are we to cram five people into the carriage? Do put off his coming; write to him to say I had made an engagement in your absence, and ask him to substitute Friday for to-morrow."

The arrangement was apparently innocent, but it was not, and Mab's answer showed she knew it was not.

"Sir Henry will be at Kingslands on Friday; I presume you remember that, mamma."

"Yes, dear, I remember it," Lady Ayre assented; "but this arrangement is best—there is no use in offending Mr. Poland, and there is no use exciting Sir Henry King."

"When he has really made me his bond-slave, I wonder shall I be forbidden to speak to Mr. Poland or Mr. Anybody, except whoever Bluebeard chooses?" Mab asked provokingly.

"Mab, dear," Lady Ayre said gently, "I am sure if there be a restriction it will be entirely your own fault. Sir Henry may be a

little fiery and impatient, but he is good at heart, and is very much attached to you. If you give your mind to it, you could lead him like a child."

"What a sweet task leading Sir Henry King! The blind man's dog, who holds out his eternal basket for coppers, cannot have a more blessed time leading his master than I shall have leading mine!" Mab laughed provokingly still.

"You are in one of your sarcastic moods to-day," Lady Ayre said, with a temper it was impossible to ruffle.

"I am sarcastic, and Sir Henry was tragic. You have no idea how tragic he looked when he put out his arm about Mr. Poland, and said, with the grand and gloomy air of a stage hero, 'I presume that we are soon to see the last of this nonsense!'"

"Well, Mab, write your little note, and come down to luncheon like a reasonable girl. The carriage will be here immediately, and Sir Henry is impatient to see his Rubens."

"I shall write the note, if you like," Mab said, rising and placing herself before her writing-desk. "I begin to like the idea; the appointment for Friday looks more enchantingly wicked than the innocent recklessness of to-morrow." Then she wrote her note, and, as she pushed it over to Lady Ayre to read, she added, "What fun it would be if Sir Henry King doubled back on Friday, to find Mr. Poland at high luncheon, and you playing propriety!"

"Mab, don't make me think I am doing wrong, where I merely meant to keep the peace, and at the same time avoid being rude to a person, who, whatever he may be with me, seems to be a favourite with you."

"You are very right, mamma; it is hardly worth while to break up a friendship that is only to last a week. It is evident he is to be tabooed in Sir Henry's drawing-room. However, I dare say I shall meet him in the Park occasionally."

"You surely don't mean you will talk to Mr. Poland in the Park against your husband's wishes."

"Why not, mamma? There can be no harm in speaking to a gentleman before a couple of hundred equestrians. I am not going to cut people, merely because Sir Henry King chooses to issue tyrannical orders."

"Oh, nonsense!—you'll think better of it," Lady Ayre said uneasily, remembering, as she did, the brutal roughness Sir Henry had exhibited half an hour ago.



"No I shan't; I mean to go in for a little self-government when I marry. The Bible says it's not good for a man to be alone, and I say it's not good for him to have his own way in every thing.

"Well, really, I think Sir Henry has not had his own way for so far. Now, Mab, do the poor man justice," Lady Ayre said smiling.

"The humbler the slave the greater the tyrant," Mab answered, propping her chin on her hands. "But my note, mamma—will it do?"

"Yes, dear, nothing could be better," her ladyship declared, well satisfied at the success of her diplomacy. "And there is the luncheon-bell."

"On Thursday evening Sir Henry goes to Kingslands," Mab said, folding up her note, "and then are we to see him again on Saturday at Ayrefield?"

"I dare say he will meet us at Bracebridge, and come back with us for an hour or two. But on Saturday he goes from Kingslands to Mr. Dawson's. You forget it is not etiquette for the bride and bridegroom to go to church from the same house."

Mab's face flushed.

"I heard him say something about Mr. Dawson, but I did not quite understand. I forgot about the etiquette," and then, as she came up close to her mother, with her letter in her hand, she added, with a piteous little sigh and a shiver, "Ah, mamma, it is very close, horribly close, is it not?"

"Mab, darling, don't look like that," Lady Ayre entreated, with her hand on her daughter's arm. "You ought to think more of Sir Henry King, Mab; you ought to be more grateful, more affectionate."

Mab drew back from the clasp of her mother's hand, and laughed.

"I am doing the right thing," she said, in her old mocking way. "It's not etiquette to be in love with your husband, no more than it is etiquette for Sir Henry to be found next week at Ayrefield. Dear me, dear me, how I wish it was not etiquette for him to live at Kingslands."

"Mab, I entreat—Mab, you really must not," Lady Ayre cried, in a whisper, "there is a step in the next room; good gracious, if any one overheard you, what should you do?"

"Oh, it's only Hunter," Mab answered, throwing open the dressing-room door. "There goes the bell again; that dear man is growing impatient, like a bear wanting to be fed."

## CHAPTER LII.

WHEN Sir Henry King left London for Kingslands, on Thursday evening, he and Mab parted very good friends.

He had forgiven her little act of insubordination touching Mr. Poland, about which he had been so wroth the day before, and when they drove out to Richmond on the Tuesday he was in excellent humour.

Mab's offence was nought compared with its atonement. There was no fear of her not making an obedient wife. That slight brush with his betrothed, had shown Sir Henry in whom the strength lay; and as Mab leant back in the carriage, looking with wandering eyes over the landscape, Sir Henry was congratulating himself on his future, when this beautiful woman, this woman whose spirit was at once so provokingly rash, and delightfully yielding, would be his wife.

He had had rather a triumph out of that affair of Poland's, and he flattered himself he would know how to manage in future about that gentleman, or any other gentleman, who approached near enough to his goddess to touch the hem of her garment.

There were certain privileges which Sir Henry was willing to accord the male world, and one of them was the privilege of admiring Mab. All Belgravia had raved about her last season, and out of its ravings had come some part, at least, of Sir Henry's love.

It was in his nature to long for the possession of what his fellows applauded. That poor miserable vanity of his, which never slumbered nor slept, and was continually driving him on to one folly or another, drove him to distance competitors for the hand of Mab Ayre.

Belgravia, which had run wild after the season beauty last year, would offer its homage anew when she returned to it a bride.

The admiration of society, the homage of society, Sir Henry King was burning to see laid at Mab's feet, but it must be distant homage. The world might envy him his prize. The world might talk aloud of the beauty or the grace of his wife, but he would have no man whispering compliments into her ear; no exchange of airy badinage, no Mr. Polands, or Captain Cranfields, to disturb his peace of mind.

The man's nature was jealous with a tigerish jealousy—a wake-

ful, suspicious jealousy, which trusted no man and believed in no woman :—a jealousy most perilous to a wayward, passionate girl, like Mabel Ayre, who was bold enough to rouse it out of sheer wanton idleness and mischief.

“ He is a grand Turk,” she had said to her mother, as she tied her bonnet-strings that Tuesday morning, previous to starting for Richmond, “ who would try jealousies and linen veils, if he dare ; and then, after all, to think of his innocence, and that wicked luncheon on Friday. Mr. Poland will consider himself a most favoured individual, when he finds I have waited for my watch-dog’s absence to enjoy his charming society.”

“ Mr. Poland must be given to understand we did not know Sir Henry was to be absent when you wrote,” Lady Ayre answered gravely.

“ Mr. Poland will believe nothing but that it is a most flattering assignation out of ken of my watch-dog,” Mab declared provokingly, and then she went downstairs, followed by her mother, half-frightened, and truly penitent, for her share in that unwise substitution of days.

But Mab was so troublesome at times—so unmanageable—and any sacrifice was better than to run the risk of a dreadful quarrel at this the eleventh hour, Lady Ayre considered, as she came into the drawing-room with Mab, who sailed in demurely, and, after holding out her hand to Lady Wallis, was graciously pleased to allow Sir Henry to button her gloves, an office he performed with clumsy gallantry, while Lady Ayre retired to a window with Lady Wallis, where they engaged in a low-toned conversation, explanatory of Lady Ayre’s suddenly-written request of the day before, that Lady Wallis would faithfully appear to join the Richmond excursion, and as faithfully assert the genuineness of the engagement.

That was Tuesday, and on Thursday evening Sir Henry King had gone down to Kingslands for a day, taking with him whole packing-cases of purchases for the adornment of Mab’s home, together with the Rubens of doubtful origin, which was to make the Kingslands staircase resplendent.

He went, and punctual to two o’clock the day following his departure, Mr. Poland’s dashing mail phaeton, with its spanking horses and tiny tiger, all a-glitter with buttons—a rakish-looking little tiger, attached to a rakish-looking turn-out, suitable for what



Mr. Poland was rapidly becoming, a fast man about town—drove up to the door of the Ayres' lodgings.

He was received as a guest of honour; for what male domestic, even if hired to do duty in a lodging-house, and thereby supposed to have fallen from his high estate, would refuse to do honour to the owner of such a conveyance and such horses, even if his neck-tie was a little loud, and his shirt-front unnecessarily conspicuous.

When Mr. Poland arrived, Lady Ayre was busy with a fair-haired young lady in black silk, who wore a long curl down her back, and a very diminutive bonnet on her head, over specimens of mantles sent, as the young lady with the curl phrased it, "on approbation," so that Mab had to go down alone to receive him.

Mr. Poland thought Mab never looked better in her life than that day when she entered the drawing-room in Eaton Place, in a dark blue silk dress, and her hair tied up daintily with her favourite blue ribbons.

Mab always looked well in blue, and perhaps she had a shrewd knowledge of the fact, when she selected it as the colour in which to appear before Mr. Poland.

There was a friendly greeting of course—a friendly greeting and nothing more. Mab apologized for her mother's absence on the score of the shawls and mantles. Then she added, with a slight laugh,—

"Why, you are in semi-darkness here, Mr. Poland. They have pulled down all the blinds because the sun ventured to shine this morning."

"A good bit of sunshine is such a novelty, I wonder they shut it out. We have no such glorious sunshine here as I have seen bathing Ayrefield," Mr. Poland replied.

"Ah, dear old Ayrefield!" Mab said, with a sigh of unmistakeable regret. "It is just beginning to look brilliant now." And then, as if to chase the sigh, she added, "I hope you did not think me rude in putting off my invitation in such a sudden way."

"Certainly not, I readily understood your difficulty. I have never experienced rudeness from you, Miss Ayre."

Mab comprehended the allusion, and coloured. Then there was a pause—one of those awkward pauses which make little gaps in conversations, until some one has tact enough to open fire in a different direction.

Mr. Poland had that tact. It was one of the points about him Mab admired, and Mr. Poland came to the rescue, to sweep away the ripple in the current his own pebble had raised.

"By-the-bye, Miss Ayre," he said, as if the recollection had suddenly risen to his mind, "I saw your father last night in the House. I had some little interest in the debate, so I went into the strangers' gallery on an order, and I had a distant view of Sir Richard on the back benches."

"You saw almost as much of him as we do," Mab laughed. "He goes off in the morning after breakfast, and we never see him until night; sometimes he comes home to dinner, and sometimes he does not."

"He is a hard-working politician. It's a thing I should rather like myself, that Parliamentary business," Mr. Poland cried, with the light in his dark eye. "A man is always able to get something out of it, if it's only abuse."

"If I were in Parliament I should like to be Chancellor of the Exchequer," Mab laughed, "or First Lord of the Treasury, or something which had the chink of money about it."

"For the benefit of jewellers and milliners," Poland suggested. "I am afraid you ladies are mercenary, heart and soul; hopelessly delivered over to the vanity of feathers and satins."

He had stretched out his hand while he was speaking, and laid it on an album, which he drew over to him and opened absently.

A purple bound album, clasped with gilt clasps, containing some fresh photographs of Mab and Sir Henry King, taken alone, and taken together.

Here they stood face to face on separate leaves of the book: there together on the same page, Mab sitting on a high-backed chair with a bouquet upon her knee, her fingers clasped round the stems of the flowers, Sir Henry standing sideways by her seat, so that the artist caught every inch of his tall figure, and every finger of the broad hand laid on Mab's chair, almost on Mab's shoulder.

It was awkward. Poland felt it was awkward, and shut the book just as the luncheon-bell sounded.

"That will startle Lady Ayre from the shawls and mantles," he said, pushing the album far away from him as he spoke, and then fixing his shining, dark eyes on Mab's face, he asked a little abruptly, "Sir Henry King, am I to have the pleasure of seeing him to-day?"

There was the slightest possible tinge of sarcasm on the word "pleasure," discernible to Mab's ear, and the slightest possible tint of colour on Mab's face when she answered,—

"Not to-day, Mr. Poland. I am very sorry, but Sir Henry is unavoidably absent."

Poland smiled without removing the steady gaze of his shining, dark eyes off Mab's face.

"So as Miss Ayre is not absent, what matters?" he said gallantly.

"He was obliged to leave town last night for Kingslands," Mab observed, without noticing Poland's compliments, and trying with all her might to fight shy of his eyes.

Poland bent forward a little, and said very slowly,—

"Quite unexpectedly, I suppose?"

Mab looked up and coloured, coloured crimson under the magnetism of those glittering eyes, while she repeated his own words, "Quite unexpectedly."

Poland did not believe her, he was too shrewd a man to take a woman's word, against the flushing of her face.

Whatever falsehood Mab's lips might utter, her burning cheek told him the truth. Sir Henry did not go to Kingslands unexpectedly, and Mab knew of his going when she wrote her note.

A better man than Poland might have thought she substituted Friday for Tuesday out of fear, or out of a concession to a jealous lover. But Poland, who never put the best colouring on any body's acts—Poland, who, like Sir Henry King, trusted no man, and believed in no woman—accepted the position at what Mab had jeeringly put it to her mother—"A flattering assignation out of ken of her watch-dog."

She was a betrothed woman. What of that? He was an engaged man; what of that either, to an evil spirit enjoying an evil triumph?

He sat looking at her with a flush of pleasure on his dark face, and eyes alight with elation. She had done this for him, she had cheated Sir Henry King for him, that was the burden of his thought, as he sat still in the entrancing spell of silence which fell after Mab's last words.

A long marked silence unutterably embarrassing to Mab, unutterably delicious to Mr. Poland.

She felt his eyes were on her face; glad eyes, which looked their gladness—triumphant eyes, which looked their triumph.



Mab had made a mistake ; she knew she had made it, when her conscious cheek fired under Poland's slowly spoken question about Sir Henry's journey, and her knowledge made her give her false reply clumsily.

Nature had endowed Mab Ayre with a dangerous gift, and a dangerous propensity—the fatal gift of attraction, and the fatal love of coquetry. It had been coquetry in the beginning, which led her to shed her smiles on Mr. Marchmont, and for that coquetry she had heavily suffered. It had been coquetry and pique together which led her to lure Sir Henry King, and for that coquetry and pique she was suffering now. It had been coquetry, and something worse than coquetry, a wanton desire to tease her affianced husband, which enticed her to encourage Mr. Poland.

At first it had been idle vanity, idly let loose, but latterly the game of Poland's admiration, and Sir Henry's jealousy had begun to assume a wicked interest, the interest following forbidden fruit, which is all the sweeter because it is forbidden.

If Sir Henry King's eyes had not learned to blaze when Poland approached her ; if Poland himself had not been so evidently *nonchalant* regarding their blazing, so defiantly attentive to her in spite of Sir Henry's disapproval ; if, in fact, Poland had not been a bold, bad man, ambitious of the notoriety a flirtation with Mab Ayre was likely to produce, and fond of following the bent of his own self-will, Mab would probably have thought very little about him, and Mr. Poland would never have dared to calculate the further chance of notoriety, through a flirtation with Sir Henry King's wife.

Mab would not marry him, Poland knew full well she would not marry him, even then, when his vanity perhaps took a higher leap than it had ventured to take before.

Even then, through that entrancing silence, with Mab's still crimson cheek aglow, and Mab's white fingers playing for very embarrassment with her watch-chain, he would not have dared to ask her, although he dared something infinitely worse.

He drew his chair closer to her ; he leant his folded arms on the table ; he bent his fine dark eyes earnestly on her face.

"Miss Ayre," he said, with the low quiver of passion in his voice, "do you know what I have been doing ? Do you know the game I have been playing for the last eight months ?"

Mab looked up startled. The suddenness of his address, the unmistakable tendency of his words, the thrill in his voice, alarmed

her. She thought there was an appeal coming, a reckless proposal, arising from a reckless instinct.

No such thing. His dark eyes were glowing, and the blood which had flushed his cheek with anger in the Park was flushing it then with excitement. Mab put out her hand to stay his rashness, but he went on hurriedly,—

“I have been envying another man what was his; I have been going mad after a woman who is as unattainable to me as the stars.”

He did not ask Mab to come down from her high estate. She was there, shining above him, and he loved her, that was all.

He pleaded for no return, he entreated for no reward. What could Mab say to such a strange outburst, except utter an almost inaudible commonplace, while Mr. Poland, as if content that his recklessness had not been more hotly rebuked, withdrew his arms from the table, and leaning back in his chair, drew a deep breath, like the breath a man draws after a long draught of wine.

At that moment, to Mab's intense relief, Lady Ayre's hand turned the handle of the door, and at the same instant, to her intense surprise, Mr. Poland was standing up, apparently intent on raising the window-blind, and letting in a flood of light on the darkened room.

There was no sign of agitation in either his voice, or manner, when he turned from the window to meet Lady Ayre's graciously accorded welcome.

He was not the passionate lover who had spoken an instant since, out of the tempest of his passion, but the Mr. Poland of society, calm, shrewd, self-possessed; ugly qualities in a man under twenty-five.

They went down to luncheon at once, Lady Ayre apologizing for her unavoidable delay, but she had such a heap of things to do, so many people to see, that really she did not know how they would ever get out of town to-morrow evening.

“Were they really determined to go to-morrow?” Mr. Poland asked.

“Oh yes, quite,” Lady Ayre answered, sipping her wine. “Sir Henry would probably meet them at Bracebridge, and he would be very much disappointed if they deferred their journey. They had hundreds of things to do even to-day, and the packing must be all done to-morrow.”

All of which Mr. Poland understood to indicate—first, a desire

to hold Sir Henry King up before his eyes, next a desire to get rid of him, Mr. Poland, as soon as might be after luncheon.

"Could he do any thing to assist," he asked gallantly. "Would Lady Ayre allow him to see them to the station to-morrow?"

"Oh dear no, they would get on very well. They would have Sir Richard, the man-servant from the house, and their maid. She could not think of troubling Mr. Poland."

"He should only be too happy to be of use. However, whatever Lady Ayre pleased," he said. "He would have the pleasure of seeing them at Ayrefield next week, as he was going down to Woodlands immediately." After having thrown in which piece of information, Poland began talking about his horses. He liked to have ladies' opinions on horses. A turn-out a lady condemned was never worth any thing.

"Perhaps you and Miss Ayre will give me your opinion on mine; they are quite a new purchase. I was about to solicit Miss Ayre's judgment on them, when you came into the drawing-room."

The horses were standing before the door, stamping their feet and shaking their heads, not unreasonably impatient of their master's lingering.

Lady Ayre rose to look at them, followed by Mab and Mr. Poland; and Lady Ayre, who could admire largely when she chose, pronounced them "beautiful."

"They would look well along the Mainshire roads. What fine smooth roads you have in Mainshire," Mr. Poland observed, changing his position from the centre of the group to Lady Ayre's shoulder, across which he glanced at Mab with furtive eyes, whose sly, sudden looks brought the colour into her cheek.

He was rejoicing in his triumph yet, and rejoicing, in his cold calculating way, on a more wicked triumph still to come.

Those hasty words would be either a grand failure, or a grand success.

He had been neither mad nor dreaming when he uttered them. That young gentleman never went mad, nor dreamt, no matter what he might choose to spurt forth to Mab Ayre.

If she remembered them, as she must remember them, and met him coldly after her marriage, the curtain was down upon his drama, he argued with himself. If, on the other hand, she met him kindly, what then?







TAKING THE MEASUREMENTS.

# THE ADVENTURES OF THREE ENGLISHMEN AND THREE RUSSIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TWENTY-FOURTH MERIDIAN.

THE measurement of the base occupied thirty-eight days, from the 6th of March to the 13th of April, and without loss of time the chiefs decided to begin the triangles. The first operation was to find the southern extremity of the arc, and the same being done at the northern extremity, the difference would give the number of degrees measured.

On the 14th, they began to find their latitude. Emery and Zorn had already on the preceding nights taken the altitude of numerous stars, and their work was so accurate that the greatest error was not more than 2", and even this was probably owing to the refraction caused by the changes in the atmospheric strata. The latitude thus carefully sought was found to be  $27:951789^{\circ}$ . They then found the longitude, and marked the spot on an excellent large scale map of South Africa, which showed the most recent geographical discoveries, and also the routes of travellers and naturalists, such as Livingstone, Anderson, Magyar, Baldwin, Burchell, and Lichtenstein. They then had to choose on what meridian they would measure their arc. The longer this arc is the less influence have the errors in the determination of latitude. The arc from Dunkirk to Formentera, on the meridian of Paris, was exactly  $9^{\circ} 56'$ . They had to choose their meridian with great circumspection. Any natural obstacles, such as mountains or large tracts of water, would seriously impede their operations; but happily, this part of Africa seemed well suited to their purpose, since the risings in the ground were inconsiderable, and the few water-courses easily traversed. Only dangers, and not obstacles, need check their labours.

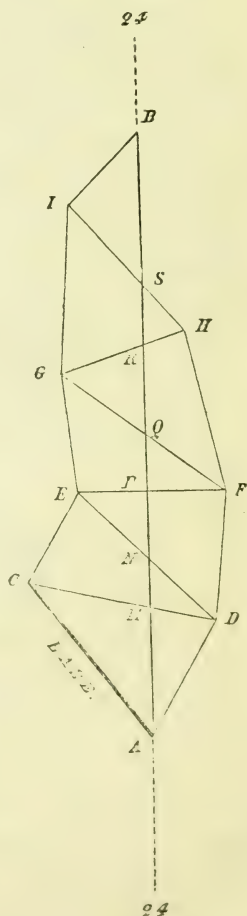
This district is occupied by the Kalahari desert, a vast region extending from the Orange River to Lake Ngami, from lat.  $20^{\circ}$  S. to lat.  $29^{\circ}$ . In width, it extends from the Atlantic on the west as far as long.  $25^{\circ}$  E. Dr. Livingstone followed its extreme eastern boundary when he travelled as far as Lake Ngami and the Zambesi Falls. Properly speaking, it does not deserve the name of desert. It is not like the sands of Sahara, which are devoid of vegetation,



and almost impassable on account of their aridity. The Kalahari produces many plants; its soil is covered with abundant grass: it contains dense groves and forests; animals abound, wild game and beasts of prey; and it is inhabited and traversed by sedentary and wandering tribes of Bushmen and Bakalaharis. But the true obstacle to its exploration is the dearth of water which prevails through the greater part of the year, when the rivers are dried up. However, at this time, just at the end of the rainy season, they could depend upon considerable reservoirs of stagnant water, preserved in pools and rivulets. Such were the particulars given by Mokoum. He had often visited the Kalahari, sometimes on his own account as a hunter, and sometimes as a guide to some geographical exploration.

It had now to be actually considered whether the meridian should be taken from one of the extremities of the base, thus avoiding a series of auxiliary triangles.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By the aid of the accompanying figure, the work called a triangulation may be understood. Let  $AB$  be the arc. Measure the base  $AC$  very carefully from the extremity  $A$  to the first station  $C$ . Take other stations,  $D, E, F, G, H, I$ , &c., on alternate sides of the meridian, and observe the angles of the triangles,  $ACD, CDE, DEF, EFG$ , &c. Then in the triangle  $ACD$ , the angles and the side  $AC$  being known, the side  $CD$  may be found. Likewise in the triangle  $CDE$ ,  $CD$  and the angles being known, the side  $DE$  may be found; and so on through all the triangles. Now determine the direction of the meridian in the ordinary way, and observe the angle  $MAC$  which it makes with the base  $AC$ . Then in the triangle  $ACM$ , because  $AC$  and the adjacent angles are known,  $AM, CM$ , and the angle  $ACM$ , may be found, and  $AM$  is the first portion of the arc. Then in the triangle  $DMN$ , since the side  $DM = CD - CM$ , and the adjacent angles are known, the sides  $MN, DN$ , and the angle  $MND$  may be found, and  $MN$  is the next portion of the arc. Again, in the triangle  $NEP$ , because  $EN = DE - DN$ , and the adjacent angles are known,  $NP$ , the third portion of the arc, may be found. By proceeding thus through all the triangles, piece by piece, the whole length of the arc  $AB$  may be determined.







MEASURING THE ARC OF THE MERIDIAN.



After some discussion, it was decided that the southern extremity of the base would serve for a starting-point. It was the twenty-fourth meridian east from Greenwich, and extended over seven degrees of latitude, from  $20^{\circ}$  to  $27^{\circ}$ , without any apparent natural obstacle. Towards the north it certainly crossed the eastern end of Lake Ngami, but Arago had met with greater difficulties than this when he applied his geodesy to connect the coast of Spain with the Balearic Islands. It was accordingly decided that meridian  $24^{\circ}$  should be measured, since, if it were afterwards prolonged into Europe, a northern arc of the same meridian might be measured on Russian territory.

The astronomers proceeded at once to choose a station which should form the vertex of the first triangle. This was a solitary tree to the right of the meridian, standing on a mound about ten miles away. It was distinctly visible from each extremity of the base, and its slender top facilitated the taking of its bearings. The angle made by the tree with the south-east extremity of the base was first observed, with the help of one of Borda's repeating circles.

The two telescopes were adjusted so that their axes were exactly in the plane of the circle, in such a way that their position represented the angular distance between the tree and the north-west extremity of the base. This admirably-constructed instrument corrects nearly all the errors of observation, and indeed, if the repetitions are numerous, the errors tend to counterbalance and correct each other.

The Commission had four repeating circles: two for measuring angles, and two more with vertical circles for obtaining zenith distances, and so calculating in a single night, to the smallest fraction of a second, the latitude of any station. And indeed, in this important survey, it was not only necessary to obtain the value of the angles of the triangles, but also to measure the meridian altitude of the stars, that being equal to the latitude of each station.

The work began on the 14th of April. Colonel Everest, Zorn, and Palander observed the angle at the south-east extremity of the base, while Strux, Emery, and Sir John Murray observed that at the north-west extremity.

Meantime, the camp was raised, and the bullocks harnessed, and Mokoum conducted the caravan to the first station as a halting-place. Two caravans, with their drivers, accompanied the observers, to carry the instruments. The weather was bright, but had the

atmosphere been unfavourable by day, the observations would have been made by night by means of reverberators or electric lamps.

On the first day, the two angles were measured, and the result inscribed on the double register; and the astronomers all met in the evening at the camp which had been formed round the tree which had served for their point of sight. It was an immense baobab, more than 80 feet in circumference. Its syenite-coloured bark gave it a peculiar appearance. The whole caravan found room beneath its wide branches, which were inhabited by crowds of squirrels, which greedily devoured the white pulp of its egg-shaped fruit.

Supper was prepared for the Europeans by the ship's cook. There was no lack of venison, for the hunters had scoured the neighbourhood, and killed some antelopes; and soon the air was filled with an odour of broiled meat, which still further aroused the appetite of the hungry savants.

After the comforting repast, the astronomers retired to their respective waggons, whilst Mokoum placed sentinels round the camp. Large fires of the dead branches of the baobab burnt throughout the night, and kept at a respectful distance the tawny beasts, who were attracted by the odour of the reeking flesh.

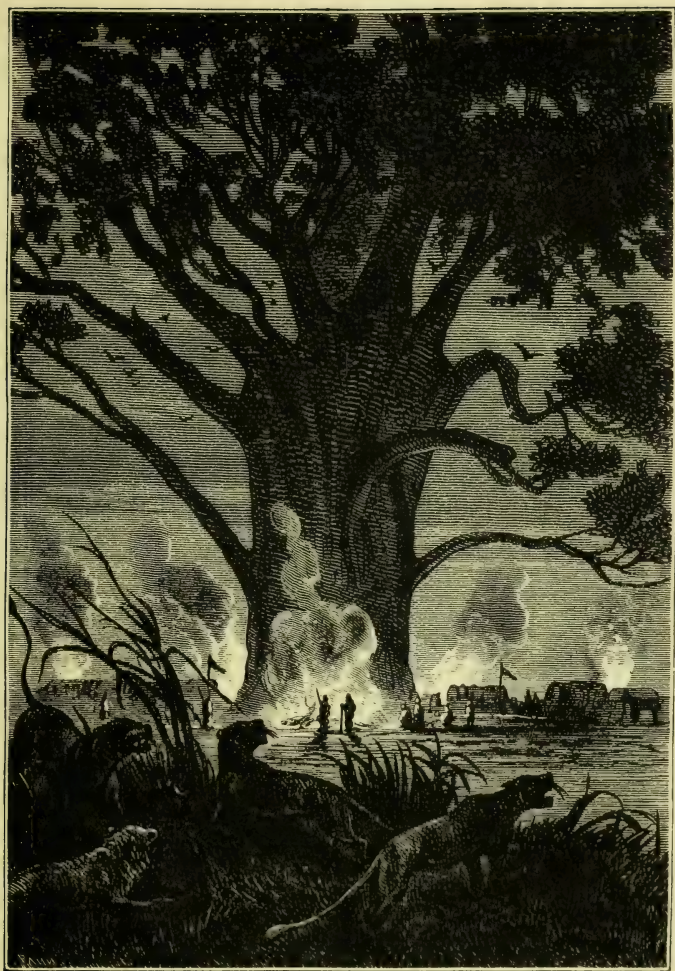
After two hours' sleep, however, Emery and Zorn got up, their observations not yet finished. They must find the altitudes of some stars to determine the latitude of the station, and both, regardless of the day's fatigues, stood at their telescopes, and rigorously determined the change of zenith caused by the removal from the first station to the second, while the laugh of the hyena and the roar of the lion resounded over the sombre plain.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE KRAAL.

THE next day operations were continued. The angle made by the baobab with the extremities of the base was measured, and the first triangle solved. Two more stations were chosen to the right and left of the meridian; one formed by a distinct mound, six miles away; the other, marked out by a post about seven miles distant.

The triangulation went on uninterruptedly for a month, and by



ENCAMPMENT UNDER AN IMMENSE BAOBAB.





the 15th of May the observers had advanced northwards  $1^{\circ}$ , having formed seven triangles. During this first series of operations, the Colonel and Strux were rarely together. The division of labour separated them, and the circumstance of their daily work being several miles apart was a guarantee against any dispute. Each evening they returned to their several abodes, and although at intervals discussions arose about the choice of stations, there was no serious altercation. Hence Zorn and his friend were in hopes that the survey would proceed without any open rupture.

After advancing  $1^{\circ}$  from the south, the observers found themselves in the same parallel with Lattakoo, from which they were distant 35 miles to the west.

Here a large kraal had lately been formed, and as it was a marked halting-place, Sir John Murray proposed that they should stay for several days. Zorn and Emery could take advantage of the rest, to take the altitude of the sun; and Palander would employ himself in reducing the measurements made at different points of sight to the uniform level of the sea. Sir John himself wanted to be free from scientific observations, that he might divert himself with his gun among the fauna of the country. A kraal, as it is termed by the natives of South Africa, is a kind of moving village, wandering from one pasturage to another. It is an enclosure composed ordinarily of about thirty habitations, and containing several hundred inhabitants. The kraal now reached was formed by a group of more than sixty huts, enclosed for protection from wild animals by a palisade of prickly aloes, and situated on the banks of a small affluent of the Kuruman. The huts, made of water-proof rush mats fastened to wooden beams, were like low hives. The doorway, protected by a skin, was so small that it could only be entered on hands and knees, and from this, the only aperture, issued such dense wreaths of smoke as would make existence in these abodes problematical to any but a Bohejesman or a Hottentot.

The whole population was roused by the arrival of the caravan. The dogs, of which there was one for the protection of each cabin, barked furiously, and about 200 warriors, armed with assegais, knives, and clubs, and protected by their leathern shields, marched forward.

A few words from Mokoum to one of the chiefs soon dispelled all hostile feeling, and the caravan obtained permission to encamp on

the very banks of the stream. The Bochjesmen did not even refuse to share the pastures, which extended for miles away.

Mokoum, having first given orders for the waggons to be placed in a circle as usual, mounted his zebra, and set off in company with Sir John Murray, who rode his accustomed horse. The hunters took their dogs and rifles, showing their intention of attacking the wild beasts, and went towards the woods.

"I hope, Mokoum," said Sir John, "that you are going to keep the promise you made at the Morgheda Falls, that you would bring me into the best sporting country in the world. But understand, I have not come here for hares and foxes; I can get them at home. Before another hour——"

"Hour!" replied the bushman. "You are rather too fast. A little patience, please. For myself, I am never patient except when hunting, and then I make amends for all my impatience at other times. Don't you know, Sir John, that the chase of large beasts is quite a science. Here you must wait and watch. You must not step or even look too quickly. For my part, I have laid in wait for days together for a buffalo or gemsbok, and if I have had success at last, I have not considered my trouble in vain."

"Very good," replied Sir John, "I can show you as much patience as you can wish; but mind, the halt only lasts for three or four days, and we must lose no time."

"There is something in that," said the bushman, so calmly that Emery would not have recognized his companion of the Orange River, "we will just kill that which comes first, Sir John, antelope or deer, gnu or gazelle, any thing must do for hunters in a hurry."

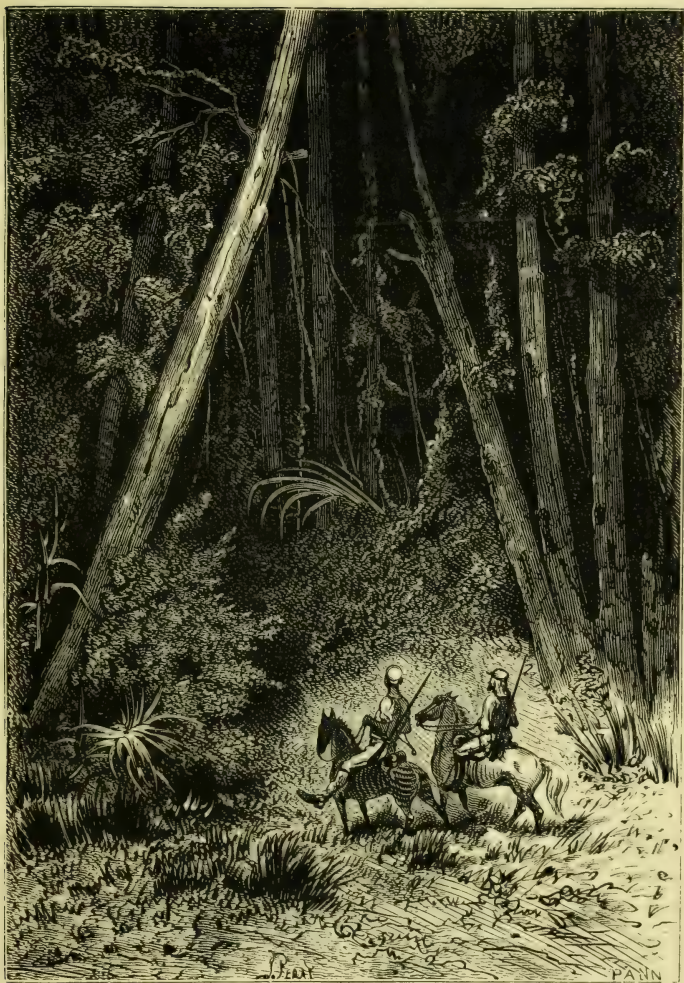
"Antelope or gazelle!" cried Sir John; "why, what more could I ask, my good fellow?"

"As long as your honour is satisfied I have nothing more to say," said the bushman, somewhat ironically. "I thought that you would not let me off with any thing less than a rhinoceros or two, or at least an elephant."

"Any thing and any where," said Sir John, "we only waste time in talking."

The horses were put to a hand-gallop, and the hunters advanced quickly towards the forest. The plain rose with a gentle slope towards the north-east. It was dotted here and there with shrubs in full bloom, from which issued a viscous resin, transparent and odorous, of which the colonists make a balm for wounds. In pic-





THE HUNTERS.



turesque groups rose the "nwanas," a kind of sycamore fig, whose trunks, leafless to the height of 30 or 40 feet, supported a spreading parasol of verdure. Among the foliage chattered swarms of screaming parrots, eagerly pecking the sour figs. Farther on were mimosas with their yellow clusters, "silver trees," shaking their silky tufts, and aloes with spikes so red that they might pass for coral plants torn from the depths of the sea. The ground, enamelled with amaryllis with their bluish foliage, was smooth and easy for the horses, and in less than an hour after leaving the kraal, the sportsmen reached the wood. For several miles extended a forest of acacias, the entangled branches scarcely allowing a ray of sunlight to penetrate to the ground below, which was encumbered by brambles and long grass.

The hunters had little difficulty, however, in urging on both horse and zebra, in spite of every obstacle, resting at the recurring glades to examine the thickets around them. The first day was not very favourable. In vain was the forest scoured; not a single beast stirred, and Sir John's thoughts turned more than once to the plains of Scotland, where a shot is rarely long delayed. Mokoum evinced neither surprise nor vexation; to him it was not a hunt, but merely a rush across the forest.

Towards six in the evening they had to think about returning. Sir John was more vexed than he would allow. Rather than that he, the renowned hunter, should return empty-handed, he resolved to shoot whatever first came within range, and fortune seemed to favour him.

They were not more than three miles from the kraal when a hare (of the species called "*lepus rupestris*") darted from a bush about 150 paces in front of them. Sir John did not hesitate a moment, and sent his explosive ball after the poor little animal.

The bushman gave a cry of indignation at such a ball being employed for such an aim; but the Englishman, eager for his prey, galloped to the spot where the victim fell. In vain! the only vestiges of the hare were the bloody morsels on the ground. Whilst the dogs rummaged in the brushwood, Sir John looked keenly about, and cried,—

"I am sure I hit it!"

"Rather too well," replied the bushman quietly.

And sure enough, the hare had been blown into countless fragments.



Sir John, greatly mortified, remounted his horse, and returned to camp, without uttering another word.

The next day the bushman waited for Sir John Murray to propose another expedition ; but the Englishman applied himself for a time to his scientific instruments. For pastime he watched the occupants of the kraal as they practised with their bows, or played on the "gorah," an instrument composed of a piece of catgut stretched on a bow, and kept in vibration by blowing through an ostrich feather. He remarked that the women, while occupied in their domestic duties, smoked "matokouané," that is, the unwholesome hemp-plant, a practice indulged in by most of the natives. According to some travellers, this inhaling of hemp increases physical strength to the damage of mental energy ; and indeed, many of the Bochesmen appeared stupefied from its effects.

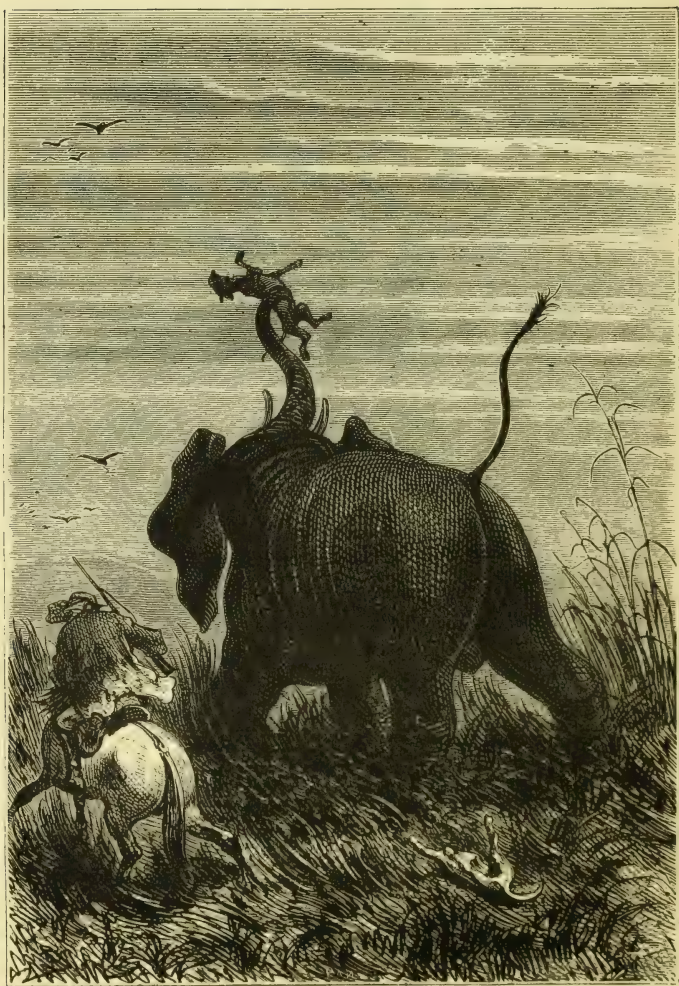
At dawn, however, the following day, Sir John Murray was aroused by the appearance of Mokoum, who said, "I think, sir, we may be fortunate enough to-day to find something better than a hare."

Sir John, not heeding the satire, declared himself ready ; and the two hunters, accordingly, were off betimes. This time, Sir John, instead of his formidable rifle, carried a simple gun of Goldwin's, as being a more suitable weapon. True, there was a chance of meeting some prowling beast from the forest ; but he had the hare on his mind, and would sooner use small shot against a lion than repeat an incident unprecedented in the annals of sport.

Fortune, to-day, was more favourable to the hunters. They brought down a couple of harrisebucks, a rare kind of black antelope, very difficult to shoot. These were charming animals, four feet high, with long diverging horns shaped like scimitars. The tips of their noses were narrow ; they had black hoofs, close soft hair, and pointed ears. Their face and belly, white as snow, contrasted well with their black back, over which fell a wavy mane. Hunters may well be proud of such shots, for the harrisebuck has always been the *desideratum* of the Delegorgues, Vahlbergs, Cummings, and Baldwins, and it is one of the finest specimens of the southern fauna.

But what made the Englishman's heart beat fastest, was Mokoum's showing him certain marks on the edge of the thick under-wood, not far from a deep pool, surrounded by giant euphorbias, and whose surface was dotted with sky-blue water-lilies.





THE ELEPHANT AND THE DOG.



"Come and lie in ambush here to-morrow, sir," said Mokoum, "and this time you may bring your rifle. Look at these fresh footprints."

"What are they? Can they be an elephant's?" asked Sir John.

"Yes," replied Mokoum, "and unless I am mistaken, of a male full-grown."

Eagerly, then, was the engagement made for the following day. Sir John's horse, as they returned, carried the harrisbucks. These fine creatures, so rarely captured, excited the admiration of the whole caravan, and all congratulated Sir John, except perhaps Matthew Strux, who knew little of animals, except the Great Bear, the Centaur, Pegasus, and other celestial fauna.

At four o'clock the next morning, the hunters, attended by their dogs, were already hidden in the underwood. They had discovered by new footmarks that the elephants came in a troop to drink at the pool. Their grooved rifles carried explosive bullets. Silent and still, they watched for about half-an-hour, when they observed a movement in the grove, about fifty paces from the pool. Sir John seized his gun, but the bushman made him a sign to restrain his impatience. Soon large shadows appeared: the thickets rustled under the violence of some pressure; the brushwood snapped and crackled, and the sound of a loud breathing was perceptible through the branches. It was the herd of elephants. Half-a-dozen gigantic creatures, almost as large as those of India, advanced slowly towards the pool. The increasing daylight allowed Sir John, struck with admiration, to notice especially a male of enormous size. His colossal proportions appeared in the partial light even greater than they really were. While his trunk was extended above the underwood, with his curved tusks he struck the great stems, which groaned under the shock. The bushman leant down close to Sir John's ear, and whispered,—

"Will he suit you?"

Sir John made a sign of affirmation.

"Then," said Mokoum, "we will separate him from the rest."

At this instant, the elephants reached the edge of the pool, and their spongy feet sank into the soft mud. They pumped up the water with their trunks, and poured it into their throats with a loud gurgling. The great male looked uneasily about him, and seemed to scent some approaching danger.

Suddenly the bushman gave a peculiar cry. The dogs, barking

furiously, darted from concealment, and rushed towards the herd. At the same moment, Mokoum, charging his companion to remain where he was, went off on his zebra to intercept the elephant's retreat. The animal made no attempt to take flight, and Sir John, with his finger on the lock of his rifle, watched him closely. The brute beat the trees, and lashed his tail furiously, showing signs not of uneasiness, but of anger. Now, for the first time, catching sight of his enemy, he rushed upon him at once.

Sir John was about sixty paces distant; and waiting till the elephant came within forty paces, he aimed at his flank and fired. But a movement of the horse made his aim unsteady, and the ball only entered the soft flesh without meeting any obstacle sufficient to make it explode.

The enraged beast increased its pace, which was rather a rapid walk than a run, and would have soon distanced the horse. Sir John's horse reared, and rushed from the thicket, his master unable to hold him in. The elephant followed, ears erect, and bellowing like a trumpet. Sir John, thus carried away, held on to his horse tightly with his knees, and endeavoured to slip a cartridge into the chamber of his rifle. Still the elephant gained on him. They were soon beyond the wood, and out on the plain. Sir John vigorously used his spurs, and the two dogs rushed panting in the rear. The elephant was not two lengths behind. Sir John could hear the hissing of his trunk, and almost feel his strong breath. Every moment he expected to be dragged from his saddle by the living lasso. All at once the horse sunk on his hind-quarters, struck by the elephant on his haunches. He neighed, and sprung to one side, thus saving Sir John. The elephant, unable to check his course, passed on, and sweeping the ground with his trunk, caught up one of the dogs, and shook it in the air with tremendous violence. No resource remained except to re-enter the wood, and the horse's instinct carried him thither. The elephant continued to give chase, brandishing the unlucky dog, whose head he smashed against a sycamore as he rushed into the forest. The horse darted into a dense thicket entangled with prickly creepers, and stopped.

Sir John, torn and bleeding, but not for an instant discomposed, turned round, and shouldering his rifle, took aim at the elephant close to the shoulder, through the net-work of creepers. The ball exploded as it struck the bone. The animal staggered, and almost at the same moment a second shot from the edge of the wood struck







“HE IS OURS! HE IS OURS!”

his left flank. He fell on his knees near a little pool half-hidden in the grass. There, pumping up the water with his trunk, he began to wash his wounds, uttering plaintive cries. The bushman now appeared, shouting, "He is ours! he is ours!"

And in truth the animal was mortally wounded. He groaned piteously, and breathed hard. His tail moved feebly, and his trunk, fed from the pool of his blood, poured back a crimson stream on the surrounding brushwood. Gradually failed his strength, and the great beast was dead.

Sir John Murray now emerged from the grove. He was half-naked; little of his hunting costume remaining but rags. But he felt as though he could have given his very skin for this triumph.

"A glorious fellow!" he exclaimed, as he examined the carcase; "but rather too big to carry home."

"True sir," answered Mokoum; "we will cut him up on the spot, and carry off the choice parts. Look at his magnificent tusks! Twenty-five pounds a-piece at least! And ivory at five shillings a-pound will mount up.

Thus talking, the hunter proceeded to cut up the animal. He took off the tusks with his hatchet, and contented himself with the feet and trunk, as choice morsels with which to regale the members of the Commission. This operation took some time, and he and his companion did not get back to camp before midday. The bushman had the elephant's feet cooked according to the African method, that is, by burying them in a hole previously heated, like an oven, with hot coals.

The delicacy was fully appreciated by all, not excepting the phlegmatic Palander, and Sir John Murray received a hearty round of compliments.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE RAPID.

DURING their sojourn by the kraal, Colonel Everest and Matthew Strux had been absolutely strangers. On the eve of their departure for their divided labours, they had ceremoniously taken leave one of the other, and had not since met. The caravan continued its northward route, and the weather being favourable, during the next ten days two fresh triangles were measured. The vast verdant wilder-

ness was intersected by streams flowing between rows of the willow-like "karree-hout," from which the Bochejsmen make their bows. Large tracts of desert land occurred, where every trace of moisture disappeared, leaving the soil utterly bare but for the cropping-up occasionally of those mucilaginous plants, which no aridity can kill. For miles there was no natural object that could be used for a station, and consequently the astronomers were obliged to employ natural objects for their point of sight. This caused considerable loss of time, but was not attended with much real difficulty. The crew of the "Queen and Czar" were employed in this part of the work, and performed their task well and rapidly; but the same jealousy that divided their chiefs crept in sometimes among the seamen. Zorn and Emery did all they could to neutralize any unpleasantness, but the discussions sometimes took a serious character. The Colonel and Strux continually interfered in behalf of their countrymen, whether they were right or wrong, but they only succeeded in making matters worse. After a while Zorn and Emery were the only members of the party who had preserved a perfect concord. Even Sir John Murray and Nicholas Palander (generally absorbed as they were, the one in his calculations, the other in his hunting), began to join the fray.

One day the dispute went so far that Strux said to the Colonel, "You must please to moderate your tone with astronomers from Poulkowa: remember it was their telescope that showed that the disc of Uranus is circular."

"Yes," replied the Colonel; "but ours at Cambridge enabled us to classify the nebula of Andromeda."

The irritation was evident, and at times seemed to imperil the fate of the triangulation. Hitherto the discussions had had no injurious effect, but perhaps rather served to keep every operation more scrupulously exact.

On the 30th the weather suddenly changed. In any other region a storm and torrents of rain might have been expected: angry-looking clouds covered the sky, and lightning, unaccompanied by thunder, gleamed through the mass of vapour. But condensation did not ensue—not a drop of rain fell on to the thirsty soil. The sky remained overcast for some days, and the fog rendered the points of sight invisible at the distance of a mile. The astronomers, however, would not lose time, and determined to set up lighted signals, and work at night. The bushman prudently



advised caution, lest the electric lights should attract the wild beasts too closely to their quarters; and in fact, during the night, the yelp of the jackal and the hoarse laugh of the hyena, like that of a drunken negro, could plainly be heard.

In the midst of this clamour, in which the roar of a lion could sometimes be distinguished, the astronomers felt rather distracted, and the measurements were taken at least less rapidly, if not less accurately. To take zenith distances while gleaming eyes might be gazing at them through the darkness, required inperturbable composure and the utmost *sang-froid*. But these qualities were not wanting in the members of the Commission, and after a few days they regained their presence of mind, and worked away in the midst of the beasts as calmly as if they were in their own observatories. Armed hunters attended them at every station, and no inconsiderable number of hyenas fell by their balls. Sir John thought this way of surveying delightful, and whilst his eye was at his telescope his hand was on his gun, and more than once he made a shot in the interval between two observations.

Nothing occurred to check the steady progress of the survey, so that the astronomers hoped before the end of June to measure a second degree of the meridian. On the 17th they found that their path was crossed by an affluent of the Kuruman. The Europeans could easily take their instruments across in their india-rubber canoe; but Mokoum would have to take the caravan to a ford which he remembered some miles below. The river was about half-a-mile wide, and its rapid current, broken here and there by rocks and stems of trees embedded in the mud, offered considerable danger to any light craft. Matthew Strux did not fail to represent this, but finding that his companions did not recoil from the attempt he gave way.

Nicholas Palander alone was to accompany the caravan in its *détour*. He was too much absorbed in his calculations to give any thought to danger; but his presence was not indispensable to his companions, and the boat would only hold a limited number of passengers. Accordingly, he gave up his place to an Englishman of the crew of the "Queen and Czar," who would be more useful under the circumstances.

After making an arrangement to meet to the north of the rapid, the caravan disappeared down the left bank of the stream, leaving Colonel Everest, Strux, Emery, Zorn, Sir John, two sailors, and a

Bochjesman, who was the pioneer of the caravan, and had been recommended by Mokoum as having much experience in African rapids.

"A pretty river," observed Zorn to his friend, as the sailors were preparing the boat.

"Very so, but hard to cross," answered Emery. "These rapids have not long to live, and therefore enjoy life. With a few weeks of this dry season there will hardly remain enough of this swollen torrent to water a caravan. It is soon exhausted; such is the law of nature, moral and physical. But we must not waste time in moralizing. See, the boat is equipped, and I am all anxiety to see her performances."

In a few minutes the boat was launched beside a sloping bank of red granite. Here, sheltered by a projecting rock, the water quietly bathed the reeds and creepers. The instruments and provisions were put in the boat, and the passengers seated themselves so as not to interfere with the action of the oars. The Bochjesman took the helm; he spoke but a few words of English, and advised the travellers to keep a profound silence while they were crossing. The boat soon felt the influence of the current. The sailors carefully obeyed every order of the Bochjesman. Sometimes they had to raise their oars to avoid some half-emerged stump, sometimes to row hard across a whirlpool. When the current became too strong they could only guide the light boat as it drifted with the stream. The native, tiller in hand, sat watchful and motionless, prepared for every danger. The Europeans were half uneasy at their novel situation; they seemed carried away by an irresistible force. The Colonel and Strux gazed at each other without a word; Sir John, with his rifle between his knees, watched the numerous birds that skimmed the water; and the two younger astronomers gazed with admiration at the banks, past which they flew with dizzy speed. The light boat soon reached the true rapid, which it was necessary to cross obliquely. At a word from the Bochjesman, the sailors put forth their strength; but, despite all their efforts, they were carried down parallel to the banks. The tiller and oars had no longer any effect, and the situation became really perilous; a rock or stump of a tree would inevitably have overturned the boat. In spite of the manifest peril, no one uttered a word. The Bochjesman half rose, and watched the direction which he could not control. Two hundred yards distant rose an islet of stones and







"THE HIPPOPOTAMUS DID NOT QUIT HIS HOLD, BUT SHOOK THE BOAT  
AS A DOG WOULD A HARE."

trees, which it was impossible to avoid. In a few seconds the boat apparently must be lost ; but the shock came with less violence than had seemed inevitable. The boat lurched and shipped a little water, but the passengers kept their places. They were astonished to observe that what they had presumed to be rock had moved, and was plunging about in the rush of the waters. It was an immense hippopotamus, ten feet long, which had been carried by the current against the islet, and dared not venture out again into the rapid. Feeling the shock, he raised and shook his head, looking about him with his little dull eyes, and with his mouth wide open, showing his great canine teeth. He rushed furiously on the boat, which he threatened to bite to pieces.

But Sir John Murray's presence of mind did not forsake him. Quietly shouldering his rifle, he fired at the animal near the ear. The hippopotamus did not quit his hold, but shook the boat as a dog would a hare. A second shot was soon lodged in his head. The blow was mortal. After pushing the boat with a last effort off the islet, the fleshy mass sank in the deep water. Before the dismayed voyagers could collect their thoughts, they were whirled obliquely into the rapid. A hundred yards below a sharp bend in the river broke the current ; thither was the boat carried, and was arrested by a violent shock. Safe and sound the whole party leapt to the bank. They were about two miles below the spot where they had embarked.

# I WISH I HAD A THOUSAND POUNDS.

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HAD I a thousand pounds or so,  
 I wouldn't envy squire or king;  
 Our banns would soon be out, I know,  
 And John might buy the wedding-ring.  
 My dress should *barège* be in summer,  
 In winter silk, and soft seal-skin :  
 And yet I'd be a welcome comer,  
 Poor dears, to all my kith and kin !

Father should never labour more ;  
 He's older than he used to be ;  
 He isn't fit to rise at four ;  
 And mother—they should live with me.  
 No end of pretty things for Nelly !  
 She's weakly, but she would outlive it :  
 She *must* be strong on fowl and jelly !  
 A thousand pounds ! good fairy give it !

There now ! I'll go and work. 'Tis not  
 Wise to build castles in the air :  
 It makes us grumble at our lot,  
 And quarrel with our daily fare.  
 A thousand pounds might turn my brain,  
 Mother might die of joy, and even  
 Our pretty Nelly, strong again,  
 Might be but farther off from heaven.

While we are staring into distance  
 We've often got a treasure near us ;  
 Could render parents more assistance,  
 Could let a thousand deeds endear us.  
 Father shall have his breakfast early ;  
 Nelly I'll nurse as sister should do ;  
 John never more shall find me surly ;—  
 I wish I did the most I could do !

J. STEDMAN.



## THE FATAL INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

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### CHAPTER II.

RUPERT.

I LINGER over the trifling incidents of that first day at Monk House, the emotions excited—the surprise, the interest, the curiosity; above all, the warm affection already awakened, which never knew abatement till the last moment on which I saw her—by my generous, warm-hearted, bright-tempered Geraldine.

I rested long by the glowing fire, reconciled to all the strangeness of my surroundings by the assurance of one sweet companion; then made a very proper and demure toilet of some thin grey material, relieved by pink ribbons, which, with some misgivings, I allowed myself to put on.

I was just clasping the little chain to which my dear father's portrait was attached, when Geraldine tapped at the door and entered, looking more nymph-like than ever in her simple white muslin, with a spray of crimson roses among her curls.

"I am glad you are ready," she said pleasantly. "Are you sure you have rested sufficiently?"

"Quite, thank you; and I am very much refreshed by your tea."

"Ah, my tea is better than any you will have in the drawing-room, I give you warning. My aunt presides there, and the cream turns sour in the process; come and try."

The room we entered was large and lofty, lighted by three windows at the farther end opening on the terrace, like that to which

I was first introduced. It had been richly and gaily furnished in the Louis Quatorze style; but, like those of the other apartments, its decorations had suffered so much from time that one feared to look too closely at any object lest one should be suspected of noticing its dilapidation. The wreaths of fruit and foliage surrounding the mirrors were chipped and discoloured; the highly wrought gilt picture-frames were tarnished; the clusters of raised flowers on the coverings of settees and lounges were scarcely distinguishable from the white damask on which they were wrought. The only article of furniture in the room having the slightest appearance of modern date or good keeping was a large grand piano, and I secretly hoped the tone might be as good as the case was handsome.

Mrs. and Miss Monkhouse were already seated in this room, and, but for some slight change of dress, they might have been transplanted bodily from the other. One still held in a listless hand the book at which she never glanced; the other worked with swift determination, as though fearing to give herself an unoccupied moment for thought or speech.

At a small table on one side of the room, where the light from a pink-shaded lamp shed a soft rosy halo, sat some one—something—so slight, so ethereal, so fragile, that my first thought was not of a human being, but of a flower—a soft, pure, folded white moss-rose.

Her dress that evening aided the impression; she leant lightly back in a very low chair, over which the ample folds of a thin pale green gauze fell gracefully; it was long over the tiny hands and high to the slender throat, and from it, as from foliage, rose the flower-like head.

Perfect in every feature, with life and colour added to its statuesque delicacy by the large, melancholy violet eyes and the thick braids of pale golden hair.

To her Geraldine led me, and said, smiling a little at the unbounded, undisguised admiration in my face,—

“This is Miss Norman, Angela. My cousin, Miss Sainte Croix.”

She looked up, with a soft smile and extended hand; but, on meeting my gaze, she suddenly turned white, shuddered, and fell back, looking before her with quivering lips and dilated eyes, like one who sees a dreadful vision.

“Angela,” cried her cousin, in amazement, “what is the matter?”

“Nothing,” she said, gradually composing herself. “I beg your

pardon, Miss Norman ; I fear I am not quite well." But she did not offer her hand again, and her averted eyes were full of dread.

The elder ladies had not noticed this little scene, which passed much more rapidly than I can relate it. As if to dissipate a painful impression, Geraldine hastily opened the piano.

"We have heard wonders of your music," she said to me. "Are you too tired to sing to-night?"

I sat down to the piano, and struck a few wandering chords.

The tone fully satisfied me; it was rich and thrilling. I had been too much agitated and disturbed to sing any thing trivial or commonplace; I wanted some relief for my excited feelings. I felt impelled to utter the cry for help which swelled in my heart—Mozart's sublimely pathetic "Agnus Dei" broke from my lips.

I sang with all my soul, conscious of nothing but the power of the music and the intensity of the aspiration.

When I ceased, I became aware that a pair of very dark eyes were fixed intently on my face; their owner, whose entrance I had not noticed, was leaning on the piano with an air of most absorbed attention.

He was about five-and-twenty, tall, and slightly built, with regular, somewhat handsome features, and an expression a little melancholy, a little ill-tempered, a little stern—I never could tell exactly which predominated.

"Sing that again!" he said, in such an authoritative tone that all that was unamiable in my disposition was roused into rebellion at once.

"Say, 'if you please!'" I should have answered, had we been in the slightest degree intimate; as it was, I coldly replied, "No, it is too fatiguing; I will play something, if you like."

"I don't care to hear any thing else," he rejoined, strolling to the other end of the room, and burying himself in an arm-chair and a book.

Geraldine, meantime, had been looking from one to the other with comic dismay.

"What a very unpromising introduction!" she laughingly cried. "However, you will soon get used to Rupert's whims, Miss Norman. He is my only brother, and we all give way to him and humour him till he becomes a regular despot."

I secretly resolved that he should exercise no despotism over *me*, and then asked his sister to play.



"It is ridiculous for me to play after *you*," she said; "but, as I suppose I must make the attempt some day, I will begin at once."

She rattled through "*Les Hirondelles*" in true school-girl fashion, but showing, I thought, a capacity for better things; and I resolved that it would be a very pleasant task to teach her the delight of executing that higher class of music which I was sure she was sufficiently sensitive to feel.

By this time tea was on the table, but there was no cheerful gathering round the urn in the good old-fashioned style. Miss Monkhouse presided in solitary state, and the melancholy manservant who had admitted me handed the cups.

Geraldine gave me a droll glance as she took hers, and asked, with quite unnecessary emphasis, for "some more sugar;" and then a hush fell on the assemblage.

"Do you ride to-morrow, Geraldine?" suddenly inquired her brother.

"No, I shall take Miss Norman on a tour of inspection over the domain, before we settle down to our studies."

"Your studies, Miss Giddy-pate!" he cried, smiling for the first time that I had seen, and looking wonderfully handsome in the magical change of expression which his smile produced. "They will be very recondite, no doubt. I suppose you will soon be sending up your credentials for a collegiate examination."

"Well, I daresay I should pass, as you call it, more creditably than many of you boys, if I did. However, I don't like blue ladies. Miss Norman, are you blue?"

"Not in the least," I said, laughing. "I don't even write poetry, nor understand a word of any language older than German."

"That's right, then you will not despise my ignorance. I'm afraid Angela, there, is a little bit dipped; I found her poring over an old Latin *Gradus* the other day so intently that she did not hear my entrance or exit. I believe the book had belonged to Rupert once."

My rose of York changed her colour to that of Lancaster in one deep crimson suffusion. But she only answered by an appealing glance.

"Geraldine, you allow yourself to talk a great deal too much nonsense," said Miss Monkhouse, severely. "I should think we had better retire. Rupert, be good enough to ring for candles. Miss Norman, we breakfast at eight."

## CHAPTER III.

## CROSS-PURPOSES.

I WAS downstairs a little before the appointed time next morning, and glancing round the dull, large room, with its faded finery and fireless grate, I thought how little my aunt's pretty cottage suffered by comparison with the "glories of Monk House."

"What an August!" cried Geraldine, entering with a shiver. "We really ought to have fires. I do hope there will be some fine weather before the close of autumn, that you may see something of the country. Are you a good walker?"

"Very; and extremely fond of it."

"And can you ride?"

"Not at all," I said, feeling at once that my donkey-scrambles on the sands at Westerham were not to be so dignified.

"Then we must teach you. Oh, you needn't look so terrified. I don't mean to put you on that unmanageable black creature on which I can see Rupert careering about in a distant paddock," she said, approaching one of the windows. "There is a quiet old animal in the stables on which even Angela is not afraid to trust herself now and then, capital to practise upon."

At this moment Miss Monkhouse entered, followed by James with the letter-bag, which she proceeded to inspect.

"Good morning, aunt. Any letters for me?" asked Geraldine, returning to the centre of the room.

"None. Ah, this, I see, is a prospectus of the new schools," said Miss Monkhouse, regarding it sternly through her eye-glass.

"Oh, aunt, give it to me—please!" cried Geraldine, impulsively.

"Geraldine! it is addressed to your mamma."

"What does that matter? We know what it is—mamma would not object to my opening it, I am certain."

"You surely would not do any thing so unladylike? Really your curiosity is quite childish."

Geraldine's colour rose, and biting her lip to restrain a sharp answer, she walked hastily back to the window.

"I'm quite sure Rupert will be thrown some day, if he persists in tormenting that horse," she said.

I saw then one point where the stony aunt was penetrable; she

at once joined her niece, and looked in the same direction with trembling eagerness.

The gardens visible from the breakfast-room sloped down to a sunk fence, beyond which rose the field where Rupert Monkhouse was worrying his horse with a leaping bar, affecting to take the jump but suddenly checking him, and trying his temper in every possible manner.

"James," exclaimed Miss Monkhouse sharply, "go and tell Mr. Rupert that I am waiting breakfast for him, and that I *beg* he will join me immediately. Sit down," she added, turning to us; "he will not like to see that he has been watched."

"Is papa coming?" asked Geraldine, as she took her seat.

"No; he breakfasts with Mr. Tyrrel."

"We are a most disorganized family! You will scarcely find any of us punctual and attentive to times and seasons except my aunt and myself, Miss Norman," said Geraldine, demurely. "Well, Gipsy, where have *you* been?" as Clara entered, with hair flying, very soiled hands, and crumpled morning dress.

"Rupert gave me a ride round the paddock. Oh, I was quite safe, Lina; he held me on."

"Rupert must be crazy, I think," said his elder sister, shrugging her shoulders. "The touch of the child's skirts was enough to irritate that horse beyond all control."

A sharp rebuke for Clara's untidy appearance evidently trembled on her aunt's lips, but the name of Rupert had been sufficient to arrest it; of course he paid no heed to her message, and breakfast ended without his appearing.

"We cannot settle to any work to-day, Miss Norman," said Geraldine; "let us have a ramble, if you are not afraid of the damp, about your new neighbourhood."

The air was still moist, and the shrubs and trees were heavy with rain, but the morning freshness was pleasant. We went first to the terrace, where my coachman of the previous night was struggling manfully against the dilapidations of the storm.

"Well, Carter," said my companion pleasantly, "you seem to be busy."

"Yes, miss," said the old man, lifting a thorny and refractory rose-branch from our path. "Weather like yesterday makes a sight of work in a garden, more than one pair of hands can get over. Your big flower-pots be smashed to bits in my lady's garden."



"Oh, I am sorry! Let us go and see if they are quite spoilt."

We made our way to a quaint, old-fashioned, little enclosure, sheltered on three sides by high box and privet hedges, surmounted by peacocks and other formal decorations, whose shape was difficult to discover for want of trimming. Under each hedge ran a narrow strip of flower-bed, then a gravel-walk, then a tiny square lawn, with a fountain in the centre. At each corner there had been a tall stone vase filled with geraniums—now lying shattered to fragments.

"You are right, Carter," said Geraldine, regretfully. "My poor vases are quite done for. You must make a little bed round the fountain, and plant the geraniums in the earth."

"Here's one of them not quite to pieces, miss," said Carter, who had been groping among the ruins. "His foot's knocked off, but we might stick him into the ground by his stem."

"No, thank you," she said, laughing. "I had rather you took him away altogether. Make it as tidy as you can. That is my own particular bit of garden," she added, turning to me; "the only nook in which I can find courage to battle with the pervading desolation. It was pretty in the summer."

Leaving the avenue by a side gate we entered a winding lane, and approached a cottage, at whose door stood a woman, crying bitterly.

"Why, Mrs. Clark, what is the matter? You are not ill, I hope?"

"I am not, Miss Geraldine; but poor little George is very bad. I was looking out for the doctor."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Cold and fever, miss, brought on by the damp. His bedroom roof lets the rain in."

"Oh, why don't you move him into another?" cried Geraldine, horrified.

"His is the best of the two, miss. The cottage is pretty nigh falling to pieces."

"Have you spoken to Mr. Tyrrel?"

"Often, miss; he says he can't spare no money for repairs, and John he ought to do it himself. But it's out of his line entirely, you know, miss, and he can't pay for it out of his wages."

"Of course not. If I were you I should move. I saw some tidy little cottages empty in the village."

"Mr. Tyrrel says John will lose his work if he moves, miss," said

the poor woman, sadly. "We did give notice once, and Mr. Tyrrel said then we'd had the last penny of his money if we went away."

"How *dare* he!" cried Geraldine with flashing eyes. "I will speak to papa for you, Mrs. Clark; and send some things from the house for the poor little boy."

As we re-entered the avenue two figures slowly approached us.

One was a gentleman of middle age, tall, slight, with handsome features, and an expression of settled melancholy resembling that of Miss Monkhouse, but in a mould less stern. Indeed, I often fancied when looking at them that by some freak of nature the brother and sister had changed places, so much stronger and more masculine was the lady.

His companion, on whose arm he rested, was shorter, and of sturdier build, with hard features, keen grey eyes, and an unpleasantly watchful look; he bowed to Geraldine, who very slightly and haughtily acknowledged it.

"Good morning, papa," she said. "I have been showing Miss Norman some of the havoc made by the storm."

"Not a very cheerful introduction to Monk House, my dear," said her father, with a faint smile. Then he added to me, "I hope you will yet see it under happier auspices."

"You are the very person I wanted to meet, papa," resumed Geraldine, slipping her hand in his. "I have just heard such a sad story at Mrs. Clark's. Her poor little boy is dangerously ill, and the cottage is in such a state, the rain comes into every room. Won't you have it seen to for them?"

Her father glanced uneasily at his companion.

"Mr. Tyrrel—you must speak to Mr. Tyrrel about these matters," he said; "you know he attends to them."

"He has been spoken to by the poor people themselves repeatedly," said Geraldine with an indignant glance at him, "and all he has done was to threaten them with loss of employment if they moved."

Mr. Monkhouse gave an inquiring glance at his agent, as though to ask, "Can this be true?"

He replied to the look in a voice which surprised me by its pleasantness, and in a composed, yet deferential manner.

"Miss Geraldine had better always refer these questions to me, Sir. Poor people, unintentionally, no doubt, always exaggerate and misstate."

"You will have the cottage repaired, papa, will you not?" asked Geraldine, without taking the slightest notice of Mr. Tyrrel.

"Can we manage it? Do you think it necessary?" her father inquired, again referring to him.

"Certainly not, sir. All you are able to expend at present you require for the house and grounds," said Mr. Tyrrel, decidedly.

"Papa! I was appealing to *you*."

"I cannot undertake to interfere, my dear; Mr. Tyrrel knows more about these things than either you or I;" and with a slight bow to me Mr. Monkhouse moved away, followed closely by his companion.

"Oh, Miss Norman," cried Geraldine, "is it not irritating to see papa so completely ruled by that man? He really seems to have no will of his own in any thing."

"What is Mr. Tyrrel?"

"Oh, agent, steward, secretary—*Je n'en sais quoi*. He attends to all papa's business matters, and has a very bad influence over him. I *detest* the man!"

"I suppose he does what he thinks right in the interests of the family?"

"It *cannot* be right, Miss Norman, to be so hard and exacting with the very poor. *We* are poor, I know, and 'genteel' poverty, with all sorts of screwing and shifting to keep up appearances, is perhaps the hardest to bear of all. But still, we should not miss the pound or two needed by these poor people. Oh, Rupert, can *you* help me?"

We had returned to the house while she was speaking, and met her brother, gun in hand, with a couple of dogs at his heels.

In a moment Geraldine had poured out her tale, rapidly, but with many expressions of indignation. Rupert listened in silence.

"I will settle the matter for you, Geraldine," he said at last. "But this sort of thing ought not to go on."

"Indeed, it ought not. Papa should sell the cottages if he cannot keep them habitable. Oh, Rupert, if we could but get rid of that man!"

Rupert gave a cut with his whip to a neighbouring shrub, which, I thought, in his mind at the moment represented Mr. Tyrrel, and then strode rapidly off.

As we walked round by the terrace to the garden entrance, we



saw at an open window, framed in some pale, sweet cluster roses which were trained round it, the lovely face of Angela.

She waved her hand with a gentle smile, and an atmosphere of peace and tranquillity seemed to surround her and descend on us.

When Geraldine spoke again it was in a softer tone.

"There is *one* human being," she said, "who never seems to know what a care or a worry is. Always gentle, equable, and serene,—

‘Fit only to feed on the lilies  
And sleep on the roses of life.’

Angela somehow reminds me of Lucy Ashton."

"*She* had troubles—heavy ones; and ended with a tragedy."

"Oh, of course I mean in her early days."

"Your brother," said I, heedlessly, "would be no bad representative of the Master of Ravenswood."

Geraldine gave me a keen glance. "That might *possibly* account for her contentment here," she said. "Let us go in to lunch."

(*To be continued.*)

## SCRAPS FROM RECOLLECTION.

BY SIR GEORGE L'ESTRANGE,

FORMERLY OF 31ST REGIMENT, NOW ON HALF-PAY OF THE SCOTS  
FUSILIER GUARDS.

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### INTRODUCTION.

Two generations have now nearly passed away since the great Duke brought to a conclusion the glorious Peninsular War, placed Great Britain at the head of the nations of the world, and secured to his country a peace which lasted for thirty-nine years. It was my fortune to have taken a part, though a humble one, in those memorable campaigns, having joined my regiment, the 31st, when in winter quarters after the disastrous retreat from Burgos, the siege of which Lord Wellington was unable to maintain. The greater part of the heroes who figured in those battles, and went through those interesting campaigns, have passed away; for years I have not met an old Peninsular officer, to talk over and remind me of scenes so long gone by, nor have I for a long period been able to meet a man with whom I could "fight our battles o'er again, or again to slay our slain." Though many books have been written on this very prolific subject, there may, however, probably be some anecdotes which will not be read without interest by a generous public, but which I feel must create a deep interest in the many members of my own family, as well as those whose names I shall take the liberty of introducing into these memoirs. It was my intention some years ago to have inflicted them upon the public in the shape of a three-volume history, and had actually gone so far as to write in manuscript a considerable part of it, had come to an arrangement with Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, who had offered me generous terms, and I had received a list of several hundreds of the nobility and gentry of Ireland as subscribers. Messrs.

Hurst and Blackett had gone so far as to announce that it would shortly appear, and many were the applications that those gentlemen received on the subject, as they informed me; nor was I without much importunity from numerous friends of my own on the subject of its appearance. Private reasons, however, induced me to request Messrs. Hurst and Blackett to release me from my engagement.

I read my original manuscript to one or two friends, on whose judgment and good taste I could rely; they urged me to proceed, but I had made up my mind the other way. I trust I have now apologized and accounted to my numerous friends for what I cannot flatter myself was a great disappointment, and I hope they will accept it as such. Though late, I shall now endeavour to redeem myself and restore my name to their good opinion, by publishing, as it may be convenient to me to produce them, some short sketches or "Scraps from Recollection," of a prolonged and not uneventful life.

I shall therefore commence with my departure for the Peninsula, in company of a cousin of my own, who was a hero in every sense of the word, and wound up a very glorious career by his death on the field of Waterloo, in the year 1815, viz., Major Edmund L'Estrange, of the 71st Highlanders, Light Infantry.

On the 1st of November, 1812, a splendid fleet of upwards of three hundred sail of transports, with their men-of-war to convoy them to Lisbon, lay at Spithead, on board of which were embarked a large reinforcement of recruits to supply the vacancies in Lord Wellington's army, in which were detachments for most of the regiments then in Spain, and also the Household Brigade of Cavalry going out to him for the first time. My father's regiment, the King's County Militia, having volunteered for foreign service from Ireland, lay at Portsmouth, and as upwards of one hundred of them had volunteered for the 31st Regiment, the second battalion being with the army in Spain, his Royal Highness the Duke of York presented me with a commission in that regiment, without purchase. These volunteers I marched up from Portsmouth to Ashford, in Kent, to undergo their preliminary drilling, and I must confess they were a set of wild Irishmen, who I had some trouble and difficulty in coaxing along the march of several days. They were unarmed, but ready notwithstanding for any row that might turn up. My father having given me a good



horse, I rode at their head, and hit upon an expedient which I found very successful, which was to play Irish tunes for them on the flute, at which I was no great proficient, but they stepped along cheerily to their native country's airs, and I actually landed them all in safety at Ashford. They did not, however, remain long there, but were soon equipped with their uniform, had "Brown Bess" placed in their hands, and in a very short time we were on our return march to Portsmouth, to embark in the above fleet for the Peninsula. I took the precaution of embarking them the instant we arrived at Portsmouth, and we found ourselves on board a heavy-sailing transport brig, marked "A 90," which was a great relief to my mind, with my wild countrymen. I found on board "A 90" several detachments for other regiments, all under the command of Major Jessop, of the 44th Regiment, a splendid officer, a perfect gentleman, particularly handsome, and a capital good fellow. I regret to say I have never met him since to thank him for all his kindness to me, a young officer of fifteen years of age. The sun rose bright on the morning of the next day, though it was November; and I have a perfect recollection of the splendid scene before me when I came early on deck, a brisk breeze from the northward, and the Blue Peter flying at every mast-head. I was standing on the deck, looking with delight at every thing around me, and anticipating the glories of a campaign with the "Great Duke," when a boat rowed alongside, and I was much surprised to hear my name asked for. I looked down, and saw a young man, who, immediately he heard I was on board, stepped on the quarter-deck, and said, "Don't you know me, George?" I was not long in recognizing my cousin Edmund, and said, "Where in the world have you dropped from? I thought you were a prisoner in France?" "So I was," said he, "but I have made my escape; arrived in London yesterday morning; had an interview with his Royal Highness the Duke of York, related the particulars of my escape, and informed him that my great ambition was at once to rejoin my general, Sir Denis Packe, to whose staff I belong. His Royal Highness told me that there was a fleet lying at Spithead, waiting for a fair wind, in which was an officer of the name, and I might possibly overtake it before it sailed. I came down by the mail last night, and here I am; by-the-bye," said he, "I have not a farthing of money; can you help me?" I said, "I have 120 dollars, and you shall certainly have the half of them." In less time than I write the signal-gun for sailing was

fired, and we, with a spanking breeze behind us, were under weigh, with our heads towards the Needles. The Isle of Wight and the Needles were rapidly passed under a bright sun, and as the evening closed in and darkened, a heavy cloud rose up towards the west, betokening a change in both wind and weather, which was soon realized, and as the night closed in in darkness, and almost blackness, we found ourselves in a gale of wind and a fearful sea. It fell to my lot to be on the midnight watch for the first time, and when I got up on deck in utter darkness, for we were not allowed to use lights, I felt a little dismayed. There evidently was great risk of collision, and we could occasionally hear the roll of the drum in some vessel towering on the top of a wave, almost over our heads, of which nothing could be discovered but a dark mass, which we might at any moment come in contact with, and would have been utter destruction had we struck it. We, however, escaped the dangers of this awful night; and when the day broke, of this numerous and gallant fleet, there was scarcely one sail in sight; but we frequently saw the black horses of the Household Brigade floating past us, thrown overboard, the victims of this tremendous storm. It was nearly a fortnight before we sighted the shores of Portugal, and the scattered fleet dropped into the Tagus, at Lisbon, one at a time, and it was a considerable time before the last of them arrived at their destination. I began to be a pretty good sailor by this time, and I recollect coming off the morning watch, at 8 o'clock, with a good appetite for my breakfast, and rushing across the cabin, where my comrades were pitching into it: in the dusk I did not perceive that the skipper was down below, and the trap-door open, when I suddenly disappeared into those dark regions, an awful fall, which might have broken my neck. I was, however, speedily hauled up, and having escaped with some severe bruises, was soon endeavouring to appease my appetite on the unsavory fare that usually accompanies breakfast on board such a transport as the "A 90."

The *désagremens* of the voyage rapidly disappeared when we saw the lateen sails of the Tagus boats, and were boarded by a Portuguese pilot. Every thing was new and interesting to me, and it was with supreme delight that I passed by the fort of Belem and found myself in the calm and golden waters of the Tagus. Our detachment was soon landed and marched to their quarters, Edmund and I proceeded to Lisbon to secure our billets, and I was rejoiced to find that my loan to my cousin had fructified on the voyage to the sum

of 200 dollars, the results of sundry games of chance with the other officers on board. We were soon installed in our new billets, and proceeded to view the beauties and filth of Lisbon; our rations were served out, and I made my first essay in the culinary art by endeavouring to turn them into something resembling soup, but it was a very bad imitation, and I was not sorry to find that Edmund had several friends and acquaintances, some of whom asked us to dinner. Amongst the rest General Beresford, afterwards Lord Beresford, who was at Lisbon for the recovery from the wound he had received at the battle of Albuera, who had us frequently to dinner, had known Edmund when a prisoner in South America, and my family in Ireland, and was the first Beresford I had become acquainted with, though I afterwards became more closely connected with some of this noble and distinguished family, of whom more hereafter. I also met here Hardinge, afterwards Lord Hardinge, and D'Urban, afterwards Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and heard all the news from the army, which excited my youthful imagination, and I was only anxious to be off to join my regiment. This, however, I was unable to accomplish until nearly the end of the year 1812, but I amused myself very well in Lisbon, went to see all the sights there and at Cintra, and escaped many an "aqua vai" by a miracle as I returned from evening parties, operas, &c.; the opera here being open, to which was attached a gambling house, to relieve the young officers sent out from England of their *Crusadé Nuovos* and *Douros*.

There was a celebrated and very handsome lady at the opera at that time of the name of Brunét, and a Portuguese gentleman, of the name of Bandiera, seemed particularly struck with her, and as he sat in the stage-box, whenever she approached near enough he exclaimed "*Multa buoneta Brunét.*" I should not, however, say any thing disparaging of this gentleman, as he afterwards invited me to some of the splendid banquets he was in the habit of giving. Preparatory to going up the country it became necessary that I should procure means of locomotion, so accordingly, one morning I repaired to the Rosio, where was held the market for horses, mules, &c., and I was not long in closing a bargain for a very tight little black English pony, for which I paid 100 dollars, and a long-legged ugly mule that I got for eighty. Equipped with a pair of panniers covered with cow-hide, in which I placed all my worldly goods, having invested in a country pack-saddle over which



the panniers were thrown across, a stretcher about six feet long, and a small hair mattress and a pair of blankets which sat on the mule's back between the panniers; having also invested in an English saddle and bridle for my pony, and a voluminous camlet cloak which nearly covered myself and horse, I felt myself prepared to meet the world in arms, and to drive the French army beyond the Pyrenees, which fact we eventually accomplished.

Edmund had been on the look-out for some party proceeding to join Sir Rowland Hill's division, who would undertake the charge of a youth of my calibre in that direction. Two officers, of higher rank, in the 66th Regiment, then forming a provisional battalion with the 31st, one being a major the other a captain—I recollect their names but do not wish to give them—declined to be bothered with my company on my small pony, which probably could not keep up with them—and most likely they were right. My recruits from the King's County Militia had already started under command of other officers, and I only retained one of them—a quiet and thoroughly honest fellow, of the name of Tim Ferry—I shall have to record his death hereafter; but he soon discovered that a detachment of the 5th Dragoon Guards, under the command of Captain Sibthorpe, afterwards the celebrated and eccentric member for Lincolnshire, was about to proceed to the front, his lieutenant being Richard Falkenar, who had two brothers, officers in my father's regiment; they most cheerfully undertook the charge.

I was not very well got up for a campaign, having no canteen; but my mule was soon equipped with pack-saddle; the cow-hide panniers, containing all my goods and chattels, were soon packed up, thrown across him, my bedding, &c., in the centre, the little black pony accoutred with camlet cloak in front of the saddle, and so I took a cordial and affectionate leave of Edmund, and commenced my journey to join, Tim being in charge of the baggage. But I forgot to mention that I had brought out a single-barrelled gun from England, of which we shall have more to say presently. During our voyage out Edmund had frequently amused me with the account of his marvellous escapes from the fortress of Verdun and the dungeons of Bitche. They naturally made a deep impression on me, and I have a perfect recollection of many of the interesting circumstances and adventures that befell them. I have reason to know that there is extant the account of these escapes, written by himself. Since his death I have made many endeavours to recover

them. The late General Brotherton told me that he had seen them, that he believed they were in Yorkshire, and that he would try to get them; in this he was not successful. But I think I have got a clue, and nearly run them to earth in Fifeshire; and if I get them they shall certainly appear. Had he not fallen at Waterloo he would certainly have published them himself, for they were full of interest. He used to describe to me the amusements of the British officers on parole at Verdun; how they got up plays and balls. At one of the latter he went disguised as a young French lady; his very fair complexion, his slight, rather small figure, and his perfect knowledge of French, favouring the deception. He succeeded so well that his particular friend Beamish, of the 31st, also a prisoner, did not suspect him in the least. He danced several times with him, and, in fact, became desperately smitten; followed him out of the street when the dance was over; was beside himself with joy in fancying he had gained the affections of the pretty French girl; and proceeding a little too far in his attentions, discovered his mistake. Exclaiming in his rich Irish brogue, "Arrah! What's the maning of this?" Edmund burst into loud laughter, and Beamish had to endure the chaffing of his brother prisoners for a long period.

Edmund, meantime, was pining to escape, for "he was sick of captive thrall." He meditated day and night how he could effect it, longing to rejoin the army that was prosecuting the war in the Peninsula, and to get back to his General Packe. Nothing would induce him to break his parole, and he committed some trivial offence, for which he was placed in close arrest. He managed, however, one morning to get as far as the gates, close to which lived the woman that sold him milk. She discovered him at once, when he immediately confessed what he was about, threw himself on her generosity, and said it was a matter of life or death to him. She proved faithful. A waggon laden with hay was passing the gate; the woman engaged the sentry in conversation, directing his attention in a different direction, and he passed out of the gate at the opposite side of the waggon. He was free.

Beamish also managed to scale the walls, and by, I suppose, some preconcerted arrangement, they found each other in a small wood near Verdun, where they laid *perdu* till night. The particulars of his escape through France, written by himself, I hope shortly to be in possession of, and as they must be much more

interesting and authentic than my recollection of them, I shall postpone them to a future scrap, and return to where I left off at my departure from Lisbon.

I must have started with my friends of the 5th Dragoon Guards about the 20th of December, 1812. Our first three or four days' marching were not very interesting. I had sent my friend Tim with the baggage and my pony, and taking my gun on my shoulder I took across the country in the hope of having some shooting—a sort of steeple-chase—in the direction which the detachment had taken. I cannot say that I was very successful; but on the day before Christmas I was so fortunate as to knock down three snipe, two of them at one shot, and they were a very acceptable addition to our Christmas dinner at Santarem, where we halted for that solemn day, and my two cavalry friends enjoyed this addition to our Christmas-day's fare of rations. At Santarem I heard that the surgeon of our regiment, the celebrated and well-known Maurice Quil, who has since been immortalized in the genial pages of my friend Charles Lever, whose loss we now deplore, was stationed on sick leave; I therefore found out his billet and went to call upon him. He came out to his door, and having explained to him who I was, he said, "Is it a nephew of Colonel l'Estrange you are?" "Yes," says I. "Ah, then, it's many the good dinner he gave me!" I thought this sounded well, and fully expected an invitation from him in return. But no, Maurice Quil never asked me if I had "a mouth in my head;" and I made him my bow, and returned to the pretty good dinner my friends of the 5th Dragoons had prepared, with the addition of my three snipes. The next morning we proceeded on our march, halting in one of the miserable Portuguese villages on the route to Abrantes. In one of these, arriving late and tired from my cross-country march, I repaired to the billet-master, who was the Alcaldé, or Juez de Pays of the place, to ask for my billet. He kept a sort of a shop in the village, and I made known as well as I could the nature of my visit. I waited for a long time with great patience; and seeing that there was little chance of my procuring my billet, I fear I lost my temper, and, mustering up probably the only few words of Portuguese that I was acquainted with, I shouted out to him, "Presto! Filho da Puta!" "Filho da Puta vos mersai!" retorted the Alcaldé, his yellow-brown face turning a ghastly yellow with rage, and he rushed about the shop, looking for a gun or some instru-



ment to take vengeance on me. His wife in the meantime advanced to me, imploring me by her actions to leave the house to escape his rage, that he would think nothing of shooting me, which he probably might have done had not two or three English soldiers providentially entered the shop, which seemed to quell the Alcaldé's rage, and I procured at length my billet. We proceeded the following day on our march towards Abrantes. I still, in the vain hope of sport, went across country, got down to the banks of the Tagus, and on the last day of the year, when within about two miles of the town, I saw an orderly serjeant approaching me. When he reached me he asked if I were Ensign l'Estrange. I replied in the affirmative, and he told me that I was to proceed with as little delay as possible and report myself to the Commandant. I lost little time in obeying this mandate; and, presenting myself at his office, found myself in the presence of a very rough-looking *militaire*, who showed me little civility, not even asking me to sit down. This was Colonel Royal, who I afterwards learned had risen from the ranks. He very shortly informed me that there was a detachment of the Guards delayed there two days by the illness of the officer in command, that it was an escort of twenty-five mules laden with dollars for head-quarters, that I must take the command of them, and they were to march at daylight the next morning. The name of the officer who was taken ill was Lieutenant Simpson, of the Grenadier Guards, the same who afterwards commanded the army in the Crimea.

On the 1st of January, 1813, as the dawn of day made objects tolerably distinct, a small detachment of the Grenadier Guards fell in in one of the streets of Abrantes. This was the detachment placed under my command, and I accordingly made my appearance at the appointed time. The admirable discipline and good conduct of the non-commissioned officers of the Guards is too well known to need any eulogy from me; but it was a fortunate circumstance for so young and inexperienced an officer as I was; and I can only say that I never had occasion to find fault with a single man, until I delivered them over into other hands at Frenada, then the head-quarters of the British army. Then came a long line of small Spanish mules, all in good condition, with their long coats clipped closely under the pack-saddle, and various devices cut out on their shining coats; each of them carried two not very large but rather heavy boxes, for their contents were Spanish dollars, though not at all an overload for

these useful animals. Three or four Spanish muleteers, in their picturesque dress—and very fine-looking fellows—were in care of the mules; the whole being in charge of a Civil officer, an intelligent and gentlemanlike fellow, with whom I shortly became on very intimate terms. There was very little delay on the parade that dark and dismal and exceedingly cold morning. Taking the hint from the sergeant that all was ready I gave the word of command to march. This was a sort of epoch in my life. I began to reflect, and it appeared to me a strange thing to find that I, who had never been supposed to be clever in taking care of my own money, should have such a vast sum suddenly thrust upon me, with the command of a body of men who could not be exceeded in the whole world. With thoughts of this nature, and looking back upon the kind and good friends I was so recklessly and suddenly separating from, I also began to think that I had neither knife, fork, spoon, nor any of the little necessities so important to a young campaigner; and when we came to our first halt I was agreeably relieved by an invitation from the Civil officer to join him in a luncheon, a fine, cold boiled chicken, which he produced out of his havresack: it needed no pressing to accept this hospitable invitation; and I even found the Spanish muleteers very kind in offering me part of their own messes. I suppose my youth, and evident want of preparation, had some effect of this sort, and I pursued my way not a little proud of the position I held, though I knew every step I was taking was in the wrong direction, Sir Rowland Hill's Division, to which I belonged, being far away to the south.

We pursued our march through a desolate and devastated country until we arrived at Castello Branco, a city that had been the scene of one of the most bloody sieges of these warlike times. The town was a perfect ruin, and deserted by the inhabitants. We had twice crossed the Tagus, once on a bridge of boats, at Villa Vella; the surrounding country was of the most desolate and forbidding nature, the villages bearing the unmistakable marks of having been the seat of war, and the billets of the most wretched description, without furniture of any kind, admitting the cold and wind both above and below, and the weather most piercing cold. The only effect of all this upon me was a bad chilblain on my heel, which prevented my putting on a boot for some months. After a long and weary march we at length arrived at Frenada, the headquarters. Lord Wellington was absent, and nobody knew where he

was; but we afterwards found out that he had been at Cadiz, endeavouring to bring the Spaniards into more active co-operation with his British forces. I enjoyed a rest of a couple of days immensely, with a party of jovial fellows that I fell amongst, and at the end of that period received a route, or rather a sort of roving commission, to join the 2nd Division, Sir Rowland Hill's, which were in winter-quarters in the neighbourhood of Placentia. My route lay along the frontiers of Spain and Portugal. In some parts of it they had never seen a British soldier, and when I and my friend Tim, who was my only companion, presented ourselves at what we thought was our billet we were stared at with curiosity, and a certain suspicion which was far from pleasant, the Spanish peasantry at that time having become ferocious from all the miseries they had endured from the French invasion; and when I awoke in the morning from my rest, after a long day's march, I felt very grateful that my throat was not cut. After a long and a most tedious and solitary march of several hundred miles, I at length turned up, to my great joy, in a village called Ceclavin, where the head-quarters of General Byng's Brigade was stationed, and I found my regiment, the 31st, which I had been so long in search of.

I was received with open arms by the officers, who had given me up as lost, they having heard of my arrival in Lisbon in November, but had received no further tidings. My uncle having been very popular when in command of the regiment ensured me this cordial reception: Captain Dowdall took me under his immediate protection, and ever acted until the end of the campaign as if he had been my father; his kindness I can never forget. The only fault I could find was that he treated me too kindly, and almost as a child, always insisting at our mess (for we had a mess) that I should be helped first to the pudding or pie that was provided, which I thought was rather derogatory to so experienced an officer. The morning after my arrival it was agreed that a Board should be held on my mule, whose shoulder had assumed an alarming proportion in size from the pressure of the pack-saddle, and Clifford, of the Buffs, an experienced and clever volunteer veterinary, came to the inspection. He shortly produced his lancet, and having made a deep incision in the swelling, was rewarded by a spouting of a large stream of matter into his face from the wound. I soon recovered from the fatigue of my long march; was excused from parade in consequence of not being able to put up the heel of my shoe, but was



permitted to join the shooting-parties, headed by our gallant colonel, afterwards Sir Alexander Leih, with three or four of the captains, who were inveterate sportsmen. The colonel, whom we all adored, and for whom we would have faced the black gentleman himself had he ordered us, was a rough Scotchman, who generally designated us as a parcel of "dom wavers," a term of reproach at that period in his country. Though I was only an ensign I was appointed to the light company then under the command of Captain Gendlistone, one of the finest fellows and best officers in the army. I was very proud of this appointment, particularly when I found that several of the volunteers from my father's Militia regiment were also included, and who ever afterwards went by the name of my pets. Alas! I fear that very few of them survived the two campaigns which immediately followed our forming the regiment. We remained for some time at Ceclavin, proceeded thence to a small walled village called Galesteo, and from thence to Placentia, where we lay until the advance of the whole army was ordered, about the 15th of May. Whilst we lay at Galesteo, having formed the acquaintance of Lieutenant Stepney St. George, of the 66th regiment, then forming the 1st Provisional battalion with the 31st, of whom I shall have a good deal to relate hereafter, we became bosom friends and were constant companions in all the shooting excursions which were then the chief amusement of the British army. It was in one of these parties that I was so fortunate as to knock down at a very long distance a splendid bustard. We brought him in in triumph to our quarters, and he regaled the mess for two days, Stepney St. George, of course, being invited to partake of him. We never made very large bags, our ammunition being none of the best, of our own manufacture, and we never could discover the means of depriving the shot of the long tails that appertain to the home manufacture of this necessary article, and consequently our aim was not as deadly as if it came from our friend Mr. Walker's round tower at Chester, but we generally managed to bring in something, hares or rabbits, red-legged partridges or woodcocks, and a sort of small bustard that was very numerous in the district, but very difficult to get at. Nothing very particular occurred until the breaking up of the army, and our advance to Salamanca and Vittoria.

# CONFESSIO AMATI.

SCENE—*The Mess-room, St. James' Palace.*

LORD ALCIB. M.P., CAPTAIN, AND LIEUT-COL. BLINKER.

*Col. B.* Will you have a cigar?

*Lord A.* No, thanks, I don't smoke:

I am sorry I don't.

*Col. B.* Give the fire a good poke:

You are not in a hurry?

*Lord A.* I've paired till eleven,

The bores will have finished by then, I thank Heaven.

*Col. B.* You enjoy, though, the House:

*Lord A.* Yes, no one does more.

*Col. B.* A wise choice you have made; old age is a bore,  
But less to the Statesman than any.

*Lord A.* You're right,

To hear Lansdowne at eighty, I've waited all night:

Years seem not to count: this you cannot say,

In Love or in War: 'tis the only *métier*

For a man now, rely on't; though not what it was

In the days of wax candles: this levelling gas,

And railways, and thoroughfares flagged with bitumen,

Though convenient, are shutting us out, and the new men,

Middle-aged and untaught, cannot master the art

Of governing wisely with head and with heart.

While I think of it, tell me that Subaltern's name

Who sat on my left.

*Col. B.* With the light hair?

*Lord A.* The same.

*Col. B.* That was ——

*Lord A.* I'll remember him; nothing so hard

To keep fixed in your brain as young faces: on guard

I meet half-a-dozen, who all will know me

To the end of my days, and whose judgment will be

Most severe, because, wishing to be most polite,  
 I shall see each unknowing, some day or some night :  
 Sad fate of a swell : from a height one's not sought  
 One is told one looks down, when one has not a thought  
 Of finery, vulgar and useless, and shown  
 But by snobs ; to a gentleman's manners unknown.

*Col. B.* I like your Philosophy, manly and true :  
 Most men I find bores : I can listen to you,  
 As I smoke this peculiarly gentle Havanna ;  
 I love Wisdom conveyed in colloquial manner :  
 Tell me one thing I've always intended to ask,  
 But deferred it ; behind our Society's mask  
 You have peeped more than most men ; now say in the case  
 Such as yours, of bright wit, and a most handsome face,  
 These must give you with women a wonderful pull ;  
 I myself am —— ugly, and usually dull ;  
 I should like very much now to hear from your lips  
 A few cases : you have upon your finger tips  
 A dozen.

*Lord A.* Why yes, I could tell you strange tales,  
 To which most you have read of in history pales ;  
 But this would not do ; you might guess at the names ;  
 And no fair one's renown, neither damsel's nor dame's,  
 Shall e'er suffer by me ; but I'll tell you the wrong  
 And the desolate fate that to Beauty belong ;  
 I mean a man's beauty ; you think *les beaux yeux*  
 Have a wondrous advantage ; *un homme dangereux*  
 Has been always your dream.

*Col. B.* You're quite right, I would give  
 Twenty years of my life, just for two years to live  
 The life that you've led.

*Lord A.* You're completely mistaken ;  
 When I've told my sad tale your belief will be shaken  
 As to luck or success, or, in short, *bonnes fortunes*.  
 This is one of the proofs of how equal the boons  
 That to mortals are given ; I need not relate  
 All the Venom, and Envy, and Slander, and Hate,  
 Poured forth by the low, the neglected, the dull,  
 Who would kill if they dared. When on these you've supped full,



They bring you indifference. No, 'tis the fame  
 That even malice must yield you ; the conquering name  
 That makes your path dismal. Some Miss or Mylady  
 You fancy a little ; they're done for already  
 In the eyes of the world ; a short *tête-à-tête*,  
 Mild, pure, and Platonic ; some mischievous Fate  
 Brings a tabby to call " You know what's occurred,  
 " Lord A. Lady B." " Is it true ? " " On my word ;  
 " I found them together just now ; it's gone on  
 " For some time, so I hear ; " and you find yourself done.  
 The relations rush in. " What is this that we've heard ? "  
 " No doubt your wife's good, and 'tis very absurd  
 " To be over particular what the world says,  
 " Still, my son, though I would not for millions dispraise  
 " Your friend, my Lord A., I should sadly deplore  
 " If your dear wife be blamed. Keep him outside your door."  
 In all this I am blameless ; I like my friend B. ;  
 I think his wife silly ; pure civility  
 Induced me to call ; and behold the result !  
 I believe too that *Deus quum perdere vult*  
 Closes up heart and eyes for the real defaulter,  
 And fits for some innocent collar the halter.

*Col. B.* Supposing her plain, and him a good fellow.

*Lord A.* " *A ciascuno uccello suo nido è bello.*"

Besides, to see only the ugly is hard ;  
 One may love Beauty honestly, and to be barred  
 From all that's neat-headed must stir up one's spleen ;  
 I tell you, alone with a wife I've not been  
 For years. And all this without shadow of reason,  
 'Tis not as if I had been caught in some treason :  
 To the whisper of Slander I've not given cause,  
 I've the deepest regard for Society's laws.  
 Besides, I'm too lazy : 'tis best to say no :  
 It saves so much trouble ; *le jeu*, too, *ne vaut*  
*Pas la chandelle* ; believe me.

*Col. B.*

However, in life

Surely Beauty must tell ; in the struggle and strife  
 A woman's a friend who can help if she chooses.

*Lord A.* Agreed ; and I've found that she never refuses.

But Woman, you know, only rules by persuasion,

Very few have the tact to discern the occasion.  
 Desdemona's beseechments cost Cassio his life,  
 Although he'd no love for the Moor's pretty wife :  
 " Framed to make women false ;" so he does, thought Othello,  
 All his innocence thus did not save the poor fellow.  
 A woman who's caught in a blush or a glance  
 Deprives you for ever of every chance.  
 By this I've been thwarted again and again,  
 Where my path to promotion was open and plain.  
 To a minister's wife you perchance give your arm,  
 To make her a friend, never dreaming of harm.  
 The next time you meet the great man he is dry,  
 Gives a glance of suspicion, you cannot tell why.  
 All your hopes disappear : thank your dangerous fame,  
 And perchance some faint preference felt by the dame.

*Col. B.* But surely by Vanity 'tis compensated?

*Lord A.* No ; after a dozen or so you're quite sated ;  
 Besides, I'm not vain : how I wish that I were !  
 Life would be one long feast ; not a meal of despair :  
 However, I'll check this lugubrious strain,  
 No pleasures, trust me, are like those of the plain.

*Col. B.* I believe that you think it, but how can it be so ?

*Lord A.* You know δὲς ποῦ στῶ καὶ κόσμον κινήσω.  
 ARCHIMEDES spoke truth : you have so the που στω ;  
 No husband suspects you ; where'er you may go  
 All boudoirs are open.

*Col. B.* That's poor satisfaction,  
 When I know I can offer no sort of attraction.

*Lord A.* Stuff, stuff ; to the most, as they say in the West,  
 A man is a man, and the nearest the best :  
 With " that plague for thy dowry " I wish you by-bye.

*Col. B.* In spite of all this, I should just like to try  
 The effect of a change, say for six months or so.

*Lord A.* Better stay as you are : I suppose that you go  
 To the Queen's ball to-morrow : we'll have some more talk.

*Col. B.* Shall I send for a cab ?

*Lord A.* No, I thank you, I'll walk.

## THE POTHEEN MAKERS.

AN IRISH TALE.

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### CHAPTER II.

TIME wore on. Misery at last drew to its close. Few, if any, died from absolute starvation, but the famine left its usual residuum of fever and weakness, and prostration of both mind and body. The Irish are easily depressed, but happily they are as easily elevated, and so, by the return of autumn, and a fair crop from off the land, the spirits of the peasantry rose with their better prospects. The Clearys had let out some of their farm in con-acre, and a two-acre grass field was used for what is termed "burnt beating." This process impoverishes the ground very much, but it is very profitable for the time; and brings in from ten to fifteen pounds the acre. The turf is slayed, or ploughed up to the depth of about three inches, dried, and placed in heaps, and then burnt. The ashes thus obtained make a most valuable manure, and a fruitful crop of potatoes is generally the result. This system was once carried on to a considerable extent; but it was wretched farming, and the crops taken off afterwards, in succession for two or three years, generally left the land utterly exhausted and profitless. The Clearys were not bad or imprudent farmers in their small way, and necessity may have driven them to a course which their better judgment may have disapproved. A few bags of barley were bought with the con-acre rent of their field; the still was brought from its hiding-place, and another "running" attempted. This time the work was not so successful. The worm of the still had become partially corroded, and much of the precious vapour, which was to be condensed into the exhilarating liquor, escaped through the leak holes. The whole process, however, was remunerative; the implement was repaired, and the Clearys were converted into regular, or rather irregular, whisky-makers. The situation of



their house was very favourable for the purpose. There is a long, low, level bog lying between the old cathedral of Clonfert and the river Shannon. The scene is the very picture of desolation; but the flat uninteresting surface effectually prevented any approach to their dwelling without discovery. A single figure would be seen on the plain for miles before it could come near them. Hence a watch was easily kept by day, and at night a junction with the Ribbon-men formed a most effective protection to their illegal pursuit.

This extraordinary society has existed for a very long period. At the time we speak of there was scarcely a Roman Catholic peasant in that part of the country who did not belong to a Ribbon Lodge. The Protestants were never found members of these lodges. They may have had faults of their own, but certainly disloyalty to English laws, and an illegal combination against the Government and social order, were not amongst them. The Ribbon system has frequently changed its name. Called, at first, Ribbon-men (probably from ribbons which they wore on their hats), they merged into Whiteboys, Terry Alts, Rockites, Peep-of-day Boys, &c., and latterly into Fenians. No doubt there have been modifications of their system; and their purposes and practices have varied. At first they merely marched about at night to obtain arms. They went to a gentleman's house, and demanded his guns or pistols, or swords. If the arms were peaceably delivered to them, they departed peaceably, and it was thought that these proceedings had reference to some future insurrection when sufficient arms were procured. Drilling used to take place at night, and altogether the aspect of affairs was not pleasant to look upon. One thing was very manifest. An illegal combination was formed among the peasantry, which, in process of time, produced a perfect reign of terror, not only among the higher classes, but even among the best disposed of the peasantry themselves. The working men, for the sake of their own peace and quiet, were obliged to join the Ribbon Lodge in their neighbourhoods, and take the Ribbon oath of obedience to orders, and to the Ribbon laws. The combination grew on to a frightful extent. Whatever may have been the ulterior and remote object of the conspiracy, one plain good in their eyes lay in their way, and the Ribbon-men took advantage of it with avidity. Land was of all importance to them. It was a necessity of life. There were no manufactures and no employers of labour; conse-

quently the whole mode of the people's subsistence depended upon the produce of their small holdings. The small farms had become wretchedly smaller by subdivision, and if any of the squatters, and of those who had no legal right whatsoever to any tenancy, were dispossessed by a landlord who wished to improve his property, there seemed no reason to the Ribbon-men why they should not use their forces for setting matters right, according to their estimation, and preventing the execution of a measure which, though it might improve the landlord's property, and ultimately the dwellers upon the estates themselves, yet would cause present distress to the occupants of the land. Hence all raising of rent, all evictions, and the taking of a farm over another's head, as it was commonly called, must be absolutely and effectually prevented. If Paddy Byrne, or any other peasant of that ilk, did not pay his rent, and a process of distraint or eviction was commenced against him, the steward or bailiff of the landlord was warned to let the poor *creature* alone; then, if the process was proceeded with, a more forcible notice signed John Rock, or Terry Alt, or whatever was the surname of the day, was thrown into his house, or fastened to his door, telling him that he might as well prepare his coffin, for that his days were numbered. These threats, as is so well and painfully known, were not mere idle ones.

This formidable society greatly helped the Clearys' illegal manufacture. Not only was there a greater sale for the tempting liquor at the shebeen-house, but the fear and dread of the Ribbon Lodge effectually prevented the Excise-officer from receiving any information which might lead to a discovery. However, Andrew's visits to the neighbouring town, his capacious pockets, and his bottle of colourless liquid could not long remain a secret. One of the revenue police saw him presenting his bottle to a customer in a narrow alley. A person in plain clothes was immediately set to watch and to mark his proceedings. A report was made to the gauger himself, who, by putting different circumstances together, soon came to the conclusion that an active system of illicit distillation was carried on at the premises of the Clearys. A week or ten days were suffered to elapse, and then one starlight night, for the moon would be too powerful for their purpose, the revenue police, aided by a small detachment of soldiers, took a circuitous route by the edge of the bog, and made a raid upon the pothern-makers. The still was then in full work. Continued impunity

had made them (like many other hardened sinners) careless and unwatchful. The gauger, with his whole force, was upon them unawares. They had just time to escape to a hiding-place themselves, but all the implements of their illegal trade were left behind, and became the prey and the lawful booty of the Excise-officer. The apparatus was carried in great triumph to the town. Much boasting of the great seizure of illicit spirits, and the worm, and the pots, and the pans, and the instruments used in malting was made in the county papers, and the whole was sold by public auction on a market-day. There was a numerous attendance of the peasantry. The auctioneer received a few hisses, which he converted into cheers by his good-humour, and by remarking, "Arrah, boys! I may as well have the five per cent. on the sale as another, and maybe that same won't go altogether into my own pocket." The worm and still had been broken up, and were sold as old iron. This, together with the other implements, realized a tolerable sum, which was divided amongst the police force as a reward for their nightly labour, and to stimulate them to future exertions. The persons most to be pitied in the transaction were the poor soldiers, who, from the officer in command down to the latest recruit, used to hate this kind of service, and had no sympathy with the revenue police, and who disliked extremely the long night-march, the stealthy mode of procedure, and the wet bog.

The Clearys were struck with awful astonishment. They could scarcely believe, when they returned to their dwelling and visited the out-house, that all the implements of their unlawful manufacture were seized and gone for ever; and "curses not loud, but deep" were vented in the bitterness of their soul.

"The property was ours, bought with our own money, worked for with our own hands. What right had these thieves and robbers to carry off our goods? I'll make them suffer for it, or my name is not Tim Cleary, before many months go round. Vengeance I'll have, if it cost me my life. Oh, Wirasthru! Oh, Wirasthru! What will become of us at all, now that our still is gone? How shall we live? What can we do? And this black-guard gauger to have it all. Oh that I had time to have the boys at my back!"

"Whist, Tim, alannia, don't take on so. Things will come round. Maybe it's all for the best. Worse might have happened if there had been a fight. Who can stand against the soldiers'



guns? Maybe it's our own Andrew might have been lying dead there upon the floor, if the soldiers only gave one volley. You know, Tim, m'avourneen, I never liked this putsheen making, it brought neither luck nor grace; and there was always danger of being found out. Oh, my poor boy, let us stick to the farm. I'll work like a man. I'll dig the ground. I'll lead the horses. I'll do any thing to help and make things better; and with the blessing of God we'll prosper without any more of these bad ways. Tim, darling, and Andy too, I'll never forget the words which the captain of the soldiers said to me and Mary when he came into this house. 'My good women,' says he, 'perhaps you're not to blame in this transaction; and as we've not found the still at work within your dwelling-house, nor yourselves aiding and abetting an illegal action, I'll not take you prisoners. You may be innocent, but I fear that you must at least connive at these illegal and demoralizing proceedings. And if you do not try all the means in your power to prevent your husband and brother from breaking the laws of their country, you almost become law-breakers yourselves; and God's luck and grace can never attend such wicked courses and such ill-gotten wealth.' These were his very words, and they sunk down into my heart."

Biddy and Mary Cleary had never liked this illicit distillation. They feared the consequences. They feared ultimate discovery; and they were afraid lest the too great familiarity with the whisky, and its dangerous plenty and proximity, would end in making drunkards of such near and dear relations. They did not much care about breaking the law of the land. Obedience to the powers that be, unless they were the Church's powers, formed no part of their instruction in morality; and probably it was the first time in their lives they had ever heard from the lips of man, that to break the law was a moral crime, and that to obtain wealth by such means could bring no blessing in its train. Nay, rather, a hatred for English-made law was instilled into their minds, and if their priest saw no harm in drinking their pothern, why should they think that there was any harm in the making of it. Their conscience, therefore, did not affect them upon that score; and when they attended the confessional, as no sin upon this head was discerned, no sin was confessed; and as they were asked no questions, a prudent reticence upon the subject was observed by all parties. This disobedience to the constituted authorities of the realm, this want of subjection to law and order, and the "higher powers," this failure of instruc-

tion in the apostolical doctrine, "the powers that be are ordained of God," are the bane of unhappy Ireland. The Roman Catholic teachers of religion do not seem to allow these things to enter into their code of morality; they do not sufficiently insist upon the sinfulness of law-breaking as such—they themselves regard it as a very venial fault—and hence the hideous consequences, the continued turbulence, the agrarian outrages, the terrorism, and the frequent murders, may very fairly be laid to the charge of those who possess such extraordinary power and influence, and yet who do not exercise that power and influence to prevent crime. Until the Ribbon conspiracy—call it by what name you will—be stamped out, Ireland cannot prosper. There must be security for life and property, or no investment of capital will take place to any appreciable extent. Men will not risk their lives or substance in a country where assassins stalk abroad in the light of day, and where nightly marauders have undisturbed dominion.

*(To be continued.)*

## MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DAUGHTER ELINOR," "MISS VAN KORTLAND,"  
ETC.

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### CHAPTER IX.

#### A FIRST MEETING.

THE weeks drifted on into Indian summer—that gorgeous heritage of our New World—and Miss Dorothy was seized with a desire to travel, during the soft golden days so marvellous in their fleeting beauty, so unlike any other season, when every hill and stream gains new loveliness, and the wonderful magic haze wraps and beautifies all objects in nature, as the haze of romance softens and makes beautiful the commonest incident of the commonest life. Valery grew tall so fast that Miss Dorothy's doctor warned her to take the child from her books for a time, and the spinster having conceived the idea of the journey, found a new pleasure in the delight it occasioned her charge. Encumbered with less luggage than another woman would have thought could serve her needs, Miss Dorothy took Valery and Nurse Benson and journeyed away toward Niagara, utterly scorning the companionship of any male, whether as servant or protector.

"No, no," said Miss Dorothy, "one can endure men as one can crocodiles—in their places—because the Lord made them, though why or wherefore is beyond my imagination! But to be worried when you can avoid it, I call insanity—worse, downright idiocy—so no men on this voyage, where I mean to be pilot."

She fired this remark at the head of the rector's sister, when that virgin came up to the house with her three-story neck and her constitutional simper, to bid her friend adieu. The rector's sister went home in high dudgeon, always having in her mind a hope that her brother might win Miss Dorothy for a matrimonial prize, and



always receiving similar snubs on account of the hope from her fellow-spinster.

Miss Dorothy enjoyed the journey immensely, and Valery's delight, and Nurse Benson's constant fears that they had taken the wrong train, or lost their luggage, or were to be murdered by any masculine object who chanced to give them a glance, added to her interest and amusement. Indeed, Nurse Benson made the entire tour to Montreal and home by way of Portland, under protest. She lifted her voice in matutinal warnings that before the day closed their doom would overtake them, and the last words Miss Dorothy heard at night were nurse's cheerful assurance that she knew they were to be assassinated in their first sleep by a fiend in human shape whom she had seen prowling about the corridor. She usually roused them at least twice in the small hours with the agreeable information that the house was on fire, and a leap out of the window the only means of escape. But Miss Dorothy bore her old servant's absurdities with sufficient equanimity, and she and Valery were never tired of laughing over them, while nurse groaned dismally.

"You may laugh, Miss Dorothy, but the whole thing is a tempting of Providence, railroads, steamboats and all, not to mention that spluttering old Nigary, that has left me with a buzz in my head worse'n bein' a hole for a mill-wheel to turn round in!"

They settled down to rest for a few days at a quiet hotel near the Falls of Montmorenci. Even Benson, averse as she was to finding any thing pleasant away from home, and especially in Canada, could not help admitting that it was a pretty place, and actually left Miss Dorothy and Valery to enjoy the peaceful loveliness of the scene free from her jeremiads and evil forebodings.

The two had wandered off to the cataract one afternoon, and after climbing about among the stony paths in its vicinity, sat down to rest, at a sufficient distance to make the sound of the water only a musical accompaniment to their talk. An exclamation from Valery startled Miss Dorothy out of a reverie into which she had fallen; for as she approached middle age, the energetic spinster was allowing herself insensibly to glide into that fascinating, albeit foolish habit, though she would have been filled with wrath and astonishment had any body found sufficient courage to point out the fact.

"What is it?" she asked.

"People coming down the path," said Valery. "A gentleman and a little girl."

"Dear me, I thought a snake had bitten you, at least," returned Miss Dorothy. "Very well; let them come; the path is free! Travelling Canadians, I've no doubt; the most disagreeable sort of English people," added she; for like most persons who have led a retired life, Miss Dorothy entertained prejudices against all foreign nations, as strong as they were unreasonable.

It was not consistent with her dignity to waste so much as a glance on the intruders; she sat more erect than usual, looking straight before her, with her lips pursed up as if she were prepared to whistle Yankee Doodle without missing a bar, if the peripatetic children of Great Britain presumed to approach the mossy rock whereon she had enthroned herself.

Valery watched the gentleman and child strolling lazily along, and thought she had never in her life seen a man so handsome, notwithstanding he was no longer really young, and had besides an appearance of delicate health. Then the small personage attracted her attention, and though several years nearer childhood than herself, Valery's quick fancy began to contemplate the possibility of their being inmates of the same hotel, and to look forward to having the beautiful little creature for a friend and playmate.

Just as she had reached this point, the child said something to her companion, evidently in regard to them, for the gentleman took his cigar out of his mouth, sent a curl of blue smoke circling through the air, and turned in a slow, indolent fashion, that seemed habitual with him, to look at the rock whereon Miss Dorothy was perched, stiff and upright as a statue of Liberty intruding upon the domains of her Britannic Majesty. He looked, walked nearer, then hesitated, looked again, and just as both Valery and the child were regarding him with astonishment, stopped short and burst into a musical laugh, which sounded as slow and lazy as his movements all appeared.

Miss Dorothy, at the ring of that irreverent merriment, drew herself up in a still more appallingly august attitude. Something in the low soft tones struck her as so familiar that she dropped the statuesque dodge incontinently, and stared in her turn.

"Have you bought the whole of Canada, waterfall, and the rest, Dor?" called the gentleman. "You look like Columbia come to see whether it is worth while to 'annex' the thing outright."

Valery was all eyes in wonder, and the little stranger apparently shared the feeling, though she was less modest about trying to gra-

tify it, for she pulled impatiently at the gentleman's coat, and cried, "Who is it, papa? who is it? Do tell me who it is, papa!"

Miss Dorothy had risen from the rock, and stood with an odd expression of uncertainty and trouble on her face; she saw handsome Philip before her for the first time in years.

"My dear Cecil, don't make a wreck of me," laughed he, taking the child's hand and drawing her forward. "Come and speak to this lady."

"Who is she?" demanded the tiny maid, with an imperiousness that would have been unpleasant had it not been comical. "Tell me this minute, papa! Who is it?"

"That is your Aunt Dorothy; but I'm afraid she has turned into stone," said he. "Bless me, Dor, I hope the sight of us hasn't made a second Niobe of you, I am sure!"

"O Philip, Philip!" exclaimed Miss Dorothy, holding out both her hands, her voice trembling and the rare tears filling her eyes. The encounter was so sudden and unexpected that she could only remember how dear he had always been to her, forgetful for the moment of the terrible memories which surged between the present and that old love.

"So you're glad to see me?" continued he, taking her hand, even touching his lips to her cheek, though it was all done in a light half-laughing fashion, as if they had parted only a few hours before.

"I oughtn't to be glad," said she, shaking his hand warmly in return, and recovering her usual manner. "It is good four years since you have been near me or written me a line."

"O my dear, you know letters are not my speciality; I've a sort of horror of even signing my own name," he answered. "As for visits—well, you've never been near us, and Marian made me such a diabolical scene after she came back from your house that I really hadn't the courage to face you."

His words recalled the fact of Valery's presence to Miss Dorothy; she glanced toward the child; the colour rose in her cheeks; she looked so painfully disturbed that Philip could not help understanding what troubled her. But he gave no sign; Miss Dorothy could not even be certain that he accorded the girl more than a passing, indifferent glance.

"Cecil," he said, "kiss your Aunt Dorothy; provided she'll let you."



"I know she'll let me," replied the child, who for a few seconds had been hiding behind him in a sudden fit of shyness. She ran toward Miss Conway and held up her beautiful face, saying, "I love you ever and ever so much, Aunt Dor—please to kiss me."

There was something inexpressibly bewitching in her manner and her utterance of the simple words, yet as Miss Dorothy stooped and pressed her lips to the low Greek forehead from which a cloud of curls floated back, fleecy and golden, seldom in her whole life—and God knows it had not been an easy one—had a more dolorous pang wrung her heart than now.

Philip was quick at reading countenances, and he felt so confident she was on the point of losing her self-control and making a scene, that his first impulse was to regret the meeting; but he said gaily,—

"It's an awful little pickle, Dor; as much like her scapegrace father as possible."

"You're beautiful, papa!" affirmed Cecil, recovering her usual volubility. "I love you, dear; 'cause you brought me out to drive, and you're never cross! I was at your house once, wasn't I, Aunt Dor? Mamma says I dreamed it, and that you wouldn't want to see me, but I know I was, and you love me, don't you, Aunt Dor?"

A quick heavy breath, almost a sob, from Valery, caused Miss Dorothy to turn toward the place where the girl sat. Cecil's words had brought to her mind the occurrence of that never-to-be-forgotten day, and she was looking about in terror, expecting to see the woman appear who had offered her the one indignity her quiet childhood had ever known. Miss Dorothy bent over her and whispered—

"She'll not come, Val; don't mind, that's my good, brave girl!"

To receive this praise from Miss Conway, Valery would at any time have attempted the most difficult Spartan feat, and now she forced herself back to quiet, glancing up with a smile.

"Is that your little girl?" demanded Cecil of her aunt.

"Yes; she's my little girl, and a very good one," replied Miss Dorothy, keeping hold of Valery's hand, while Philip busied himself with lighting a fresh cigar.

"Is she? How funny; she's very pretty any how," pronounced Cecil; "I'm not good myself; papa and me are the worst people in the world."

"Speak for yourself, you ungrammatical imp," returned her father; "but what do you say it for?"

"'Cause mamma said so this morning; she said I was the wickedest creature in the world, and you were worse;" replied Cecil with emphasis, and an evident enjoyment of the doubtful compliment.

Philip looked at his sister and lifted his eyebrows with a weary sort of smile.

"O, I know what that means," pursued Miss Cecil, nodding her head. "Papa always does that when mamma scolds us, and she scolds us most of the time; doesn't she, papa?"

"There, there, Cis, you shouldn't let out the secrets of the prison-house," said he, laughing and sitting down on a fragment of rock near Miss Dorothy.

Cecil ran to him, threw her arms about his neck, and exclaimed in a voice at once tender and patronizing,—

"But I love you, don't I, dear old boy? And I try to be bad; because, if you are, it's the beautifullest thing in the world."

Philip laughed again, half recklessly, with a certain bitterness under, which Miss Dorothy was not slow to catch. If she had lived the whole four years in their house she could not have understood better than from this little scene what a dreadful atmosphere that home was in which to rear a child.

"Ask that small woman to show you the waterfall, Cis," said he, "she looks discreet enough to be trusted. Don't tumble in and make me take a bath to fish you out."

"Will you come; will you?" urged Cecil, running to Valery.

The girl had gone back to her scrutiny of Philip Conway, her embryo artistic taste inexpressibly attracted by that handsome face; her quick fancy noting the listless, weary expression which it could not yet comprehend; some deeper emotion still stirring at her heart. Who shall say—perhaps some vague, undefined yearning of her soul went out toward that father whom for the first time she was unconsciously regarding. These prisoned spirits of ours have mysteries to which we, with all our boasted wisdom, fail ever to find a clue.

And he? But it would be useless to speculate upon his thoughts. Probably he put any serious reflections aside; it was natural to him so to do, and he had fostered the habit until he possessed the ability to thrust such from him, as he might have locked visible reminders

of past wrong-doing in some secret drawer where he need not be troubled, save at rare intervals, by the sight of them.

"Go with Cecil," Miss Dorothy said, for Valery hesitated. She had one of those unfortunate memories which could never forget pain; and the most living recollection of her childhood was the wretched day when Marian Conway had allowed her demons to urge her beyond all bounds of womanly decency in that cruel outrage. Valery lived over the whole scene in an instant, as vividly as if it had happened an hour before, and the sting of that cruel blow seemed to burn anew upon her cheek. It was not anger that she felt; the vague horror occasioned by the words the woman had uttered—words whose import Valery did not yet understand—was still the prominent emotion in her mind. She looked about, afraid to see her tormentor appear again and order her away. It was all the thought of a moment—Cecil was urging her to come in her pretty imperious fashion, and Philip said,—

"I'm afraid the small woman doesn't fancy trusting herself with such a feather-head as you are, Cis."

"O yes," returned Valery rising, her morbid fears dissipated by the sound of that slow, musical voice, which seemed the sweetest she had ever heard; "I'd like to go if you wish it."

Philip looked oddly at her. Miss Dorothy saw a wistful, almost pained expression cross his face as the child returned his gaze with those eager brown eyes so exactly the counterpart of his own; but conscious that his sister was watching him his features resumed their usual careless indifference.

"There's an example for you, Cis!" he exclaimed. "What a wonderful small woman it is to wish to do as she is asked!"

"Papa always laughs at every body," Cecil said confidentially to Valery; "you mustn't mind."

"A pretty idea you are giving the aunt of papa's government," rejoined Philip, pulling her little pink ear in a Napoleonic caress.

"Oh, she knows!" cried Cecil. "Papa and I are splendid friends, Aunt Dor—I'm awfully, awfully fond of him!"

She had to squeeze his face between her hands once more, standing on tiptoe to reach him as he sat; dance about in one of the impromptu waltzes that made her resemble a weird little Undine, and so often called down her mother's denunciation on her careless head; then she seized Valery, and hurried her off,



the laughter of the two ringing back like a peal of silver bells upon the ears of the elders who sat watching.

"Yes, it seems odd enough to see them together," Philip said, answering his sister's thought, and she caught the sound of a repressed sigh, though he met her glance with the careless smile that had so often irritated her in the old days when trying to make him speak and think seriously.

"You don't look well, Philip," Miss Dorothy said, scanning his features and noticing with a woman's quickness the changes four years had wrought in them. It was not that the face had aged, but it wore the pallor of delicate health, and sadder still, the expression of a man who possessed no aim in life—no hope to interest him.

"Oh, there's nothing the matter with me!" he replied. "I'm in a chronic state of boredom—but I am used to that."

"And you live on just in the old way, I suppose," returned she, rather impatiently.

"Bless me, Dor! I hope you don't mean to lecture the instant we meet," said he.

"No, Philip; my day for that is over," she replied gravely.

"I hear it all from Marian, you see," he added, shrugging his shoulders. "Idle, dissolute, living on her money—as if that wasn't what her money was for! But I might almost as well have married a poor woman—such a row as there is to get a few thousands just to keep one's creditors from boring."

Miss Dorothy understood the whole miserable, wasted existence; but it was useless to pity him—more useless to utter any words of censure.

"There," said he, laughing, "I've made my moan—let's talk of pleasanter things. I declare, Dor, I wish you and Marian could hit it off better. I miss you wonderfully with your grave old face and your sharp tongue."

Miss Dorothy smiled sadly. She knew perfectly well that he probably had not thought of her three times during all these years of separation; but for the instant he believed what he was saying, and it could do no good to reproach him with his self-deception.

"I miss you too, Philip," was all she said. "My solitary life doesn't bring excitement enough to let me forget my old loves."

"You were always a good soul, Dor!" he exclaimed. "I wonder you don't hate me after the bother you've had with me. Why, there's all the money you paid for me—it must have taken

half you owned. I thought I should be able to replace it, but I never have any luck."

Another man, forcing himself to utter the confession, would have done it with shame or remorse, but not Philip. The idea came in his head, and he gave voice to it—in half an hour he would forget she had ever made a sacrifice in his favour.

"I have enough left," replied Miss Dorothy. "The old place supports itself; I let the farm on shares, and make a fair income out of it, besides my little investments that bring in something too. I've about five thousand a year in all."

"O dear, don't be practical!" cried Philip, putting his hands over his ears. "I hate to hear about money—Marian thinks and dreams of nothing else; she's worse than an old Jew, and she's grown very scrawny and yellow," he added, after his rambling habit of uttering every passing thought in an utterly inconsequent fashion.

"I think enough about it to use it sensibly, I hope," said Miss Dorothy stoutly.

"No doubt, but don't tempt me by talking of your hoards; I shall be trying to borrow of you before I know it, and I warn you it would be like throwing your shekels in the sea to let them get into my hands."

"If it could do any good, Philip, I'd give you every penny I have in the world," she replied; "yes, and work cheerfully for the rest of my life, to see you stop short in your aimless existence, and begin over again, and——"

"There, there," he interrupted good-naturedly; "it wouldn't do a bit of good, my dear old Dor! I could make any quantity of promises—I often do to myself—but the first time I got a glass of wine in my hands, or met a pretty woman, or saw a pack of cards, away would go all my fine determinations."

"O Philip, Philip!" she sighed. "Think of growing old—of passing out of this world!"

"Now don't be funereal—my nerves won't stand it! Of course I never do think—nothing would induce me to. My thinking-machine never amounted to much, and it has grown perfectly rusty from disuse. Don't fret, Dor, I was born so. I've no doubt in some previous stage of existence I was a butterfly—I can't go against my instincts. You dear old petticoated Solomon, you took all the common sense of the family."

Miss Dorothy sighed again, hopelessly, drearily; and Philip, mortally afraid she would wax lachrymose or fault-finding, jumped up from his seat and said—

“Where are those children? Cis and I must go home, or Marian will treat us to hysterics. We drove over from the city for a lark—Marian wouldn’t come, and she’ll be furious at our coming without her, though she insisted upon it.”

“When are you going home?” Miss Dorothy asked.

“We start to-morrow; Marian wants to stop a day in Buffalo to visit some old fiend of a relative she has there, then we shall go straight on to town.”

They had walked towards the fall while they talked, and came in sight of the two children standing near the verge, Valery’s arm thrown protectingly about Cecil’s waist, while the latter chattered at the top of her shrill young voice.

“Oh Dor, Dor!” exclaimed Philip suddenly. “No wonder you’re afraid for me! If it should all come home to my Cecil—what’s that dreadful line about children suffering for the sins of the parents? I don’t believe it, Dor; I don’t believe it!”

He struck his hands passionately together and his face quivered with a more poignant emotion than she had ever in her whole remembrance seen it exhibit. He ran forward to where the children stood, half-knelt upon the ground and threw his arms about them, drawing both to him in a warm embrace. Cecil began to laugh and pull his chestnut curls, soft and luxuriant as a boy’s still, in her mischievous way, but Valery leaned her head on his shoulder and looked up with a surprise which changed slowly to an expression of tenderness that moved him as few things had done during the past ten weary years.

“You needn’t squeeze the breath out of us, papa!” said Cecil. “Isn’t Valery a nice girl? I love her dearly, dearly.”

“That’s right,” he said in a low voice. “And will you love her, Valery—always—promise me?”

“Always,” Valery answered, raising her earnest eyes. Philip stooped and for the first time kissed the lips of his eldest born. But he saw Miss Dorothy watching, and her countenance showed that she was very near the lachrymose stage, so he pushed the girls away and sprang up with a gay laugh.

“We’re as sentimental as an old novel,” said he. “Now, little ones, for a race down the hill.”



Away darted the three, and Miss Dorothy followed at a soberer pace, trying to get back her shaken composure.

"Cecil and I must be off," Philip said when she reached the place where they waited for her to overtake them. "Your mamma will have us killed twice over, Cis," he added, "and I tell you what, puss, unless you want me to be wigged venomously, keep your own counsel about whom we have seen."

"Oh, Philip," Miss Dorothy said reproachfully. "Don't teach the child to be deceitful."

"Bless me," cried Cecil in a tone so like her father's that her aunt fairly started; "papa and I have a lot of secrets—we never tell mamma things! Holding one's tongue isn't being deceitful, Aunt Dor."

Philip laughed at the child's precocious distinction and hurried the adieus as much as he could, for he was so unused to letting himself feel any thing that he was really tired. Cecil half strangled her aunt and Valery with caresses, saying—"Papa and I'll run away and visit you—you'll see—won't we, papa?"

"Oh, of course," Philip answered, "you young Red Republican! Good-bye, Dor—good-bye, small woman!"

He kissed Dorothy, patted Valery's head, but Cecil cried out that he must kiss her, and he obeyed, hastening off immediately afterward, though his sister saw him turn twice and look at the girl. The two stood there and watched until Philip and Cecil disappeared, then Miss Dorothy roused herself and said,—

"Come, Val, we must go back to the hotel."

"Isn't he beautiful?" cried Valery. "And she's such a dear little thing—I remember her, Miss Dorothy."

Miss Dorothy had no mind to discuss her recollections, and stalked sternly on down the winding path.

"I hope they will visit us," Valery added. "It's your brother's portrait hangs in the library, isn't it? Oh dear, I wish he was my father, Miss Dor! When did my papa die?"

It was seldom she asked similar questions, and Miss Dorothy had no idea how often they were in her mind. She stopped short and said coldly,—

"Valery, if there is any thing for you to know, I shall tell you when the right time comes; you are never to ask me or anybody else."

"I never will, Miss Dor," returned Valery. "But you're not angry?"

"Angry—no! You're my good, brave girl, always!" said Miss Dorothy, then hurried forward, afraid of betraying the emotion which she was so anxious to conceal.

## CHAPTER X.

### TELLING THE SECRET.

THE weeks and months went by; grew into years, but Cecil and Philip never fulfilled their promise of appearing at the Hermitage. Valery had passed completely out of the magic realm of childhood; she was entering her teens now, and in her carefully guarded life no echo from her mother's past which could trouble the quiet of her uneventful days ever intruded.

Formerly, Miss Dorothy had lived in fear that some reckless or bitter tongue would force the knowledge upon her, and had never felt easy when Valery was out of her sight with any companion besides Hetty Flint or some member of her own household. But she had gradually forgotten the fear, and indeed there had hitherto been little chance of the misfortune happening. Miss Dorothy had long ago been condemned by the gentry of the county for the part she took when Lucy Stuart's child was born, and though long since then coldness had changed back to the old friendliness, Miss Dorothy was too haughty a woman to forget that they had presumed to sit in judgment on her actions. Yet to do her justice, a more worthy feeling influenced her. The manner in which these proud, insolent people had behaved, proved how little capable they were of appreciating conduct that rose from principle in opposition to the received line of action set down by the world, and it was rather a loss of esteem for her neighbours than the remains of anger which caused Miss Dorothy to keep her life very much aloof from theirs.

She seldom of late years went to town for the winter months, and of her former friends there she was only on terms of intimacy with a few women growing like herself into middle age, who occasionally during the summer came up to the Hermitage to pass a week or two. Besides these, John Ford and his relative when in America often visited Miss Dorothy. Those seasons were the brightest spots in Valery's memory, for Mr. Ford was never tired of answering her questions about the pictures she had read

of, and developing the talent for his art which he recognized in her.

Such quiet years for Valery that to chronicle them would be wearisome, yet they were full of a peace which gradually calmed her excitable nature, and helped her to cultivate the equable temperament so seldom acquired by persons possessed of the artistic faculty, whatever shape it may assume. Miss Dorothy was a remarkably well-educated woman, and instructed Valery conscientiously, though she wisely forbore to burthen and render her miserable with so many of the useless studies which are considered of such importance in modern schools. The rector taught her Latin, because he and Miss Dorothy believed the discipline good for the girl's mind. The rector's sister gave her Italian lessons, and as the old maid had passed a good deal of her youth with her grandmother, who had been born in Tuscany and left her beautiful home for love of a fair-haired American sculptor, the antique virgin proved an admirable preceptress, and Valery was almost as familiar with that dearest and sweetest of languages as if she had lived within the sound of Santa Croce's bells. Very little in the way of mathematics—a terrible ignorance in the matter of ologies, any quantity of research into the odd metaphysical books the rector was fond of, an early acquaintance with poetry and romance, and always her drawing—an affair of affection, not labour—and you have a summary of the manner in which Valery's childhood and early youth got by.

Companions of her own age she had very few, and it was always a rare pleasure if among Miss Dorothy's guests there chanced to be somebody with a daughter young enough to call her friend. Occasionally, during the summer months, when the people who owned country houses in the neighbourhood arrived and did their best in inventing mild gaieties to enliven the dulness of their sojourn, Valery would receive invitations to join a picnic or children's party. Miss Dorothy at first refused such offers without consulting her, or if they came from persons whom she wished to treat with friendliness, invariably accompanied the girl. She scarcely left her side, from the fear that haunted her of some thoughtless or cruel tongue inflicting a wound to sting and rankle through all the dawning maidenhood which the kind-hearted spinster hoped to render peaceful and happy, as the childish life had been.



But the people who still visited her were invariably considerate toward Valery, and careful there should be nothing in their conduct to trouble Miss Dorothy or excite her indignation, of which most persons stood a little in awe. So the dread faded out of her mind, and the rector and his sister, the only persons to whom she ever spoke of it, helped to give her confidence by their assurances that the story of the child's birth had so long before lost its interest, that ten to one among the new people very few had any clear idea of the painful facts.

You and I have lived to know that putting aside at last the fear of a long-expected blow is usually the signal for its fall, with as much suddenness as if the danger were fresh and unforeseen. Miss Dorothy knew this as well as we do; but, applied to herself, she forgot it, as you and I would forget in a similar case.

John Ford and his relative came to spend the pleasant month of June at the Hermitage, and both Miss Dorothy and Valery enjoyed the visit, for the artist was a very agreeable companion in his odd, quaint fashion, whenever he knew people sufficiently to overcome his reticence and shyness. Miss Dorothy liked his cousin for the sake of early associations, though she was a wearing body, with so utter an inability to understand a joke that the spinster candidly pronounced her only three removes from an idiot, and Mrs. Sloman, while regarding Miss Dorothy with great reverence and admiration, had an idea that certain crotchets of the old maid's were little better than insanities. Her husband had been the guardian and distant cousin of John Ford, though he usually gave her the title of aunt, because it pleased her, and after her widowhood offered her a home. She followed him patiently over land and sea, placidly admiring whatever he bade her, always losing her spectacles, and getting sights, books, and men so hopelessly muddled in her chaotic memory, that she was liable to speak of the pyramids as Raphael's greatest work, or mention the Laocöon as the best doctor in Rome.

She sometimes worried Ford by her care, believing as most commonplace persons do, that a man of genius could hardly be enough trusted in the ordinary business of life to go downstairs alone.

But he was almost always patient, and of late years she interfered less, would occasionally allow him to state a fact without correction, and kept aloof from his painting room since a memorable day in Florence, when entering in his absence, the demon of order took

possession of her, and she determined that the place should be thoroughly put to rights. She and an old servant between them knocked a hole in his unfinished picture, broke the nose off his pet Clytie, and ended matters by scrubbing with sand a priceless gem he had lately picked up—a veritable Wouvermans, which Mrs. Sloman decided he must have forgotten to wash. But that was her last incursion; for the only time in her life she saw Ford angry, and though he said very little, she never forgot the scene.

One morning, as they all sat at breakfast in Miss Dorothy's library, there came a note from the Earles', begging that the whole party would drive over and spend the day; there was to be an impromptu *fête champêtre*, dancing on the lawn, croquet for the young ones, and suitable amusements for the elders.

Miss Dorothy had sprained her wrist, and Mrs. Sloman was more peculiar than picturesque, with a boil on her nose; consequently their going was out of the question, but Valery, though she said not a word, looked so sorry to miss the pleasure that John Ford woke out of his reverie and offered to accompany her.

"Dear me, yes, why not, to be sure, eh, Dorothy?" exclaimed Mrs. Sloman. "Though how on earth they'll get on by themselves I'm sure I don't know."

"We'll try and get back alive, won't we, Valery?" Mr. Ford said, smiling.

"But you both go about up in the clouds so," persisted his cousin. "I declare I never see you go for a walk that I don't expect you to be gored by troops of mad buffaloes! Oh, you needn't laugh—Dorothy knows. Why, if I didn't watch you as if you were a baby, you'd be standing on your head half the time; you know you would, John. I dare say you've got your drawers on for an under-shirt this minute! It's just the way with your painting-people and your writing-people; and there's Valery every bit as bad. And I declare, Dorothy, I wonder at your letting her grow up so; for I've often said you have a master-mind, and might be a builder or something, if you'd only turned your attention to it in time."

The three listeners were of course convulsed with laughter, but she only looked hopelessly bewildered as to the cause of their merriment.

"I think you may trust us for once, Aunt Jemima," Mr. Ford said; "we'll promise to be very discreet."

"You'd better ring for Nurse Benson, Val," added Miss Dorothy, "and see how you are off for white frocks."

"I'll lend her any thing of mine she wants—of course, I like to have her enjoy herself," said Mrs. Sloman; and the idea of Valery arrayed in one of her remarkable costumes, sent the girl and Ford into a new fit of laughter.

"Now I do hope you'll not behave in that way at the party," observed Mrs. Sloman, anxiously; "and John, for mercy's sake, don't get on an absent-minded fit, and put the spoons in your pocket."

"Good gracious!" cried he, rather horrified. "You haven't conceived the idea that I'm dishonest, I hope?"

"No, of course not; but you painting-people! I do declare, Dorothy, it's one body's work to watch him! I never shall forget the day we went up to the top of Mount Hecla to see the Temple of Pæstum; and he would walk over the bridge—what was it—Blackfriars?—no, that's a picture gallery in London—well, no matter; he would do it in spite of every thing I could say——"

Here a twinge of pain made her break off to put her hands to her nose; by the time it was over she had entirely forgotten what she was talking about, and began a new sentence exactly as if it had been a continuation of the first.

"As I often say, why June should be such a month for a body being bothered with Job's comforters I never could understand; but dear me, the older you grow the less you can account for things, because I remember I once had a Maltese cat——"

"What has that to do with the Temple of Pæstum?" interrupted Ford, perceiving that she was more helplessly muddled than usual.

"Now, isn't that just like John?" she cried triumphantly. "Going off wool-gathering without the least warning. I'm just thinking what our old governess's given name was, Dorothy, and he bursts out about some of those heathen places that really I often feel it's downright wicked to think of, much less go and see; and as for Naples, never while I live, John Ford, will I be dragged back among those naked creatures, sitting before your face and eyes on what do they call it—the lazzaroni—and a parasol of no more use than a cabbage leaf, Dorothy, for they dance up and down, and get on all sides of you at once, so that you'd need a diving-bell to keep from seeing them. But there, John, hush, with Valery right in the room; and



it's not fit for the child to know, any more than Potiphar's sister; but ever to teach John discretion, Dorothy, is what I have ceased to hope, though I'll own he's good at heart, and unless it's sometimes painting Sunday afternoon, nobody could find fault; though what dear old father and mother would have said, born in Massachussets, it makes my hair stand on end;—and that reminds me to ask, Dorothy, if you won't write down that receipt for keeping it from falling out."

She was hopeless this morning, so Miss Dorothy rose unceremoniously from the breakfast-table and departed to look after her favourite roses, for horticulture was an absolute passion with her, and her garden the admiration and envy of the whole county. Valery hunted up Nurse Benson, and had the important matter of her toilet arranged. Then she strayed out on the lawn where Mr. Ford sat with his sketch-book, and he bade her attempt a group of elms, which drove her to the verge of despair with their capriciously beautiful forms and outlines.

It was a glorious day, and Valery in her highest spirits. As she came out on the verandah where they were standing, Miss Dorothy and Ford thought they had never seen her look so pretty as in her simple festive attire, or so full of life and animation.

"I mean to have a charming day, Miss Dor—I only wish you were going," she said, dancing along toward them with an excitement very unlike her usual rather too staid and quiet demeanour. "Am I looking nice, Mr. Ford? Will I do?"

"I should say very tolerably," he replied smiling, always more fond of Valery from her earliest childhood than he had ever been of any other human being.

"Here comes the basket," said Miss Dorothy. "It shows my confidence in you, John, to trust the ponies to your guidance."

"I hope Aunt Jemima won't fill you with evil forebodings during our absence," he answered.

"No," Miss Dorothy said; "her talking fit has gone off; she may not have another for three days. What a mercy it is the spasms only attack her at intervals!"

"But she's such a good old soul," Ford said.

"Bless me, yes; I'm very fond of her. But don't keep the ponies standing. Good-bye, Val—a pleasant day to you. Tell Mrs. Earle why I couldn't come. That woman is the biggest fool of my acquaintance."

"Shall I tell her that too, Miss Dor?" asked Valery mischievously.

"No, Miss Impudence! I don't believe in fibs; but I do sometimes keep back the truth. Good-bye, John. Let me see how the ponies mean to behave."

So she stood on the verandah watching them as the little carriage dashed down the avenue; Valery looked back, waving her hand and laughing. Miss Dorothy, glad to think how light-hearted she was, said more vain-gloriously to herself than was right, that she should be able to keep her so, forgetting—as she seldom did—how little even her strong will and earnest purpose could avail.

They drove away, and John Ford had never seen his young companion so full of excitement and anticipation. There was a rather large party assembled at the Bushes when they arrived, and as Ford was a lion in these days, his coming naturally caused something of a sensation. The very fact of accompanying him, and her unusual good looks that afternoon, attracted more than ordinary attention to Valery. She promised already to be one of those women whose faces depend so much on expression for their beauty that they are plain or positively handsome according to the chance mood of the moment. Perhaps for the first time in years, a little knot of gossips regaled some strangers with the old, half-forgotten history, and of course it was unanimously decided that Miss Dorothy's conduct had been very odd, to say the least—very odd; still Miss Dorothy had money and would have her own way! "Just one of those cases, my dear, where one doesn't exactly know what to do, and so forgets the whole thing as much as possible."

This was Mrs. Earle's summary of the matter, and while the group discussed her mother's sorrowful story with utter inability to comprehend its pathos and misery, unconscious Valery joined the youthful crowd in the croquet-ground, and faithful John Ford devoted himself to the game in order to watch over her.

But as I said, he was a lion, full-grown in these days of success, moneyed as well as artistic, and Mrs. Earle felt it her duty to drag him out, and if he would not roar, at least exhibit his mane for the delectation of such guests as had a weakness towards distinguished people. It was a very troublesome predicament for shy John Ford, and when his hostess insisted on his giving her his arm, and promenading up and down, receiving introductions right and left, and

having to listen to so much nonsense about his pictures that he wished he had been born deaf, there is no doubt he could have seen portly Mrs. Earle fall in a fit with pleasure, but his sinful wishes were of no avail.

Two delightful hours Valery spent, but unfortunately the admiration she received from several youths, and her skill at the sport, excited the envy of a girl about her own age, visiting at some house in the neighbourhood, and who had, without the gossips' knowledge, been an attentive listener to the story of poor Lucy Stuart.

There came a crisis in the game where she declared that Valery's stroke had or had not been properly given—any thing served as a pretext for a quarrel in her present mood. She was rendered absolutely furious by the fact that though a few of the girls to whom she had whispered the precious scandal, decided with her, those for whose verdict she most cared, and especially a boy of fifteen, who had been her devoted cavalier until Valery distracted his precociously fickle fancy, all voted her in the wrong. Valery would neither argue nor contest; she was surprised at the girl's heat and ill-nature, saying simply,—

“But it doesn't matter; I dare say I did miss.”

“It matters a great deal,” returned her enemy; “I'm not used to being put in the position of having told an untruth. I shall not stand it! I will go this instant to Mrs. Earle, and ask her what she means by allowing me to meet people she knows my mamma would not approve of.”

“Do be still,” urged the other girls; and her recreant admirer, who was a distant cousin, advised her in an audible aside, “Not to make a bigger muff of herself than usual.”

It was all Greek to poor Valery; but she saw the girl's tirade was aimed at her, and only thought of appeasing her.

“I hope I've said nothing to annoy you, Miss Evarts,” she exclaimed. “Indeed I didn't mean to—I ought not to have insisted on my stroke, but we can count it out.”

The pleading voice and deprecating manner the insolent little bully thought proceeded from fear, whereas it was only Valery's natural good-breeding that made her speak. Of course Miss Evarts could not resist striking a fresh blow as soon as she perceived any sign of retreat on the part of her antagonist.

“They must count you out too, if they want me to play,” cried



she, accustomed already, owing to the fact that she would be one of the greatest heiresses of the day, to making her will paramount.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Lu Evarts!" exclaimed her cousin indignantly.

Valery's cheeks grew scarlet; she darted an angry glance at the girl; saw that the others at least tacitly agreed in the insult; then, with as much readiness as a woman could have shown, turned to a young lady who had not been playing, and said—

"Perhaps you will take my place; the game is nearly over."

"I'll not play either," pronounced Miss Evarts' false admirer, a much more boyish personage than the generality of American youths of his age, and really pleasant to meet on that very account. "I say, Miss Valery, let's go down to the lake; when Lu Evarts gets one of her bad tempers she's not fit to speak to."

"That's the girl who's not fit to speak to," retorted the small vixen, pointing towards Valery. "It's a shame of Mrs. Earle to let her come here to-day; she had no business to insult us all, and I shall write to my mamma about it."

"You'd better write to your mamma to buy you a straight jacket," cried her cousin, while the other girls, with one or two exceptions, urged the irate Miss Evarts to say no more. Valery stopped in the movement she had made to leave the group, and stood regarding her foe with mingled surprise and indignation.

"Don't you mind her, Valery," added the boy. "Her grandfather earned all his money in a pork shop—she needn't talk."

"That's better than having no father at all," fairly howled Miss Evarts, "and a mother that was a disgrace to every body connected with her—and Valery Stuart indeed, when she has no name whatever!"

It brought back that horrible day when Marian Conway had outraged her—it brought back all the vague, painful thoughts which had at times since troubled her. Valery turned white as death, and, though shaking like a leaf, said firmly—

"If what you say were true—and I know it is not—I'd rather be me than so heartless and wicked as you have shown yourself. I——"

She stopped, gasping for breath; her face so altered that they were all frightened and gathered about her—only Miss Evarts shrank back, alarmed at her own work.

"Let me go, please," said Valery; "let me pass."

"O you horrid, wicked little beast, Lu Evarts!" shouted her cousin. "How I wish you were a boy—I'd punch your head well!"

Up surged Miss Evarts' wrath again, and drowned her passing fear and regret.

"I told the truth," cried she. "I heard Mrs. Earle tell it herself; it's no news to any body, I expect, and I hope it'll teach Valery Stuart, or whatever you please to call her, to keep out of the society of girls whose fathers and mothers are married and respectable."

As Valery, blind and faint, broke through the group to escape, John Ford reached the spot just in time to hear the last words.

"Valery, Valery!" he called.

With one cry, so bitter, so full of anguish, that it used to haunt his dreams long afterward, Valery sprang forward and fell half-fainting in his arms, moaning—

"Take me away, quick—take me away!"

The knot of girls retreated at Mr. Ford's approach, the spiteful young heiress quickly concealing herself among the hindmost, according to the instincts of vicious animals at the appearance of real strength. The artist understood perfectly from the little he had caught the reason of Valery's agitation; but all he did was to whisper encouragement as he drew her towards a retired nook in the shrubberies. The boy who had befriended her darted after, saying in his straightforward way,—

"I'll run and tell them to get the pony-trap ready; I know which it is. She wants to go home."

Mr. Ford nodded.

"I'll tell the man to go round with it to the side gate," added the boy as he hurried off.

Valery clung to Mr. Ford, her face hidden on his shoulder, unable to speak he discovered, though she was not crying. He sensibly left her to recover herself, holding her fast in his arms, and giving more comfort by that mute sympathy than any words could have done.

Of course there followed a grand row instantaneously among the girls; and, as they were all eager to shift from their shoulders any share of the blame, Miss Evarts had a hard five minutes of it, and took refuge in mild hysterics, which she did very well considering her age. One of Mrs. Earle's nieces ran to tell her aunt

and to get Valery's hat and mantle, and presently Mr. Ford and his trembling companion were disturbed by the voice of their hostess exclaiming—

“I never was so shocked in my life! Miss Evarts deserves to have her ears boxed! Where is Mr. Ford, Jenny?—where is that dear little Valery?”

On she came through the shrubberies; and, at sight of the two, began a torrent of apologies, for she retained a wholesome recollection of the scalping once received at Miss Dorothy's hands, and had no mind that the spinster should fall foul of her again. Mr. Ford received her excuses and regrets in entire silence. He was too indignant to trust his voice, for he knew perfectly well that the spiteful little Evarts must have heard the sorrowful history discussed by Mrs. Earle and her gossips, or she could have known nothing about it.

“My dear, dear Valery, we're all so fond of you!” pursued Mrs. Earle breathlessly, and getting nearly as purple as her gown in her excitement. “My nieces are devoted to you, and I always say you're the prettiest and brightest girl in the county! I'll lecture Miss Evarts well—I do beg you'll overlook it—she's almost a fool—and not let Miss Dorothy think we are to blame—I do beg.”

“I—I want to go home,” was all Valery answered, not looking up.

“You shall,” Mr. Ford said; “come with me.”

“So sorry—absolutely heartbroken—do, do explain to Miss Dorothy!” cried Mrs. Earle. “Young Meredith ordered the carriage—you can go right down the path—but I wouldn't—Valery, come up to my room, dear, and try a little eau-de-Cologne—I wouldn't have Miss Dorothy think me to blame for the world! Really, Mr. Ford, I am so shocked—do urge the dear child to come into the house.”

“The mischief is done, ma'am,” returned John Ford bluntly, not in the least sorry for the lady. He understood clearly that her anxiety was not on account of Valery's suffering, but because she was mortally afraid of Miss Conway. “Valery will be best off at home.”

“But you'll explain to my dear friend Miss Dorothy—you'll tell her how grieved I am—such old friends—I wouldn't have her angry for the world! Valery, darling, do make her understand—promise me you will,” panted portly Mrs. Earle.



"Yes, ma'am," Valery said faintly.

"And I'll teach Lu Evarts! I'll write to her father to-night," cried Mrs. Earle, hoping that at least she was making a loophole whereby to escape the effects of Miss Dorothy's wrath. "She'll be well punished, I assure you!"

"No, no!" Valery exclaimed, and now she lifted her head and turned her white face on the lady, then looked up at Mr. Ford, adding, "Tell her not to—I don't want anybody punished—I'm not angry! O Mr. Ford, I want to go home; I want to go home!"

He was frightened by the whiteness of her face and the anguish in her dilated eyes. He took from Mrs. Earle the summer mantle and hat, put them on the girl, and with a scant farewell to their hostess, hurried Valery through the shrubberies to the gate where the carriage waited.

He drove rapidly off, with a great longing in his manly, tender soul, to carry the poor child so far that no echo from her mother's dismal past, no memory of her father's terrible sin, could ever again disturb her dawning youth. It was so difficult to know what to say—it seemed so heartless to remain silent! He had many times warned Miss Dorothy that it would be better to tell Valery the truth, or at least enough of the sad story that no blow such as had now fallen might strike her unprepared. Yet, like Miss Dorothy, he had dreaded to have her innocence troubled by a whisper even; so the two had waited, and the result was what it always is, when we allow affection to weaken us where a plain duty is concerned.

Valery crouched in a corner of the seat, keeping her head so bent that he could not see her features. He stretched out his hand and took hers—the poor quivering fingers were like ice.

"Are you crying, Valery?" he asked softly, not knowing what to say or how to attempt any consolation.

"I can't cry," she moaned, lifting her white face for an instant; "I can't cry! O Mr. Ford, why didn't they tell me—a great while ago—why did they let me go among people? O, my mother, my mother! She wasn't wicked—I know she wasn't."

"Valery," he answered, drawing her toward him with his disengaged arm, and pressing the aching head down on his shoulder, "your mother was more to be pitied than any woman I ever knew; I can't tell you now—but remember that."

He felt he had no right to make her acquainted with the sorrowful history until Miss Dorothy's permission had been given, and dreaded Valery's questions; but his words were enough—she asked nothing more.

"I never want to go any where again," she shivered, after a little. "O, Mr. Ford, I wish I could go away when you go to Europe—every body here knows—they think about it always—they—"

She broke off with a sob. The whole misery was vague and indistinct in her mind. The chief feeling where she was personally concerned, that in some way she was an outcast—a pariah—who could have no place among those of her own age. But deeper and sharper was the agony that the memory of the mother whom she had dreamed of, sleeping and waking since her earliest childhood, could be outraged by such cruel words as she had now twice heard cast upon it.

"We all love you," Mr. Ford answered, "recollect that, Valery. I never cared for any child a thousandth part so much; and my aunt loves you, and Miss Dorothy—every body. My dear little girl, you must learn not to mind the insolence of rude, ignorant people like Louisa Evarts—it is not worth thinking about."

Then he felt it was downright idiotic to give the sensitive, mortally wounded creature such counsel, and stopped short, feeling, as one does, when called upon to offer comfort to a grief for which only time and God's goodness can be of the least avail, that of created men he was the most absurd and useless. He whipped up the ponies, eager to reach the house, for he knew that Valery's unnatural composure must soon give way, and feared the reaction.

Arrived at the gates, they turned up the winding avenue, and as they reached the entrance, Miss Dorothy who chanced to be standing in the vestibule, came quickly out.

"What brought you back so soon?" she asked. Then Valery's shrinking attitude filled her with alarm, and she ran down the steps calling, "What on earth is the matter, Val; are you ill?"

Mr. Ford made a warning gesture; something in his face told her that it was no slight cause which had brought them back. She stood still in silent apprehension. Valery sprang out of the carriage, and threw both arms about Miss Dorothy's neck, crying,—

"Take me, take me, Miss Dor; don't let any body see me—don't let any body see me."

"Get her to her room. I'll drive round to the stables, and then come up," Mr. Ford said quickly.

Miss Dorothy clasped the shivering creature close to her heart, with an instinctive consciousness that the dreaded blow had fallen at last.

"John, John!" she exclaimed, in pain and horror.

He understood the question she could not ask, and bowed his head; she saw the great tears blurring his honest blue eyes. Miss Dorothy was answered. Like a sensible woman, she took Valery up-stairs without uttering another word; led her into her own chamber, threw off her mantle and hat, and then said—

"You are worn out completely; lie down, Val, and don't try to talk."

The poor creature's forced strength was giving way; Miss Dorothy had to help her to the bed; she saw the face hitherto bent till it was hidden among the long waves of her chestnut hair. Miss Dorothy could hardly repress an exclamation of terror. The girl looked as if the blossoming youth had been suddenly swept out of her countenance under the great shock which seemed fairly to have numbed body and soul alike.

Miss Dorothy covered her with blankets, for she was shaking like a person with ague, and flew noiselessly about to prepare some quieting potion. All the while these dark mysterious words from Holy Writ kept ringing in the spinster's ears, and she rebelled, as each of us has done in turn, against the inexplicable sentence which visits upon the heads of the innocent the sins of the guilty "even unto the third and fourth generation."

"Now drink this," she said, going to the bed with the draught she had prepared. "You'll be better soon."

Valery took the cup obediently, but it was with difficulty she could swallow, from actual physical contraction of the throat caused by her nervous agony. Miss Dorothy laid her on the pillow; heard John Ford's step in the passage, and whispered,—

"I'll be back in a minute—don't stir."

She went out to her friend, closing the door behind her, and he related in a few words what had happened.

"I ought to have told her before now," sobbed Miss Dorothy, overwhelmed with remorse. "I tried to act for the best—I did, John."

"I know that, Miss Dor, it is useless to blame yourself," he answered. "She has to bear it, poor child! She'll want the whole story now, and she must have it; it would be only cruel to keep any thing back."



"I can't tell her, John. I never can tell her!" moaned Miss Dorothy. "I'm ashamed to be such a coward, but I can't do it! Will you—do help me. I believe it will kill her!"

"O Miss Dor," he said sadly, "you and I have learned that nothing kills people! What I dread is its effect on her health and spirits. If we are not very careful she will grow so morbid that her whole life will be a mere wreck. I never saw any body of her age feel so acutely! She acts like a woman—it's enough to break one's heart, Dorothy."

"Don't, John. I feel as if I should go wild—I—"

Valery interrupted her by calling—"Miss Dor, O Miss Dor."

She opened the door, and ran back into the room.

"Here I am, dear," she cried; "here I am."

Valery had half risen among her pillows, her long hair floating about her shoulders, the dark rings of suffering under her eyes, her whole face so altered that she looked like the ghost of the happy maid whose beauty and cheerfulness only a few hours before had filled Miss Dorothy's heart with such thankful content.

"Who was talking to you?" asked Valery, in an excited, suspicious way.

"Only John Ford; he came up to see if you were better," returned Miss Dorothy; at a loss how to treat the child, so suddenly changed from the patient, obedient creature of the past. "Would you like to see him?" she added, anxious to have companionship, lest the girl should break out with the wild questions which must be in her mind.

"No; I don't want to see any body," returned Valery, in a sharp, impatient voice that scarcely sounded like her own. Then in a second, she cried brokenly, "I don't mean to be bad; O Miss Dor, Miss Dor! Tell him to come in, please. I try; but you don't know; you don't know!"

The piteous complaint died in a sob, though she shed no tears; lying down again with one hand pressed hard against her heart. Miss Dorothy had borne too much misery not to understand the real bodily pain the child suffered. She went to the door and beckoned Mr. Ford in. He walked quietly up to the bed, laid his hand on Valery's fingers which were pulling at the clothes with a nervous restlessness like that of a person who had been long ill, and said kindly,

"I am glad you have lain down, my little maid."

The familiar pet name touched some subtle chord, and for the first time she burst out crying; weeping passionately, with convulsive sobs at first, but gradually the tears flowed more easily. Miss Dorothy could not speak and John Ford had no mind to; he knew that to let her weep herself quiet was the only kindness they could show. After awhile, she turned her face toward the wall and said in a whisper,—

“I want you to tell me—please—please!”

Ford looked at Miss Conway, but for once in her helpful, energetic life, the spinster proved unequal to the exigencies of the moment; she could only hold up her hands in mute sign of her inability to aid any more than the weakest and least efficient of her sex. So John Ford said in his low, tender tones,—

“I would rather you waited till you have slept, Valery.”

“I can’t,” she moaned; “I can’t! Do tell me—you must! I will know—I will!”

Miss Dorothy had risen, and stood hesitating whether it was necessary for her to remain.

“Do you want me to tell her?” Ford whispered.

She answered only by a movement of her hand and hurried toward the door; but Valery’s voice checked her.

“Who is going out?” she called, rising quickly on her pillow. “Don’t you mean to tell me?”

“Hush, my child; lie down again,” Ford said gently. “Miss Dorothy cannot bear to see you suffer so—she loves you too dearly.”

“O Miss Dor, Miss Dor!” gasped the child. “I won’t cry—I won’t cry—but don’t stay, don’t!”

“That’s my brave little maid,” returned Ford.

Miss Conway stole softly out and closed the door.

“Don’t think I’m bad, don’t,” pleaded Valery. “It has always been in my mind—I’ve wanted to ask—I’ve thought about it night and day; but I promised Miss Dor not to talk about it.”

“It seemed best while you were so young, Valery—”

“But now, now! There’s something that—O, I can’t tell—something that makes me different from other girls—O, Mr. Ford,” she said, “I never had any father—what did it mean? You must tell me—you must.”

“I will, Valery; only lie still and try to listen quietly! Remember how grieved Miss Dorothy is—don’t distress her more by making yourself ill.”

"I won't—I won't—only tell me, tell me!"

As much of her mother's history as it was possible to relate, and as clearly as it could be explained to a girl of her age, John Ford told her, and she lay there listening in silence.

"But you must recollect," he said, when he had finished the story, "that these things have nothing to do with your future life, except to make you tender and pitiful of your mother's memory. You are not to get morbid, or to think yourself shut out from the happiness granted others, because that would be wicked and ungrateful. No child ever had a pleasanter home; none was ever more carefully cherished and loved. The vulgar insults of a girl like Louisa Evarts are not worth thinking of. Each person has to live his own life; what his parents did or left undone is not for him to remember. We are to use our energies, develop our talents, and leave the rest to God."

Valery stretched out her hand, and touched his as it rested on the pillow.

"I'm sure I saw my mother," she whispered. "She lived at the house with Hetty Flint, I know. Hetty said Mrs. Brent was my aunt—she was mamma's sister."

"Yes, Valery; and all those last years of her life were quiet and peaceful. Her mind was so weakened by great trouble and illness that she had only a vague recollection of her sorrows."

"Was she crazy?" Valery asked anxiously.

"It was so unlike the ordinary form of insanity that it could hardly be called so," he answered. "She had all sorts of beautiful fancies, and often talked of seeing angels and good spirits about her—perhaps she did, Valery—God's mercy is infinite."

"I am glad I saw her," Valery said, after a little. "I remember just how she looked! She was all in white, with beautiful yellow hair hanging over her shoulders—poor mamma, poor mamma!"

"Happy mamma," he replied; "gonewhere everything is brighter and more beautiful than even her dreams were; able to watch her little daughter as she could not have done here! Remember, Valery, in growing up to lead a useful life such as your talents will enable you to do, you cannot tell how much you may help to add toward making perfect the poor, broken existence that weighed so heavily on her here."

"I know what you mean," said Valery; "I can't explain—but I



know." Presently she added, hesitatingly, "You didn't tell me—mustn't I ask if—if—"

"What is it, Valery?"

"About my—my father," she whispered. "Did I ever see him—is he alive?"

"For your own sake, Valery, I would rather not tell you," Ford replied, after a moment's reflection. "You are not likely to meet—it would be better you should never know."

"Was he very wicked?" she asked.

"Wicked, because he never tried to resist any temptation that fell in his way, Valery; not cold-hearted or cruel, recollect; so let neither you nor I judge him! If he had died when you were a baby he could not be more separated from your life."

She lay for a while weeping, but very quietly; then she wiped away her tears and looked up with a patient smile.

"I won't be bad," she said. "I see, I should be selfish to be unhappy, and make you all trouble."

"And you have your whole life before you, Valery. These painful memories are only to be used as aids to employ it aright. The person who gives way to morbid feelings till they darken the whole future becomes a mental deformity, and I cannot imagine a greater sin."

"I won't, indeed I won't," Valery said earnestly. "You are all so good!"

"I am sure you will not; and the very determination to try for others as much as for your own sake, will help you more than any thing."

"What made Miss Dor go away?" Valery asked.

"She could not bear to see you suffer; she is very fond of you, and the dread of your hearing your poor mother's story has always kept her anxious."

"But now she needn't. I'm sorry I wasn't braver! Please ask her to come back," she pleaded.

Ford went to the door and opened it; Miss Dorothy was marching up and down the corridor, her head-dress awry, her fingers in her ears, lest she should hear sobs or shrieks from Valery, yet too miserable and excited to go out of hearing; so comical an object in the midst of her distress, that much as he was himself moved, the artist could with difficulty repress a smile.

"Dorothy!" he said.

"Good Lord!" cried Miss Dorothy, and bounded into the air as if she had been on springs, thrusting her fingers more resolutely into her ears. "Has she fainted? Get the doctor. Oh, John, I'm out of my senses."

"Hush," said he, going up to her and taking her hands. "Valery has behaved like what she is—the most sensible child in the world. She wants to see you, that you may be sure she is not going to be wretched and miserable."

Miss Dorothy twisted her features till it seemed doubtful whether they would ever get straight again, and gurgled and choked, sounding as if she had some sort of steam works inside of her very much out of order. But presently she could grasp Ford by the shoulders and shake him, and cry and thank him, and so gradually got back to sanity.

"Miss Dor, Miss Dor!" they heard Valery call.

They went into the chamber. Valery was sitting on the side of the bed stretching out her arms. The spinster sat down by her, holding her fast, and for a while not a word was spoken; then Ford said,—

"Now Valery must go to sleep. I shall sit here and read to her, Miss Dor, while you go out driving with Aunt Jemima."

"She's been having a nap in her room," Miss Dorothy answered.

"Very well; a drive will do you both good."

"Yes, please go," Valery said; "and—and—Miss Dor—you'll know I'm not fretting. I won't indeed—you're so good to me—I'll try to deserve it, indeed I will."

"That's my brave girl!" said Miss Dorothy. She kissed her once more; and as Valery began to talk excitedly, at a warning sign from Ford the spinster hurried out of the room, thankful in the midst of her grief that the long-dreaded disclosure was over.

Turning down the corridor she met Mrs. Sloman just leaving her apartment. She had wakened from a heavy sleep, and rushed into the passage under the impression that her afternoon doze had lasted through the night, suitably indignant with Ford and Miss Dorothy for not having wakened her; her faculties still so oppressed by slumber that she peered and blinked like a white owl suddenly brought into the light of day.

"What on earth, Dorothy!" she exclaimed as soon as she saw her hostess. "The idea of letting me sleep like this! I declare to goodness, I believe that if the last trumpet had sounded you and



“‘Miss Dor, Miss Dor!’ they heard Valery call. They went into the chamber. Valery was sitting on the side of the bed stretching out her arms. The spinster sat down by her, holding her fast, and for a while not a word was spoken.”





John Ford would have gone up and never remembered to wake me, and I not so much as my nightgown on to answer for a white robe if the Revelations need it! Why, I feel just like that man in George Washington's story that slept a hundred years up in the Apennines—if that was the place. I do think you young people get more careless every day; and me old enough to recollect your grandfather, Dorothy, with his hair powdered and done up in a queue that always went flop, flop when he trotted along, and it was owing to that he broke his hip, for persuade him that he was getting elderly and ought to walk carefully nobody could."

Miss Dorothy smiled to hear herself accused of youthful indiscretion; but it was utterly useless to remind her old friend that twice a decade had passed since she could screen her faults under that veil, or to set her right in regard to the place where Rip Van Winkle indulged in his lengthened siesta. So she said amicably—

"It is only four o'clock now; I was coming to see if you didn't want to go and drive."

"Only four o'clock, and the sun shining like this—it must have stayed up all night!" returned Mrs. Sloman, neither irritably nor in anger, as her words would have implied; just droning on in a sleepy voice which made her blunders more ludicrous. "And four o'clock is a pretty time to come and wake me out of a sound sleep to go and drive, and I without a morsel of dinner last evening and no breakfast yet, and really feeling so faint that you might blow me over!"

"Why, good gracious, Aunt Jem!" cried Miss Dorothy, beginning to understand the delusion under which the good soul was labouring, "you have only slept about an hour!"

"I know that," retorted Mrs. Sloman triumphantly; "I couldn't get a wink of sleep all night, and then I dropped off, and here it is so confused; it's to-morrow without my having had any good of yesterday—lost completely; and I meant to have finished that worsted work to-day—no, I mean yesterday—or how is it? I declare, Dorothy, you might better have stood me on my head in the corner like a cauliflower, than let me get so mixed up!"

"But it's neither last night nor to-morrow; you've only slept an hour."

"Really, Dorothy, I'm not a wooden image nor a sphynx, that you should talk to me as if you were making an almanac," replied the old lady, in an aggrieved tone. "Of course it's to-day, as it always

is, but it'll be to-morrow to me because you didn't wake me, and I sleeping all night without so much as unloosening my garters, till it's a wonder my feet aren't swelled like bandboxes with a rush of blood to my head."

"I tell you it's four o'clock in the afternoon," said Miss Dorothy. "You're asleep yet—wake up!"

"Well, Dorothy, I am surprised at your screaming at me as if I was as deaf as the brazen serpent, when I'm up and talking to you, which it stands to reason I shouldn't do in my sleep, unless I was the Wandering Jew; and dear me, he was better off than I, for the serpent would have wakened him by a bite, and you and John Ford never came near to know whether I'd turned into a marble mausoleum or not—and at least if I had slept myself into a mummy I should have thought he might have wanted to put on a scrap of mourning, just for decency."

By this time Miss Dorothy could do nothing but laugh for several moments, while the old lady glared and began to grow as nearly angry as she knew how. Fortunately Nurse Benson came along; between them they were able to set the good soul's ideas as straight as they were ever likely to get, and she laughed more heartily than any body at her blunder.

"If it had been John Ford I wouldn't have wondered," said she, "for your painting people are always getting things turned upside down; but any how, I'm glad I haven't missed my dinner, though I believe I dreamed of eating it, so it's all the same, and it has quite given me dyspepsia, as it always does to touch things out of the regular time."

Miss Dorothy took her off to drive, and the old lady, finding herself in an amazing flow of spirits after her merriment, talked incessantly, mixed past, present, and future so inextricably, and confounded living people with places or pictures or imaginary characters in books, till the spinster half forgot the trouble she had been enduring on Valery's account, and gave up her intention of going without delay to annihilate Penelope Earle for the mischance of the morning.



## THE LONELY LIFE.

*(Continued from page 616.)*

WHEN I awoke it must have been late, for the rays of the setting sun played on the opposite wall. It was long before I could remember the events of the preceding day, or call to mind where I was. I had been moved to another room and put to bed. I was alone, but ere long a gentle tap at the door was followed by the entrance of my kind but eccentric hostess. She mounted on to a tall chair by my bedside, and sat for some minutes regarding me in profound silence. Then she began to stroke my head gently. Her touch was wonderfully soothing; and as I gazed into her odd, incongruous face, a feeling of perfect repose and confidence came over me.

Presently she broke out into her usual strange exclamations.

"I'll never die—never, never, never!—never marry, never die! I'm odd, odd, odd! Now tell me all, child—all!"

And I did tell her all—told her, with tears and sobs, my short, sad history, undeterred by the strange sentences which with more or less vehemence she muttered the while. When I had finished, she looked at me searchingly, and said in a louder tone,—

"True, true, all true! Don't dream—don't look on—don't look back! Work, work, work! I'm odd!"

"I wish it—I wish it, ma'am," said I.

"Not ma'am, but Mummage," she interrupted me.

"Indeed I feel now how vain, how foolish my dreams have been. I wish to forget it all and to work, if only I knew what to do," I continued.

"I'm odd, odd, odd! Work, work, and call me Mummage," said she, suddenly leaving the room.

She would not permit me to rise till evening. When thoroughly refreshed by my enforced rest, I was allowed to return to the long room, and there placed upon the sofa. It must have been seven or eight o'clock, and tea was ready. When it was over, a book was

given to me. The Toad took some work, while Brand curled himself up at my feet, and Mummage seated herself by the table, evidently in expectation of some event.

Presently the door-bell rang. The Toad was gone in a moment, and returned ushering in a policeman. Hat in hand, he advanced respectfully to the table, and was received with a nod, in which dignity and kindness were strangely blended.

"Any work? I'm odd, odd, odd!" said she rapidly as usual.

"Yes, Mummage," was the reply; and, still standing, he proceeded to read several extracts from his note-book. One I well remember was the description of a young lady who had left her home in the conventional brown silk dress, which I have since learnt is always worn by young ladies who stray about the country. Mummage took down all particulars, gave a few rapid orders, and dismissed him with another nod.

Meantime the bell had rung repeatedly, and the Toad each time left the room. After showing the policeman out, she returned with a respectable-looking woman, who was received with "I'm odd, odd, odd! Well!" and who proceeded to enter into details of several cases of distress in the relief of which she was evidently employed by Mummage. This person was followed by others, some bringing information, others claiming assistance or advice. By all was Mummage treated with profound respect; all were greeted by her with the same abrupt exclamations, and dismissed with a few pithy words. I remarked that every one addressed her as Mummage, and if in a moment of forgetfulness one let slip the conventional "ma'am," he or she was stopped at once. "Not ma'am, but Mummage!" said this strange being.

More than one inspector of police, more than one detective claimed an audience; and it was at the request of one of the latter for a private interview that I was sent to bed, marvelling to myself at the range of power and influence displayed by my hostess.

But before this one scene passed before me which strongly roused my interest and curiosity. The Toad introduced a young and very pretty girl, plainly but beautifully dressed.

"Humph!" exclaimed Mummage. "I'm odd, odd, odd!—upper ten thousand!—never die! Well?"

"I have called in consequence of a message from—," began the girl; but she paused suddenly, for at the first sound of her voice there arose a whining and scratching behind the door leading

into an adjoining room, and the colour mounted to her cheek and brow.

"Toad!" exclaimed Mummage. The Toad threw open the door, and a small dog rushed into the arms of the young lady, who overwhelmed him with caresses.

"How shall I thank you?" said she, turning to Mummage. "I wish I could do any thing for you. I know I am not to offer you any thing; but if I could ever be of any use, will you remember Florence Trevellan?" and she placed her card on the table.

To my surprise Mummage started up, and walked rapidly up and down the room several times before she replied, uttering meantime a strange low moan. Presently she paused, and drawing the girl to the light, seized her hand and looked earnestly in her face, uttering her usual expression, but in a broken voice.

Miss Trevellan bore it well, though evidently rather alarmed.

"I'm odd," said Mummage, with more decision, after the scrutiny had lasted some minutes. "I'm odd. I'll do it. Save him. Tell your father to come to me."

"Papa!" exclaimed the girl in surprise. "He will be *very* much obliged to you. He can't bear to see me unhappy. He spoils me; and I was breaking my heart for Tiny—but I am almost afraid—"

Mummage groaned, and turned aside for a minute.

"Won't come. Eh?"

"He is so *very*—much occupied," said the girl deprecatingly.

"No time for odd old women. Eh? He'll come. Tell him—affair of importance—Mr. Goffeis. Say GOFFEIS. He'll come. I'm odd, odd, odd. Go."

The last word was uttered in her loudest tones, and Florence Trevellan hastily took her departure, evidently glad to escape.

It was some time before Mummage resumed her place at the table, and longer still before she allowed the Toad to admit the next person.

Soon after this I was dismissed in the manner before related.

The next morning I was subjected to a severe examination as to my acquirements. It was closed by the following words:—

"I shall never die, never marry, never marry. Odd, odd, odd. French. Work. Teach. School. Private family."

I professed my willingness to teach, and put myself entirely into the hands of my kind friend, who answered with a nod and a rapid "I'm odd, odd, odd," and soon after went out with Brand.



I employed myself by assisting the Toad in the preparation of various small dinners and medicines for the poor and the sick, and I ventured to question her about her mistress, but in vain. She only shook her head, and no word could I draw from her.

Mummage returned ere long with a neat box containing a small amount of linen and two or three dresses—for me, all for me. I wept at her kindness as I dressed myself; and as I put away the strangely-fashioned blue serge which Little Bob had made, I thanked God in my heart for raising up such kind friends for me in my sad lonely life. Then Mummage called me to accompany her. We left the house on foot, and walked some distance before we rang the bell at a house in Old Broad Street. We were shown into a small room full of people. Then Mummage left me, after a short and pithy explanation, to the effect that a lady was in the adjoining room examining candidates for the office of French governess at a school, and that in my turn I should pass through the ordeal.

I waited, and waited, and waited. Waited till I grew sick, and faint, and weary. One after another went in. One after another came out, and still my turn never came. I drew as near the folding-doors as possible, and my heart sank as I listened to the harsh tones of the voice within. Sometimes the replies were meek and low, but at others it was a war of words, and some harsh-featured middle-aged lady would emerge, with face flushed and eyes sparkling as with recent battle. More than one poor girl came out in tears. I could have wept bitterly only to read the faces of those around me. Poor things—poor things! Theirs was a life of thankless toil; a weary march along the hard, dusty high-road. Few were the flowers that brightened their paths; rare the sheltering green trees, the grateful breeze, to lighten their day's work. And that lot was to be mine. Nothing to look forward to—nothing to hope for. Ah me, ah me! Well might my heart sink within me.

Gradually the room thinned; and still, whenever I stepped forward to the door, some one pushed in before me, till at last I only sat and waited. At length there were only three of us, and the day waned. A middle-aged woman, with hard lines in her face, and steady, set features, but a kindly eye; an impatient young girl, showily dressed, a late comer; and myself. Once more the folding-doors opened, and the girl darted forward, although the other had risen and already had her hand on the lock.

"I beg your pardon. I really cannot wait any longer. I am waited for at home," said the girl, and the doors closed on the tall, over-dressed form, while the lady who had waited hours sank back into her chair with a sigh which was almost a groan.

In five minutes our showy friend came out laughing.

"Such a Tartar!" said she, as she passed on. "Paid her in her own coin though, I can tell you. Wouldn't take it for five times the money. I have something else in view too. A family—some style—a tutor kept, and three grown-up sons, and four horses, I fancy. Won't I flirt if I get it, that's all!"

A loud rapping on the table in the next room testified to the impatience of the great personage there enthroned, and we both stepped forward.

"Go in, my dear—go in," said the lady to me kindly. "Perhaps you too are 'waited for at home,'" and she pushed me through the doors.

At the table opposite to me sat a lady—by courtesy I must call her that. On her head an edifice of lace and ribbon; before her, letters, papers, pen and ink, brandy and water. It was all I had time to note, for turning the full glare of her round wide eyes upon me as I entered, she waved a fat hand, exclaiming,—

"Too short, too short—no use. Good day!" and my interview was at an end.

I rushed into the waiting-room, and burst into a passion of tears. That was my first attempt at self-help—that was all I gained by my long, long waiting.

I was still weeping, when the elderly lady came out.

"Poor child!" said she kindly. "Poor child! Is it of so much consequence to you? Strive not to regret it; that woman would be a hard task-mistress. Will you believe that she had engaged the second who went in, and that she has kept us all waiting here merely for the chance of finding one who would come for less than the paltry fifteen pounds she has engaged to give? Can I help you, my dear? You look very young."

I commanded myself enough to tell her the absolute necessity of my finding employment.

"French!" she exclaimed, as I mentioned my principal acquirement. "Then perhaps I may help you—and yet I would not send you there unless the obligation to work is very strong," she continued thoughtfully.

I was eager in my protestations of the absolute necessity, and she continued.

"A French teacher is, I know, much needed in a school very near to this place. The mistress will not be particular as to references if your French is good. Here is my card," and writing a few lines upon it, she handed it to me.

At the door sat Brand. Patiently he had waited for me all these hours, and now he rose to guide me to his mistress's house. We had not gone many steps, however, before we met her. Her exclamations to herself on her own oddity and the impossibility of her death or marriage were vehement when she heard how I had been treated, though to me she made no observation whatever. Glancing at the card I held in my hand, she took it from me, looked at it attentively, repeated her remarks as before, and led me into an eating-house, where she insisted on my having a good dinner and an hour's rest. The woman of the house appeared to know her well, and treated me with kindness during the hour I was left under her care, for Mummage and Brand went out again. On their return I was taken to the school. It was, as the lady had told me, very near. On the way Mummage contrived to make me understand, in a few abrupt words, that she had been making inquiries as to the respectability of the establishment, and that it bore a high character, notwithstanding the rather doubtful recommendation I had received of it.

This time she did not leave me to fight my way alone. I followed her into a small, shabby parlour; but I remained there, while she went before me to see Mrs. Hepstaff, to whom she afterwards introduced me herself, and in that lady's presence explained to me the duties I should have to perform and the particulars of my engagement. Then she took me home—for one night. She stipulated for one night, and then I was to begin my career as governess. Oh, Mummage! Kind and good heart! Years have passed since that one night when you took me home—since that last evening in the large, long room. Much have I seen and suffered since, but neither time nor suffering can efface the recollection of that night—the reading of the riddle—the finding of the key-note of your life and of my own. Neither time nor suffering can efface the recollection of your kindness to her whom you thought a desolate orphan! Tears roll down my cheeks as I recall your strange tenderness that night—the wise counsels you gave me



in your quaint, odd manner. Oh, mother, mother, for one little hour was I to find you only to lose you for ever!

But I must tell my tale. The evening passed. Did any strange secret sympathy whisper of the tie between us? I know not. I went to bed, as before, in the little room. How long I slept I have no idea. I awoke with a burning thirst; and, remembering to have seen a decanter of water in the long room, I hastily threw on my blue serge, which served me as a dressing-gown, and groped my way to the door. I opened it noiselessly, and paused. All the lights were out save one—a lamp which stood on a table in the middle of the room. Standing in utter darkness, I could see all that passed, myself unseen.

Mummage sat at the table; opposite to her a gentleman—tall, dark, and singularly handsome, but with an unpleasing countenance. His age may have been fifty. He leaned back in his chair, playing with a ring which glittered on his white hands, listening with an air of enforced civility and of being extremely bored as Mummage spoke to him—spoke eagerly, fluently, with little of her usual peculiarity of manner. Her tones were low, and I could not at first distinguish her words.

She paused; and he, leaning slightly forward, thanked her—coldly, superciliously.

“I cannot but feel grateful for the interest you take, madam, in me and mine,” were the first words I heard, uttered in a tone which belied their meaning. “How you obtained this information I am at a loss to conceive. Who, or what you may be, I know not. Doubtless, you are not what you seem. However that may be, you must allow me to remark that, although you may have—nay, *must* have extraordinary means of finding out what is going on in the world, you are in error here, madam; decidedly in error.”

He took up his hat as if to depart. She stopped him.

“Then you refuse to give him up; you will go to your ruin?”

“That is as it may be, madam,” was the careless reply. “I cannot give him up on groundless report. Pardon me—you give me no more.”

“Ralph Trevellan,” said Mummage solemnly. Her voice sounded strange. He started slightly, and looked at her for a moment; then moved to go, as if reassured.

“Ralph Trevellan, I say to you I *know* this to be true.”

"You do, madam" was his prompt, sarcastic reply, with an emphasis which spoke volumes.

There was another pause.

"You know not who or what I am," said Mummage, slowly and distinctly repeating the words he had uttered before. "You know not—truly. Would you know? Ralph Trevellan! Would you know?"

She arose as she spoke. She raised her hand to her head, and in one moment that huge disfiguring head, the broad velvet band, the grey hair, the light yellow skin, all were torn off.

"Would you know? Ralph Trevellan, would you know?"

Hat and stick dropped from his trembling hands as he recoiled. His face was deadly white, contorted with horror, as the face of one who sees the dead move. Cold drops stood on his forehead. He caught at the nearest chair to support him.

"My wife—my wife—Long dead—dead."

It was a hoarse whisper. Then there was silence. I could hear their laboured breath. There they stood confronting one another. There I stood, shaking with fear, and not daring to move or breathe, scarcely believing my eyes as I gazed on the altered face of her whom I had already learned to revere. It was a face to love. Rarely did it match with the sweetness of the mouth, so at variance with the disfiguring disguise. Eyes large, deep, and sad, telling a tale of sorrow and suffering, but full of love and pity. Pale soft cheeks, dark hair unstreaked with grey. Her age may have been fifty, but she was beautiful still.

There they stood confronting one another—husband and wife.

"You believe me now," said she at last. And at her words he laid his head on the table and wept.

"And you weep—you grieve. Ay! but not for me. It is for your child—your Florence—*your child*."

Calmness forsook her. She wrung her hands, and exclaimed, with sudden passionate grief,—

"Ah me, ah me! *My* child—my baby—you cannot give her back to me. You have robbed me of my life—my all."

He sprang up, he seized her wrist. "Fiend!" he exclaimed, "is it for this you seek revenge? Is it for this my child is to suffer? Is this your vile motive for concealing yourself for all these years—for feigning death? Will you now come forward to declare yourself my wife and—"

His emotion choked his utterance. He trembled with passion. In her turn she became calm. She stood by the table and slightly raised her hand, while he walked up and down the room.

"Hear me," said she. "Bitterly as you wronged me before, do not now add the insult of false suspicions and accusations. I never heard of your second marriage till too late to prevent it. With tears and prayers have I sought forgiveness for the wrong I have involuntarily done you there."

"Pshaw! your tears and prayers are wasted. It is not forgiveness for you—it is a riddance for me that is wanted. My child, my child! Her life is blighted!" and the proud man groaned again.

She crept up to him. She placed her hand on his arm. He shook her off impatiently.

"Hear me," said she again. "I only seek your good. I only seek to save you—ay, you and your child—from this man who seeks your destruction. Your life was for long one catalogue of wrong and cruelty to me. My life has been devoted—nay, sacrificed to you. You won my love by feigning a love for me which you never felt. You made me your wife—and God knows I was a devoted wife, through all the fearful cruelty to which you subjected me. Through all I loved you. Ay! through all—even when you caused my child, my little one, to be taken from me—even when, in the bitterness of my grief, I fled from your house with a vow to return thither no more without my darling—even then I loved you. Since those days of sorrow I have watched your course. I have heaped benefits upon you. Your success in life is owing to me. I am the unknown friend who has supplied you with money when money was success. I am the friend whose interest has—but enough of this. Fear not; the vow I made shall be kept. I shall save you; I repeat, I *will* save you from this Goffeis—this man, and from all else that can injure you—but I am still dead to you as to the world. From the moment my child died—from the hour when I held her in my arms for the last time—for I did trace her—I did find—"

He raised his head and laughed bitterly. Was the man mad thus to fling away the game when it was in his own hands; or was it but an uncontrollable impulse of diabolical cruelty? for he interrupted her,—

"That was no child of yours. Would to God it had been, and that you both were dead and buried."



"No child of mine! Not dead—not dead!" It was almost a shriek. She threw herself at his feet; she clasped his knees; she prayed, she implored him to tell her where she might find her child. It was a sight to melt a heart of stone. I sobbed aloud, but they were too much engrossed to hear me.

"Poor fool," said he, "why do you seek to know? Believe her dead. Better for you both."

"I could almost say God grant it may be so," said she, struggling to command herself. "And yet—to see her once more—to hold her in my arms—to gaze upon her angel face which I thought never more to see till we meet in heaven—oh God, it cannot be! I traced her to the farmhouse in which I know you placed her. I concealed myself close by, disguised so that even you could not recognize me. I hired myself to tend her. I nursed her to the last. I watched her die—nay, I held her in these arms. I followed her to the grave—I cannot, cannot be mistaken."

"Two years in a madhouse may have injured your memory," said he brutally; "and how you escaped, Heaven only knows. I believed you dead. Nay, I knew you dead. But we have both been deceived. It was not your child. My plans were well and deeply laid; your infernal temper alone frustrated them, and caused the mischief. You refused to receive the sister who had been a mother to me, and I was resolved to break your spirit—to bring you to reason. I took your child to my sister. Madame de Bretant had charge of her. You in your mad passion followed the nurse's child. You nursed and wept over it; and then—you know the rest. You know where it was necessary to take you. In two years I heard of your death. I have lived with my sister, with Madame de Bretant."

She turned very white as he repeated this name. She seized his wrist with her soft white hand, and he could not shake her off.

"More—more—tell me more. She brought her up? How? Where?"

He avoided her eye as he answered, as though the words were wrung from him. "She did not bring her up. Babbles took her to Paris—to the Convent of Our Lady of —— in the Rue——"

I heard no more—I was at their feet. "My mother! My father! I am your child. I know it all now—see it all. I was taken to Our Lady of —— by Babbles—Madame de Bretant was my aunt."

With an oath he sprang up, wrenching himself from our grasp. In a moment he was gone. My mother fell senseless on the floor.

True, true, it was all true. The names came home to me. Strangely had I felt as I listened. A feeling as though the face, the voice of that man was familiar to me. But the names, the names brought conviction, awakened memory. Madame de Bretant—Babbles—I could not doubt. I was the daughter of Ralph Trevellan.

Sobbing bitterly, I bent over my mother. I raised her head. She neither moved nor spoke. Trembling, I placed my hand on her heart. It had ceased to beat.

It was so. I had found a mother but to lose her. No word—no look—no touch—no sign from her was vouchsafed to me. Ah, that night! the one night she had stipulated that I should pass with her.

At first I thought he would return, my father, my cruel father. But hours passed; she grew stiff and cold as her head rested on my knees, and still he did not come. I shivered and trembled with a creeping horror as the cold, dim daylight crept into the dreary room and lighted up the ghastly face of the dead. I either fainted or slept at last; for I remember nothing more till I was roused by the lamentations of the Toad at my side. Then all was bustle and confusion. The room was full. They took her from me—my newly-found and newly-lest mother. I was confused with questions, and made giddy by conjectures. Still I waited expecting, foolishly expecting, my father to return and claim me. He never came again. I looked for some one to whom I could tell my tale; and when I was examined officially as to the events of the night, I told it simply, truthfully, and without a doubt that I should be believed. I was not believed.

“A clever story,” said one, with a sneer.

“Adventuress,” muttered another.

“Still it will be right to apply to Mr. Trevellan,” said a third; and my address was taken.

The address I gave was that of the school to which I was engaged, and thither I repaired with a breaking heart that evening. But of Mr. Trevellan I heard no more. Doubtless he denied my tale, if indeed he was ever applied to.

From the papers I learnt that my mother, who was described as “that eccentric and benevolent lady well known to a certain class

by the singular name of Mummage" had died from heart complaint. There was also a short paragraph slightly alluding to circumstances of romantic interest which had transpired respecting her past life. And that was all. It was a time of great political excitement, and wonders were not wanted to fill up the public journals. That page of my life was closed for ever.

The subject, however, attracted some attention in the district, and also at Mrs. Hepstaff's. It was a nine-days' wonder, and I gathered a few facts from the gossips.

It appeared that no one knew the history of the strange person who had insisted upon being addressed as Mummage. She had resided in that neighbourhood for years. No one knew whence she came, or whence she derived her wealth. Her peculiarities were lost to sight in her good deeds. Those in authority well knew her value, for her means of obtaining secret information and her interest in certain high quarters were extraordinary. That her strange appearance was more or less assumed no one but myself appeared ever to have doubted, but until her death she had never been seen without the disguise which so completely transformed her.

How I dreamed of the events of that night! How I sorrowed, and wondered, and pondered on possibilities may well be imagined. At nights, tired out though I might be, I would lie awake for hours, and again and again go over the whole scene; trying to recall each word, each look, each gesture; trying to put the whole together and to make a connected story of the pieces. Sometimes an overpowering sense of my wrongs would possess me. My father and his daughter, his petted daughter, must be living in luxury, perhaps in that very town. My mother was reported to have been very rich, and I was toiling for my daily bread. What, I wondered, had become of Brand and the Toad? Once, when I had a half-holiday, I found my way to the house. It was inhabited by strangers, who could give me no news of those I sought. Sometimes I grieved over my poor mother's sorrows more than over my own, and with an unspeakable intensity I longed to know more. Was there truth in those cruel words respecting her sanity. How much of her oddity of manner was assumed? What object had she in view in the disguise? What object in seeking an interview with my father at this time? These and a thousand other questions perplexed my mind, but with no result. I never could know more. It seemed almost impossible, with such a clue as the real name of



my father ; and yet so it was. I was powerless, penniless, friendless, and I had to close my heart upon these burning thoughts, and set myself to my daily tasks.

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## FAR! SO FAR!

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My love was sad and said,—e'en yet  
I hear his voice,—“ You'll not forget,  
Half-love I do not take or give,  
And sweet ! I'll love you while I live !”  
Yet not a word my lips would say,  
And then he sail'd away—away.  
Far ! so far ! so far !

The thousand buds of blushing spring,  
The flow'rs that summer glories bring,  
The autumn leaves that crimson glow,  
The winter's wind and clinging snow  
All came and went, and went and came,  
Yet never once I heard his name.  
Far ! so far ! so far !

At last one day, in wind and rain,  
I saw his ship come home again ;  
And then I heard how never more  
My love would meet me on the shore,  
How never could he hear or know  
That all the time I loved him so.  
Far ! so far ! so far !

REA.

## PAUL MAXWELL'S CAREER.

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### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I awoke the following morning, I must confess that a strong feeling of curiosity arose in my mind concerning Paul's position and prospects. As to his relations with Dr. Jewell, I had learned something on the previous evening whilst in the park, and I had the chance of knowing more in the course of that day. As to his relations with the college authorities, and especially with that singular apparition we saw under the shadow of the trees—that terror of smoking miscreants—the Governor, I felt a strong desire to be informed. I knew something of how much depends to a young man at college on the feeling existing between him, his principal, and tutors; and I am bound to acknowledge that Maxwell's peculiar movement under the significant scrutiny of the official, when caught in the act of smoking a cigar, had led me to surmise that all was not quite smooth in that direction. It was so foreign to what I previously knew of Paul's nature to be afraid of any man, that when I found him plunged into anxiety over so innocent a transaction, it led me to imagine something infinitely more subtle and repressive in the system of Methodism than I had hitherto perceived.

Dr. Jewell, we may here mention, was a gentleman of considerable wealth. He was the sole inheritor of the noble sum of 150,000*l.*, which his father, who was a merchant in the city, had accumulated in a comparatively few years of successful business. He had made choice of the medical profession, but had not settled down to practise in the ordinary way, although he readily and gratuitously advised and prescribed for his poorer neighbours. His favourite pursuit was botany, and he had fixed his residence in a quiet and lovely spot between Twickenham and Isleworth, a villa and grounds of which he had purchased the freehold,

with an idea of being near the parks, the river, and the great horticultural centres of Kew, Sion House, and Hampton Court. His own garden domain had been rendered by care a perfect botanical studio, and contained some exquisite curiosities from various regions. The great pride, however, of Jewell was his *fernery*, into which he boasted of having already, so early in the period of the study, collected specimens from all parts of the United Kingdom, and some from very distant countries.

But Dr. Jewell had been religiously trained to be, what his father had been before him, "a Methodist;" and it must be said, that he studied to be one of what he deemed the "true type." This idea, predominant in his mind, involved the supposition that some were not of the "true type;" and constituted him in point of fact a "radical," in relation to the leading authorities of the body, whose proceedings he frequently denounced and rebuked. Events, moreover, happened just then to give great scope to this tendency of his mind. By an arbitrary act, seldom heard of in the history of churches, the Conference had expelled several of the ministers, for the free criticisms in which they had indulged, of the character and doings of some of the men in power. This had aroused the Doctor's indignation, and he had become in fact, the leader of the Radical party in that locality. He had presided at a meeting where the expelled members attended and told their tale of wrongs, had himself delivered an eloquent speech against their oppressors, and entertained them at his house. This conduct had drawn to him the high displeasure of the heads of houses at the college. One of them happened that year to be the President, and who had formerly been a personal friend of Jewell's. But he was now one of the foremost and loudest in condemning the Doctor's conduct, as most rebellious and shockingly unfaithful. It was significantly hinted to the students who, as a rule, had hitherto found a general welcome at the river-side villa, that they had better avoid the spot in future; that the connexion was not pleasing to their superiors; and when they went to preach or walk that way they had better find a rest and refreshment elsewhere. There were three or four out of sixty who dared to despise and disregard this admonition; and among these was my friend Paul Maxwell. There might, indeed, have been other influences at work to draw him frequently to the beautiful villa; but there can be no doubt that resentment of tyranny often quickened his steps thither. Hence it



happened that Paul became exceedingly anxious to avoid the accumulation of technical offences, lest it should serve as a means to be avenged upon him for the really greater offence of associating with a Wesleyan Radical and Reformer. Thus, after all, it might be attributed more to policy than to fear that Max, under the eye of his Governor, hastened to conceal from view the cigar to which I had innocently invited him.

From this explanation the Methodistic situation of things on Richmond Hill may readily be imagined. At the college Dr. Jewell had come to be looked upon as a dangerous character, and likely to diffuse Radical principles, and promote insubordination among the students. Pretexts had even been sought for his excommunication, but his high position and local influence alone protected him from this last phial of Conferential wrath. Craven-hearted students, or sycophants, weakly ambitious of Connexional preferment, were shy of him, and scarcely dared to recognize him when they met him in the streets. For it was understood that the famous Dr. Tingbun, president of the institution, had intimated his will that the conduct of students in regard to the rebellious Jewell should be closely watched, and that, in fact, it was to be considered a test of their fidelity, or otherwise, to Methodism. Indeed, at this period, the ruling spirits of the body were pretty much occupied in hunting out and expelling the "disaffected," and were extremely sensitive as to the connexions formed by every member and minister of the society. This nursery of the rising ministry was especially to be guarded, and every danger averted with the utmost care. The principle that men may be allied with each other on the basis of personal friendship without regard to each others' political and religious opinions, although one hopes it may after all be taken as a blessed fact in modern Christian society, appeared to be entirely ignored, and men had come to be viewed and treated according to the church companionships and acquaintances they formed. To be seen in company with a known Methodist Radical begat suspicion; to continue it after sundry oblique but clear intimations and warnings from the head of the table in the college dining-hall, was likely to be fatal to a young man's prospects.

Being now thus informed as to the true state of the case, I looked forward with great interest to our little dinner-party at the "Star and Garter." By previous arrangement I attended service with

Max at the Wesleyan Chapel in the morning; and in common with a thin but respectable-looking congregation, listened to the reading of the Church Prayers, and to a discourse by one of the students, who appeared, as I conceived, somewhat crude in his ideas, gesticulated heavily, frequently put his hand through his long hair and raised it up from his forehead or away from his ears without any apparent necessity. Afterwards, on remarking on this peculiar habit to Paul, he said it was impossible to account for all the mannerisms of preachers. Sometimes they arose from natural diffidence, shyness, or a consciousness of inability; but on other occasions they arose from overweening confidence or conceit; and he believed the case in question was one of sheer vanity. To put the fingers through the hair, lift it up at the top and out at the sides to the shape of a porcupine's quills, during the process of preaching, was a common thing with some of the students, and he could attribute it to nothing else than pride. These young men, he added, are vain of their personal appearance, and when about to exhibit in the pulpit, I know some of them spend more time over the adjustment of the hair and necktie than over their prayers. However, perhaps all that will rectify itself as they get older and wiser."

I said, "I am not quite so sure of that. These young men, most that I saw in chapel this morning, including the preacher, cannot be far, if any thing, under thirty, and that is an age at which the life-habit may be considered stereotyped. In fact, they look to me as getting old."

"Thirty!" exclaimed Paul, "getting old! why, my dear Alec, men in the Methodist ministry are considered *young* up to forty and over, and are spoken of and treated as such. The young man you heard this morning is twenty-seven, and he has yet two years to serve in this college; he must then travel three years more as a probationer in the Itinerancy before ordination, and after that event he must travel twelve years more as a recognized minister before he is permitted to vote in Conference at the election of the President. He then attains his Methodist majority."

"Let me see now, Paul; why, that brings him to forty-four years of age, before he is deemed qualified to exercise the full Methodist franchise! Something quite unique, I declare. At twenty-one we are naturally considered to attain our majority and the age of responsibility and self-management. Why your Conference appear

to have but small faith in human nature, to double the period of your minority in this way."

At this moment we were walking leisurely on the green turf over the park in the direction of the ornamental waters, or lakes as they are locally termed, and two of the students passed us at a little distance. They were tall sinewy men; one, Paul told me, being from the Yorkshire Wolds, and the other from the coast of Cornwall. They were about six feet high and proportionately broad-chested.

"Now," I said, "Max, they are fine fellows to look at, they are men in all appearance; but yet in your ranks, I suppose, they are mere boys for another fifteen or sixteen years."

"Just so, that is the effect of the thing."

"Then I marvel that men can allow their manhood to be so dwarfed, crushed, and tested almost without end, as your men appear to do. In the Church of England a young gentleman leaves college, and his qualifications being duly examined into and approved by the Bishop, he is ordained a deacon, and then passes on in a short period to the office of priest, when he is eligible for any living or post to which a clergyman can be called, and entitled to exercise all its rights and privileges. In dissenting colleges, a student having passed his term, can accept the call which any church of the denomination may give him, and is subject to no further control or restriction, but such as arises from his relations and contract with the particular church adopting him. I must confess, Paul, that all these examinations and probations, over so many years, this overstrained and endless scrutiny of men, inspires me with a very bad impression of the genius of Methodism, and forms to my mind a most dreary and possibly troubled future to any young man entering upon this course. Why, in common life we could not think of submitting to more than three months' trial even for the highest and most responsible offices that we can attain,—more is never required. But in your case three or four years do not suffice; in point of fact you are always on your trial."

"It is always," Paul replied, "interesting and instructive to me to ascertain the views taken of us, by intelligent outsiders, who speak simply from observation and reflection, and not from prejudice. We ourselves, Alec, have been brought up in and familiarized with these ideas and customs, and have never been taught to compare our system with that of any other Church, but to accept it



implicitly as a matter of course, and as the *best thing* in the world. One of the earliest things I remember to have heard in my life in a Methodist meeting was by one of the preachers, who in a speech said he would "rather be a Methodist preacher than be a lord or a duke, and that to be a President of the Conference was the highest dignity on earth; that Methodism was the most glorious thing that God had ever made, and that it was destined to fill the world; that the Wesleys were specially raised up as God's instruments in the work of religious reformation in this later age, as Paul, Luther, Tyndal, Calvin, &c., had been in earlier times; and that the present race of Methodist preachers are the true followers of John Wesley, his legitimate successors, and that in the legal Conference is vested all his authority, spirit, and power."

"A sort of Apostolic succession," I could not help interjecting.

"And these views," he continued "are now held and impressed upon us by our tutors and governors. You will, therefore, not wonder if this should become the habitual way of thinking with most of us. As the young twig is bent so it grows."

"Yet, Paul, I always admired that motto of your namesake's of old, 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.' Men should think for themselves, reflect, compare, and determine their own convictions from a fair knowledge of the Bible, of history, and of all things around them as far as they can."

"Just so, there should be free inquiry and discussion; and to tell you the truth, Alec, freedom of speech upon such subjects has already commenced among us, and I believe that Methodism in all its peculiarities is about to undergo the crucial test of enlightened public opinion. However, my friend Dr. Jewell will only be too ready to converse with you on these subjects this afternoon; and let me forewarn you, that if once he begins upon this theme, he will ride his high horse, and it will be a late hour before he reaches the end of his journey."

"All the better, Paul, I glory in him; we'll have a long evening over it, then, for I cannot conceive of any thing of greater moment than Christian people of various ways of thinking, squaring up their differences, and approximating as closely as they can by a conciliatory spirit to each other's views; and this can surely be done without offence or bitterness."

"That is just the point," Max rejoined. "The evil and danger in this case is, that to mention these subjects with a view to call

traditional notions in question is an offence to some among us whom it is dangerous to displease."

"Then, the greater is the moral necessity for doing so; even if it were to involve martyrdom, in the interests of truth and righteousness, it must be done. Why all this sensitiveness about dealing with such matters? It is in itself presumption of conscious weakness existing somewhere in the system under discussion."

We returned from our quiet ramble about the lakes, where in the midst of this running conversation we had amused ourselves with the leaping of the perch and jack with which they abound, and the plentiful branch-horned herds which are there to be seen on every side. It was not far from the hour of dinner, for which we had acquired a keen appetite, and for which we at once hastened to prepare.

## A NOSEGAY OF TRANSLATIONS.

## No. VI.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

From the Spanish:—

ESDE VIRDEO LA MUGER.

“ Woman is brittle, like the glass,  
 And the extreme of folly ’twere  
 To try—and to find out, alas !  
 How much temptation she can bear ;  
 For glass will break, and woman’s weak,  
 And worse than folly they intend  
 Who rashly strive and idly seek  
 To break—what broken—none can mend !  
 And after all, who dares deny,  
 When all truth’s histories are told,  
 If there are Danaes ’neath the sky,  
 That there are also showers of gold !”  
*Cervantes, Don Quixote.*

From the Sanscrit:—

PUNDIT AND PUPIL.

“ PUPIL.—Tell me how mind is first transferr’d to mind?—  
 How life to life?—how motion to th’ unmoving?—  
 How voice bursts from the lips?—how eye, how ear  
 Perform their functions, welcoming sight and sound?  
 PUNDIT.—There is an ear of ear—a mind of mind—  
 A speech of speech. There is a life of life—  
 An eye of eye. Emancipate from sense,  
 The wise man soars to immortality ;  
 But God cannot be reach’d by mortal eye,  
 Nor mortal speech, nor mind. We know Him not,  
 And cannot teach Him: far beyond the known,  
 And greater than the unknown is He. So taught  
 The ancient sages—not indeed by words ;  
 For could words compass Him, then words were God !



He is not what they worship—saying ‘Here!’  
 He cannot be conceived, altho’ He gave  
 All powers of all conceptions. He is not  
 What mortals worship, shouting ‘This is He!’  
 The eye cannot discern Him—but the power  
 By which the eye discerns is God—but He  
 Is worshipp’d, not by uttering, ‘That is He!’  
 The ear can hear Him not; but He is heard  
 By that which is the sense of hearing. He  
 Is not what mortals worship, calling ‘There!’  
 The smell cannot discern Him, but He is  
 In that which gives the power of smelling. He  
 Is not what wise men worship, saying ‘This!’  
 And if thou deem thou know’st Him, be thou sure  
 Thou know’st His nature little. In the earth  
 And in the heaven He is but dimly shown;  
 But He is, what He is!

PUPIL.—

I know Him now,  
 Because I know how little I can know;  
 For neither is He known, nor yet unknown.  
 But he knows God who knows he knows Him not,  
 And yet he knows Him!

PUNDIT.—

And to him alone  
 Is He conceivable who knows that He  
 Is inconceivable. They know Him least  
 Who claim to know Him most. Who deem Him known  
 Are ignorant of Him. Who feel they know not  
 Know Him, and to them only is He known.  
 And they who know Him as the knower of all,  
 All thoughts—all minds—share immortality.  
 Self-effort gives them energy,—and this  
 Knowledge divine—and knowledge life eternal!  
 To know Him here on earth is blessedness—  
 To know Him not is woe; but step by step  
 To follow Him heavenward, by still soaring there,  
 Is to become immortal. God appear’d,  
 Conquering ’midst other gods; and they exclaim’d,  
 ‘His victories and His glories all are ours!’  
 Then did God manifest Himself; and they  
 Fail’d yet to recognize the Adorable.  
 They said to Fire—‘Jatveda! knowest thou  
 Who is the Adorable?’ And he replied,  
 ‘Amen!’ and hasten’d swiftly up to God,  
 Asking, ‘Who art Thou?’ And He answer’d,  
 ‘Fire am I; I Jatveda!’ ‘Hast thou power?’  
 ‘Yes! I can burn up all things—can destroy  
 All upon earth!’ God gave to him a straw.  
 ‘Burn this,’ He said. Fire darted on the straw;  
 It burnt not! So he turn’d to earth and said,  
 ‘I did not recognize the Adorable.’

Then spake they to the Wind—‘Inform us who  
 Is the Adorable.’ He said, ‘Amen!’  
 And flew to God, inquiring, ‘Who art Thou?’  
 God answer’d, ‘I am Martarsishwa—I  
 The Wind—what power is thine?’ ‘To sweep away  
 All things of earth.’ God gave to him a straw,  
 Bidding him sweep the straw away. In vain  
 He bluster’d, for it moved not. He return’d,  
 Uttering, ‘I know not the Adorable!’  
 Then next they said to Indra—‘Mughuvion!  
 Knowest thou the Adorable?’ ‘Amen!’ he said.  
 Flew swift to God, but God had disappear’d.  
 Then in the place, Uma, the many-graced,  
 All deck’d in gold, stood present. Her he ask’d,  
 ‘Who is the Adorable?’ She answer’d, ‘God!—  
 That God whose glorious victories you claim’d.’  
 So Indra<sup>1</sup> knew him—Indra—Fire and Wind  
 Rose o’er all other deities, for they  
 Nighest to God approach’d, and knew Him first  
 As God; but Indra of the first was first,  
 And nearest of the near. A precept hear:  
 God flits as lightning or an eye-wink by.  
 Sense must illustrate spirit, and the mind  
 May apprehend the mind, and reach even God.  
 Him thro’ the mind to worship is the best  
 And worthiest work. He is the Adorable,  
 Worthy of all-adoring. Privileged he  
 Who knows Him thus.

PUPIL.—Tell me the Upinishad.

PUNDIT.—To thee the Upinishad’s already told.  
 In learning God the Upinishad is learned;  
 ’Tis found in contemplation—the control  
 Of all the senses—and in virtuous deeds.  
 The Vedas and their branches are its columns,  
 And truth its area. Who possesses it  
 Shall, purified from sin, reach highest heaven,  
 And in the highest heaven for ever live!”

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<sup>1</sup> Indra is the deity of the clouds; Uma, the goddess of divine knowledge; the Upinishad, the moral code.

## THOUGHTS OUT OF SEASON.

DEDICATED TO OUR COLONIAL FRIENDS.

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AT this particular period of the year it is difficult to bring our thoughts into a serious mood. We had intended to give a summary of some of the events that have disturbed our minds during the past season; but thunderstorms and the weather have willed it otherwise. There were, there are, and there will be grave questions to discuss concerning things that concern us all; but the time may be inopportune and the place ill chosen. We were about to write on the subject of "Protection," which our Australian friends are beginning to find cripples their industries and brings premature decay on their hitherto flourishing youth. We ask, querulously, Why don't they read history? Have they never heard of Huskisson? Are they going to howl as did the weavers of Spitalfields or the silk-manufacturers of Coventry? Have they no rising Cobden to stand up and tell them how the "protected trades" languished until enforced competition aroused that fertility of invention which has proved the salvation of trade, and brought the era of prosperity to the doors of so many Englishmen? What more can we do than bid our friends in Australia look back on our past history, meditate even now on the causes of the decline of trade in the United States of America, criticize seriously the result of their navigation laws and the present state of their navy and maritime commerce; and let them take a lesson from older nations, who have ever found that a policy of selfishness is a sure policy of suffering and decay.

Sunning ourselves on the Digue at Ostend, with a pleasant breeze that brings the salt to our lips, our attention ever and anon disturbed by some costume passing strange, straight from the bathing-machine, we open another Colonial paper—the *Brisbane Courier*. We have just finished a victorious game of croquet on the sand, performed under the peculiar difficulties of a high breeze,



an impulsive but fair partner, two wary opponents, and an undulating surface of extinct castles in the air, reared the previous evening by little foreign architects with tiny wooden spades. Rest both for body and mind was therefore acceptable; and leaving the gay scene of the Kursaal and the strains of the band, we retired to the familiar Phare and unfolded the pages of the *Brisbane Courier*. My friend, who, like Alexander, cared for none of these things, listened stoically to the article that I read him aloud. An indignant writer has concocted an amusing article, taking the cue from some of the "keep things quiet" party on the other side of the Channel. He has penned a smart tirade against any body who dared to say a word about the Colonies or the conduct of Colonial matters. The moral was, in vulgar parlance, Who are you? What are you up to now? Who asked you to speak? The occasion that brought forth this rather mild protest appears to have been a "Review of Recent Propositions for the Reform of our Colonial Relations," a paper read at the Royal Colonial Institute last January. The writer agrees entirely with Mr. Verdon, who advises us all to "let things alone." Good advice, but happily not always followed in this world. The chairman of this meeting, a noble duke, he dismisses benignantly as a genial, good-natured sort of gentleman, and subsequently informs us "that there is a very great want of apprehension by leading men in England of our real condition and our real wants." Nobody surely denies this; but if our Colonial friends insist upon our "letting them alone," that want will assuredly increase. "Half the evils," says he, for he admits now there are evils, "spring from defects in the administration of the Colonial Office." Perhaps our friend has got an inkling as to how Colonial matters are managed—we had almost said manipulated—in the precincts of Downing Street. Here is an example:—A petition arrives from an Australian Colony to the Chief Secretary; arrives also, perhaps accidentally, a live magnate from said Colony; said magnate one day dines with Chief Secretary—asks incidentally after the result of the petition; surprise depicted on the face of Secretary; inquiries instituted; a sub. confesses receipt of same some time ago, and polite acknowledgment; waste-paper basket; awful wiggling from Chief Secretary; not first time such a proceeding has been heard of—well known to some at least. Confound the magnate!

The man of Brisbane, however, says, "There will indeed come a time when a leading member of a Colonial community will, as a

matter of course, occupy a more prominent place in the public gaze in Great Britain than such men do now; but that will arise from the growth of the Colonies themselves." "The defects in the administration of the Colonial Office we look upon as in the course of emendation. The Colonies are growing, Colonial interests increase in importance, and the Imperial Government show their increased appreciation of both by sending abler and more experienced administrators to govern them." We should be only too glad to welcome such men as soon as our Colonies like—men who can stand "the public gaze," and if a few such would take the trouble and undergo the expense of getting themselves into our House of Commons, an inestimable benefit would be conferred on the United Empire, as we may presume they would talk about and advise upon subjects familiar to them, and their experiences would save a world of trouble to us who have now to listen too often to benign philanthropists whose hearts may be in their right place, but who weary us with their crude and spasmodic platitudes. "The two main requisites to the maintenance of friendly relations between the Colonies and the mother country are authorized representation of what the Colonies want, and an efficient channel to convey that representation to the proper quarters." Our people here think the Agents-General for the different Colonies do that; but do the Colonies themselves really hold that view? What has South Africa, with her Confederation hanging over her head, to say to this? What does Canada say to it? True "that full and courteous attention will be accorded to us we need not doubt, for we are fast growing into an importance sufficient to enforce it;" but would this have been the case had not honest, loyal, and far-seeing Colonists spoken out fearlessly here of late? Would not the openly expressed ideas of our Government of letting our Colonies go, have gained ground, and become a stern reality, had not those in England who value highly the connexion of the Colonies with the mother country, for a mutual benefit, protested strongly and publicly against the suicidal policy of dismemberment? Do not the numerous representatives of the different Colonies who happened to be in England this season know well what a chasm has been before their eyes, a chaos they were about to be hurled into, from which they have escaped by an effort of which our friend of Brisbane, writing calmly at a distance, can know nothing? The debates in Parliament, the sensible and telling speeches of eminent

Colonists at the annual dinner of the Royal Colonial Institute, and the lectures on our Colonial relations that have attracted so much notice the last six months, have perhaps enlightened our friends by this time on a subject that is dear to many at home, and cannot fail to become of great interest to all in our great Dependencies who reason on the subject.

The truth is we are all waking up. Our great Empire of which we are all justly proud is beginning to show signs of maturity. The various interests of different portions of the Empire are slowly but surely commencing to develop themselves, and sooner or later the problem of harmoniously working together by a direct representation of their various interests in a much more practical form will be forced upon the Imperial Government; or inevitably the Colonies will separate from the mother country one by one, and independence will be procured at a vast sacrifice to each different Colony, to the ultimate detriment of the mother country and her former Dependencies, for Dependencies they are in every sense of the word at present. Discussions from any point of view, we do not, like our Brisbane friend, deprecate. Nothing we desire more, and we believe nothing will be more conducive to the interests of all concerned. As not wholly unacquainted with the Colonies we can personally testify to their present loyalty; may it never be weakened; and rather let us join hands together in the race of life, remembering the old proverb of the bundle of sticks united; and let us hold fast to the idea of a united people of one language in a firmly United Empire.

The next time the Lord Mayor does us the honour to ask us to have a cut of the baron of beef in the Guildhall, we will refresh our memory by reading the inscription on William Pitt's monument, where, in his career, he is described as instrumental in raising the nation "to a high pitch of prosperity and glory; by unanimity at home; by confidence and reputation abroad; by alliances wisely chosen and faithfully observed; *by Colonies united and protected.*"



## OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

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JULY 14th.—At Glenstall Castle, Limerick, Sir William Hartigan Barrington, third Baronet, aged 56. The Barringtons are an ancient family, having been established in England before the Norman Conquest. In Ireland the founder of the family was a Colonel Barrington, who went over with Cromwell; but, like many other English families, settled in that island, the Barringtons have since been more Irish than the Irish themselves. Sir Jonah Barrington, the author of “The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation,” was a distinguished member of the house; he was one of those patriots who energetically opposed the Act of Union, and although a King’s Counsel and Judge of the Admiralty Court, refused all terms with Lord Castlereagh and the English Government. He ended his life in retirement abroad, where he published his well-known work “The Secret History of the Union.” One of the family settled in Limerick in 1691. His descendant, Sir Joseph Barrington, founded therein the hospital and infirmary which bear the family name—and was created a Baronet in 1831. His son Sir Matthew, second Baronet, was Crown Solicitor for Munster from 1832 until his death in 1861. There was an English Baronetcy in the family which became extinct about the commencement of the last century. The representative of this branch, one of the family of Shute, took the name of Barrington on succeeding to the estates in Essex, and was created an Irish Peer, bearing the title of Viscount Barrington of Ardglass, co. Down, 1720.

JULY 25th.—At Paris, the Duke de Guise, only surviving son of the Duke d’Aumale, aged 18. This prince, whose career is so untimely closed, was a young man of very great promise. Since the return of his father, the Duke d’Aumale, to France, he had been attending the classes of the Lycée Concorcet, and had won the respect and good-will of his fellow-pupils, by his personal qualities, as well as by his talents and great industry. He was preparing

for the entrance examination of the Polytechnic School, when he was attacked with scarlet fever, to which he succumbed. The Duke d'Aumale has long lived amongst us, associating himself with our habits, and joining in our rural life. It is only six years since he lost his eldest son, the Prince de Condé, who died in New South Wales, while making the tour of the world. This sad event was shortly followed by the loss of his wife, an estimable lady, who died about three years ago. When France was recently overwhelmed with her great misfortune, the Duke d'Aumale hastened to offer his services to the Government of his country. This act was much misunderstood by the French people, amongst whom there is unfortunately a spirit of mistrust poisoning the atmosphere of all political life. The Prince's position, even before his sad bereavement, was however becoming better understood and appreciated, and henceforward the Duke d'Aumale can have no merely personal motive attributed to him in labouring for the good of his unhappy country. It may be mentioned that the Orleans branch of the House of Bourbon is descended from Philip, first Duke of Orleans, the only brother of Louis XIV., and grandson of Henry IV., and direct in descent from St. Louis. The head of the family is the Count de Paris, born in Paris the 24th of August, 1838. This prince is heir-presumptive to the Duke de Bordeaux, commonly known as the Count de Chambord, grandson of Charles X., and sole representative of the royal line of Bourbon in France.

July 28th.—At Lakeview, Killarney, Sir James O'Connell, Bart., aged 87. He was the last surviving brother of the late Daniel O'Connell, whose name must ever be enshrined in the hearts of grateful British Roman Catholics as their Emancipator. The O'Connell family has long been settled in Kerry, in which county, prior to the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland, it held good rank among the Catholic gentry. Like others of the same class, however, it took part with the losing side in all the troubles of the country. John O'Connell, of Derrynane, raised a company of foot for the service of James II., and signalized himself at the siege of Derry and the battle of the Boyne. The penal laws enacted by William III. precluded Irish Catholics from any honourable employment at home, and the O'Connells, like others, sought in foreign service a field for their abilities. One of its members, Count Daniel O'Connell, who entered the French service in Lord Clare's regiment of the Irish Brigade, rose to high distinction.

He served at the capture of Port Mahon in 1779, and at the attack on Gibraltar in 1782, when he was severely wounded. At the Revolution he emigrated to England, and became Colonel of the 6th Regiment of the Irish Brigade in the British service. On the Restoration of the Bourbons he returned to France, and rose to the rank of General in the French army; and for his services to the Royal Family of France was invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Louis. He died in 1833, aged 90, full of years and honour, a French General, and the oldest Colonel in the English service. No doubt the disabilities under which his family laboured, and this chequered career of his distinguished relative, predisposed the mind of Daniel O'Connell for the important part he was destined to play in the history of our country. The hour came, and the man was ready at hand! The honour of a baronetcy has only recently been conferred on the late Sir James O'Connell, in recognition of his great brother's service to the Irish nation more particularly, and through it to the whole body of Catholics subject to the British Crown.

July 30th.—The Rev. Henry Glynne, Rector of Hawarden, Flintshire, and Canon of St. Asaph. He was second son of Sir Stephen Glynne, tenth Baronet, and brother of Mrs. Gladstone, and of the late Lady Lyttelton.

July 30th.—At Plymouth, after a severe illness, Augustus Smith, Esq., aged 69. He was Lord and Proprietor of the Scilly Islands, and Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons in Cornwall. Mr. Smith represented Truro in several Parliaments.

July 30th.—In New York, Mr. Henry Drayton, the well-known opera singer, aged 50. He was born in Philadelphia, and having been educated at the Conservatoire, was first engaged at the Italian Opera at Antwerp. In London he met with much success, singing in the "Bohemian Girl," "Robert," &c. In 1869 Mr. Drayton was engaged by the Richings' English Opera Company, and sang with them for two seasons in New York and other cities in the States. Whilst travelling with this company he had a stroke of paralysis about a year ago, and never fully recovered his health. He succumbed to a second attack. In private life Mr. Drayton was much esteemed.

July 30th.—In London, Sir John Hill, fourth Baronet, of Brooke Hall, Londonderry. His ancestor went to Ireland with Cromwell, and received large grants of land in the counties Armagh, Tyrone,



Antrim, and Derry. Members of the family represented Londonderry in several Parliaments before the Union.

August 4th.—Suddenly, at York Place, Regent's Park, A. N. Shaw, Esq., one of the representatives for Marylebone, in H.M. Board of Works.

August 5th.—Don Benito Juarez, President of the Republic of Mexico, has recently died, aged 65. He was the son of poor parents, said to have been Zapotek Indians, and first obtained employment in a store. He showed such ability there that his master sent him to college, and his subsequent career was one of great distinction. He married the daughter of his patron, and rose to be Chief Justice of Mexico. Eventually he succeeded to the Presidential Chair. His resistance to the dictatorship of Santa Anna and the army of Miramon, and the prominent part he took in the capture and death of the Emperor Maximilian are matters of history.

August 5th.—At Blockley, Gloucestershire, Admiral Sir Edward Collier, K.C.B., aged 89.

August 9th.—At Gogmagog Hills, Cambridge, his Grace George Godolphin Osborne, eighth Duke of Leeds, and a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, aged 70. The family of Osborne, like many other noble houses in England, owes its origin to the city of London, Sir Edward Osborne<sup>1</sup>, Knight, having been Lord Mayor in 1558. His grandson, Sir Edward Osborne, of Kiveton, county York, was created a Baronet 13th July, 1620, and was father of Thomas, first Duke of Leeds, much better known in the history of our country as the Earl of Danby, to which dignity he was advanced in 1674. This nobleman served Charles II., as his Lord Treasurer, but having become implicated in one of the numerous "plots" which characterized the reign of that monarch, he was impeached

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<sup>1</sup> It is related of this Sir Edward Osborne, that he served his apprenticeship to Sir William Hewit, Lord Mayor in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Sir William Hewit was a pinmaker, and lived on London Bridge. His daughter having accidentally fallen from the window into the Thames, young Osborne plunged after the young lady, and saved her life. He afterwards married her, and succeeded to Sir William Hewit's large fortune. It may be noted that pins were then a recent invention; they were not known in England till the end of the reign of Henry VIII., when "Pynners" were flourishing manufacturers. Their eldest son, Sir Hewit Osborne, was knighted by the Earl of Essex, under whom he served in Ireland.

by the House of Commons, 1678, and committed to the Tower. On the accession of James II. he was freed from the penalty of his impeachment. This act of clemency did not, however, prevent him from concurring in the invitation to the Prince of Orange; and for his services in establishing the accession of William and Mary, Lord Danby was advanced to the Marquisate of Carmarthen, 1689, and the Dukedom of Leeds, 1694. The fifth Duke married Amelia D'Arcy, only daughter and heiress of Robert, fourth and last Earl of Holderness, and Baroness Conyers, in her own right. The late Duke was not in direct descent, but succeeded his cousin, Francis Godolphin D'Arcy, the seventh Duke (who died without issue), 1859, in all the honours of the house, except the Barony of Conyers, which was then again called out as a separate title in the person of Mr. Sackville James Fox, the son of Lady Charlotte, eldest daughter of the sixth Duke of Leeds, who is now twelfth Baron Conyers.

August 11th.—At Brompton, Sir Alexander Smith, K.C.B., Director-General of the Army Medical Department from 1851 to 1858.

August 11th.—At Whittington Hall, Westmoreland, Thomas Greene, Esq., aged 78. He was formerly M.P. for Lancaster, and Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons for many years.

August 15th.—In London, Frederick Carpenter Skey, Esq., C.B., F.R.S. This eminent medical man was a pupil of John Abernethy, whom he afterwards assisted in his practice, and who appointed him, about the year 1826, Demonstrator of Anatomy at St. Bartholomew's. Mr. Skey was subsequently one of the principals in establishing the Aldersgate School of Medicine, which became one of the largest in London. He was elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1843, and about the same time placed in the Chair of Anatomy at St. Bartholomew's. In 1848 Mr. Skey was returned by the Fellows to a seat in the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, afterwards appointed Hunterian Orator, and in 1863 obtained the highest honour his colleagues could confer on him—the Presidency of the College. Mr. Skey was a valuable contributor to the advancement of professional knowledge. He received the honour of the Bath for services rendered to Government in carrying through the Contagious Diseases Act.





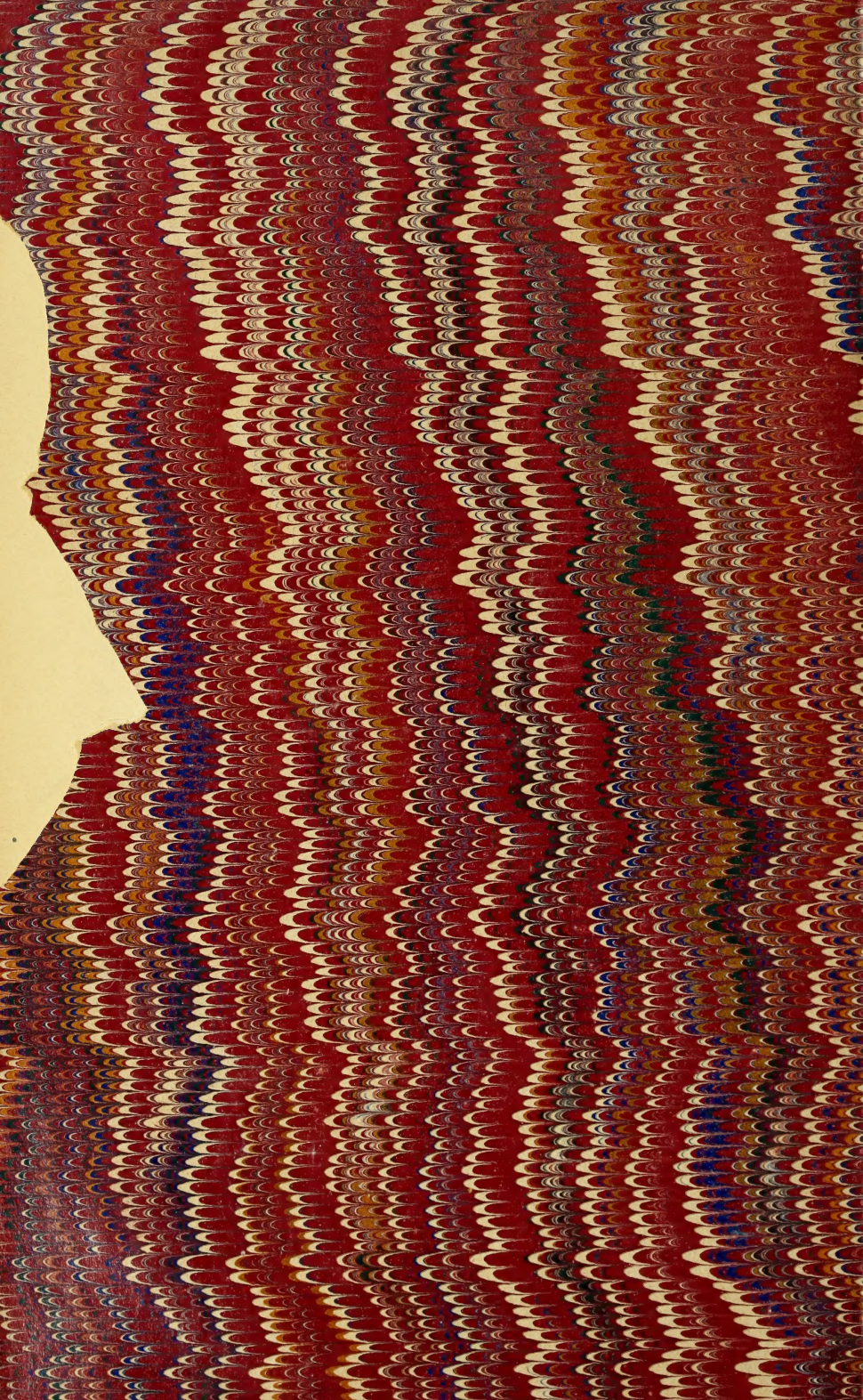




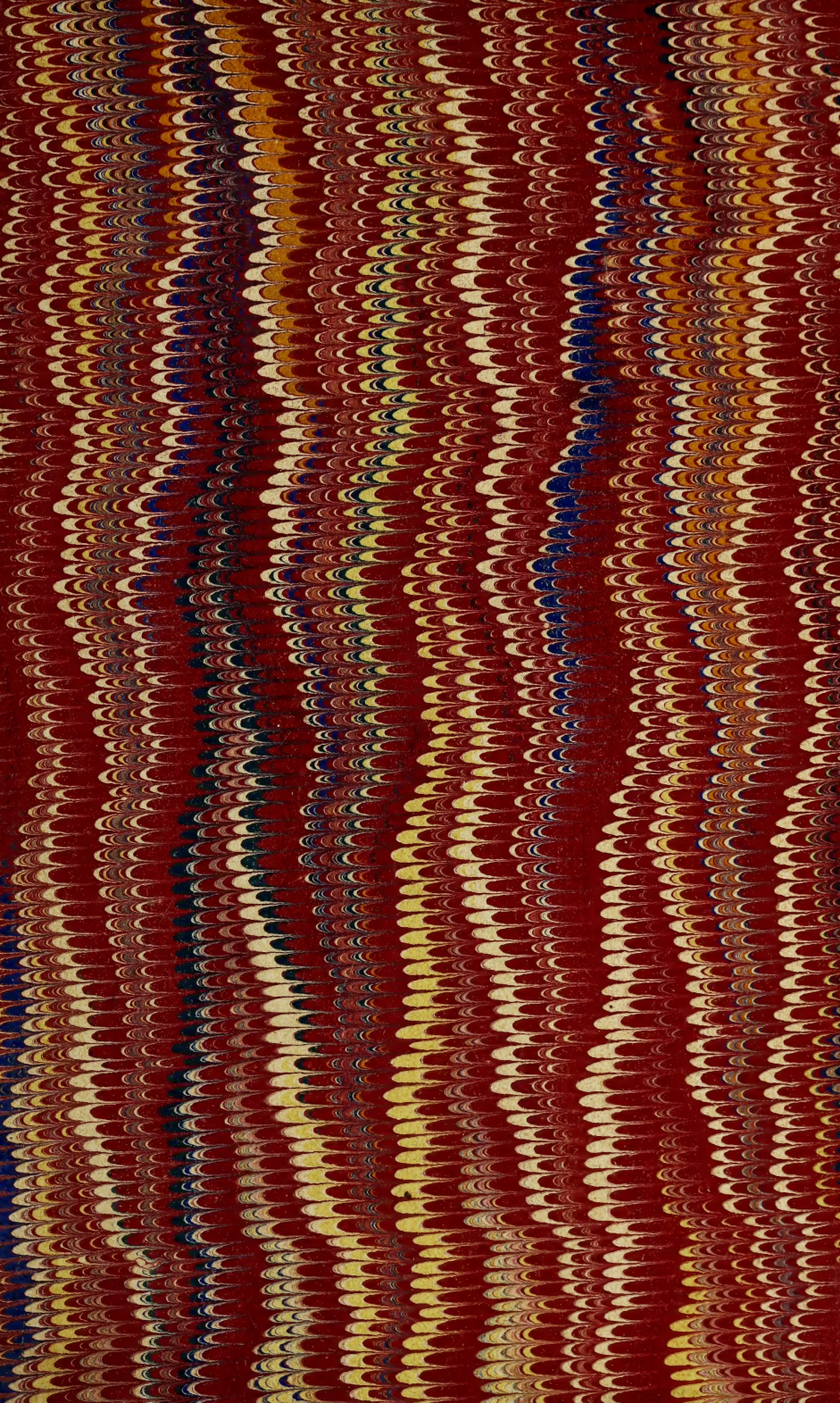














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